Saturday Review
November 21, 1970 / 50¢

Pills for Classroom Peace?

by Edward T. Ladd

John Dewey Is Alive and Well in New England

by Richard H. and Susan T. de Lone

Yardsticks for a New Era

by Franklin D. Murphy

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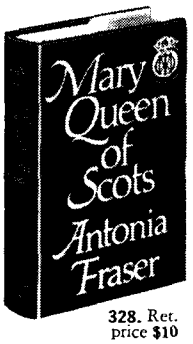

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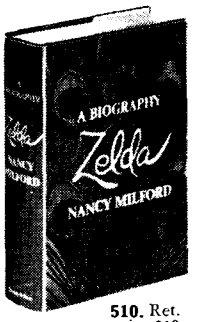

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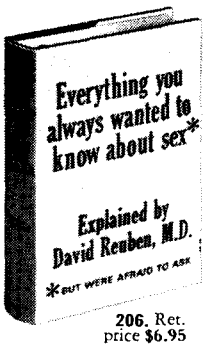

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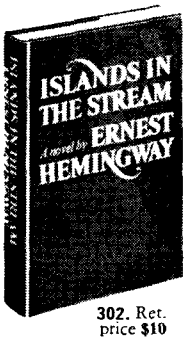

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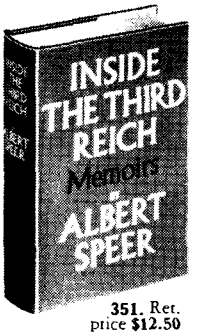

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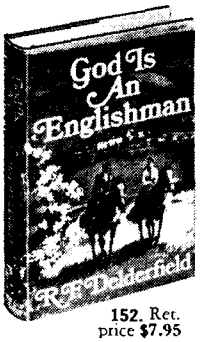

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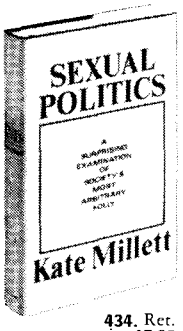

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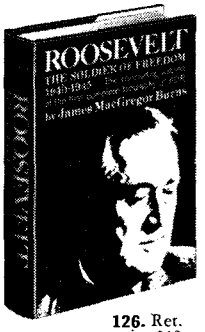

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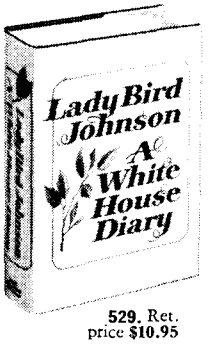

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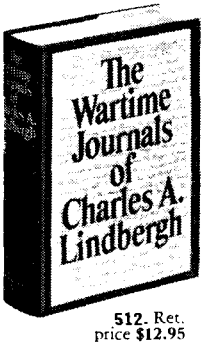

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Some time ago—in 1959, in fact—we published a "little" book. Little, that is, in the context of his other books: *The Caine Mutiny, Marjorie Morningstar, City Boy,* etc. The author, of course, was Herman Wouk and the book he offered us, THIS IS MY GOD, was very close to his heart—was, in fact, written out of his heart and mind and faith.

It was offered to other houses—but we try to publish authors, not books alone, and we agreed to do THIS IS MY GOD, convinced that we were the right publishers for it. A good thing we did. Some of the other publishers had reservations. A good thing they did. For the book went on to sell 150,000 copies to start with, and has sold steadily ever since.

It is a book about "The Jewish Way of Life." One of the things we believed about the book, which turned out to be the case, was that its appeal would be to non-Jewish readers, too. Indeed it remains a splendid gift for sacred occasions—Bar Mitzvas, Hanukas, Seders. But it also has served as a great introduction to the stories and traditions of orthodox Judaism, a religion which has fascinated those of other (and sometimes no) faiths. And, said *Saturday Review,* it "accomplishes its mission superbly."

"There are many Jewish ways of life," writes Mr. Wouk. "I know that well. In my book I describe them. But the departure point for all of them was and remains our ancient and living faith . . .

"For those who are looking for that Way, and for those who are merely curious about it; for anyone who wants to know something clear and true about our eternal people, I wrote this plain book."

Again, we're glad he did.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THIS IS MY GOD has just been brought out in a new, deluxe edition, with natural finish binding, a plain jacket, a slip case, and with a new chapter on The Six Day War. (Price: $10.00) It is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017; copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

November 21, 1970

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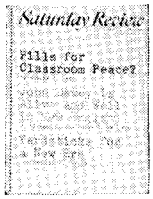

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Wells Fargo Bank

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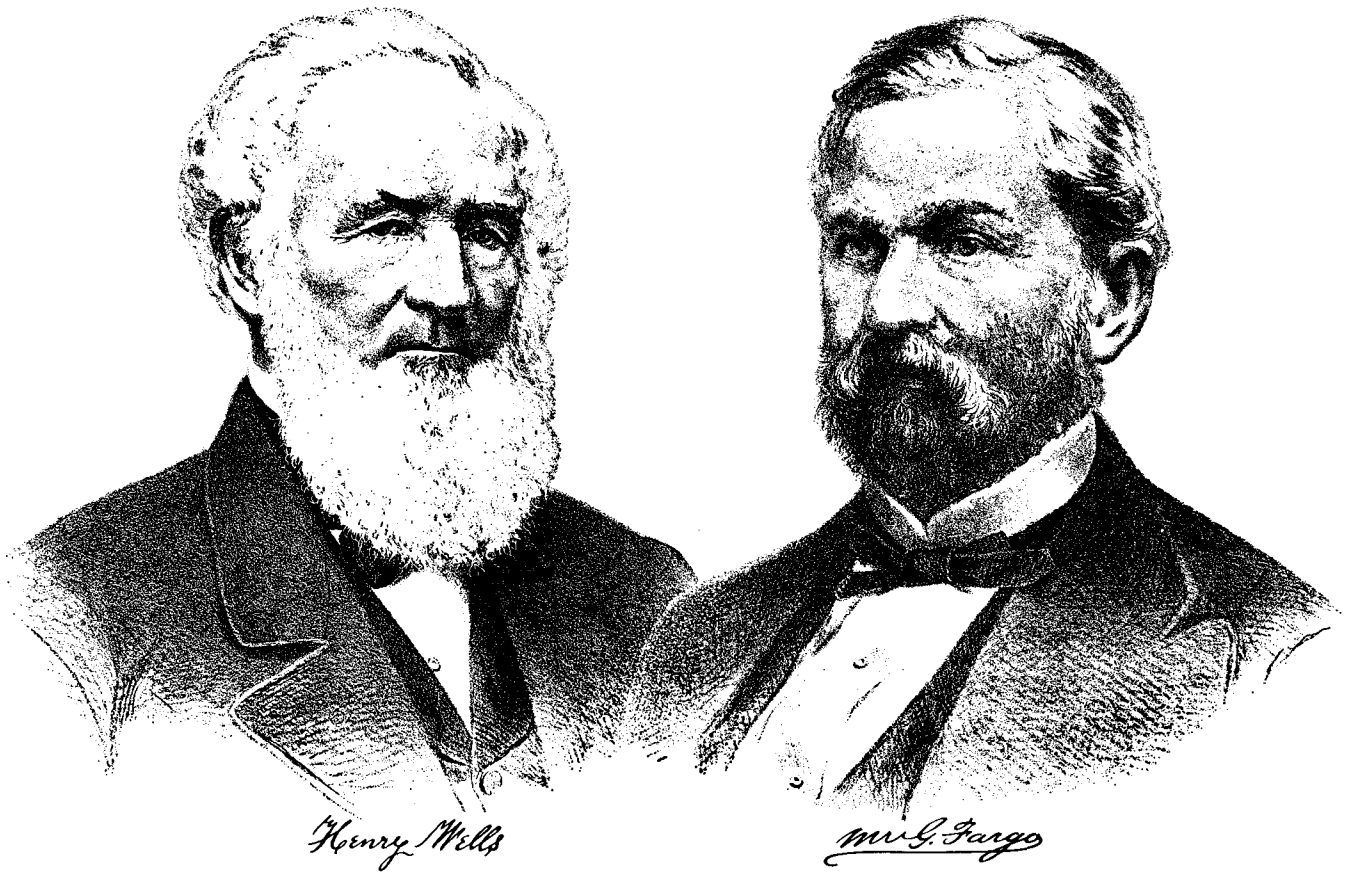

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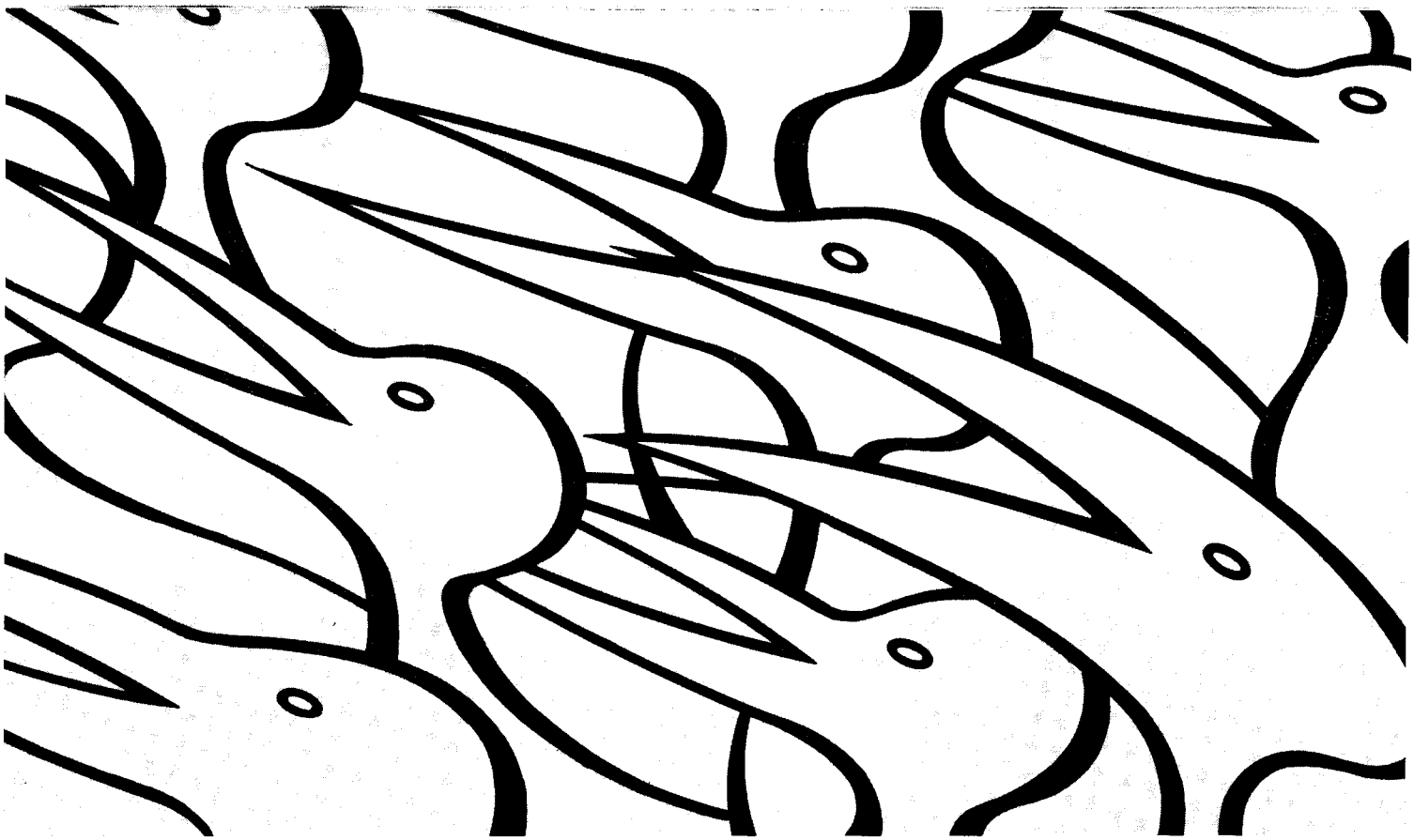

"Sometimes it's a bird

In both drawings, the figure at the lower right is identical. But in one group it looks like a bird in a flock of birds, and in the other, an antelope in a herd of antelope. The point is,

context or background often determines the way we see thing

Illusions like these play an interesting part in special teachi aids created by psychology teacher Miss Patricia A. Rainey. Here's how they're helping her students at Cleveland State Community College in Cleveland, Tennessee, become more involved in their study of perception.

"It's the experience that counts."

"It's a little scary to realize how much we can be fooled by what we see. I want my students to experience that because it proves how importa

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;ometimes it's an antelope."

ception is, and how much we rely on it.
en they see illusions, they personally feel the
ks being played on their own perception.

ecial booklets build interest."

order to show the full effect of illusions,
anted each student to have his own copies.
ny illusions need to be moved or turned,
. projectors or blackboards don't let you do
very well. So I gathered a good variety
'lusions on stencils, and used our duplicator to
ke special booklets for everyone in the class.

rception means something to them now."

ther suddenly I'm finding out our campus is
of students who want to know more about
:eption. In fact, my office is becoming the focal
it for philosophical 'skull sessions' on
/ we see things the way we do—and how
perception relates to social problems. It seems our little booklet is doing a good job of arousing curiosity, and it's also helping students answer some of their own questions."

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

To Air Is Human, To Forgive Impossible

WEEKS BEFORE the new TV season began, the three networks began a series of newspaper ads to herald the new blessings they were about to bestow.

"We put it all together," said CBS. "Let's get together," demanded ABC. And "Don't let it happen without you," cautioned NBC.

If the networks were going to bring us together, when our President hadn't yet been able to, I surely was not going to let it happen without me. And to celebrate the occasion I decided to invest in a new TV set, which was being advertised by RCA.

It's the new twenty-five-inch screen "AccuColor" set. If TV entertainment has been giving us something less than life, that extra two inches might bring life into sharper focus. And AccuColor is what I really needed, because my set has long been in the last stages of achromatosis.

Do you know the price of one of these new super TV sets? It's a little bit less than the price of a Volkswagen. But you save money on the garage.

"Better grab it now," the man said, "because the price is going up ten or fifteen per cent."

I grabbed it. To hell with caveat emptor. And Ralph Nader.

But after the first two or three weeks of being brought together, I began to realize that as the price of TV sets had gone up the level of entertainment had gone down, way down.

But the AccuColor was great. The red was really red. However, it was not nearly as accu as the color of my red face. And as for the extra two inches of screen, I compensated nightly by moving farther and farther away from the set, until now I'm in the moviehouses.

There are few new oases in the vast wasteland. *The Flip Wilson Show* has blossomed. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* has sprouted some good comedy lines, delivered by three talented comediennes, Miss Moore, Valerie Harper, and Chloris Leachman; also Edward Asner.

Of the rest, it is difficult to denigrate one above the other. But to this viewer, the worst of the season is the Andy Williams variety hour. Mr. Williams is not a bad singer. He is a good singer. He is, however, a bad sketch actor, a bad shouter at a bear that has lost his cookies, and an unsightly re-actor to the sight gags with which his producers have belabored him.

They also have saddled him with the frenetic and unattractive Silverman Brothers—a far cry from the Williams Brothers, one of whom was Andy, who once upon a happier time cavorted with the sophisticated Kay Thompson, whose sophistication has not rubbed off on the new Andy Williams, who permits the Silverman Brothers to clobber his head with planks of wood, to the uncontrollable amusement of the man up in the laugh control tower.

The format for this pandemonium, which appears at the early evening hour of 7:30, was obviously conceived to attract the young crowd. The young crowd, in the opinion of the networks, is interested in such violence. But it is hardly possible that the beautiful young people understood Andy's comedy line, "Welcome to the hour of harm." This was a reference to the late Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra, known in the early days of radio as *The Hour of Charm*. Yet, according to the laugh track, all the youngsters laughed in high glee at this delicious play on words.

The sad part is that this hour is sponsored by Burlington Industries, which picked up the tab for last season's *My World and Welcome to It*. After one season, as we all know, that delightful half hour program was canceled because it didn't get the required rating.

The Andy Williams Show is now opposite *Mission: Impossible*. Mission on CBS, impossible on NBC, which should do much for the rating of the CBS program. But in TV, where nothing seems to succeed like mediocrity, it won't.

The A. W. program is all raucous and overlaid with jerky, zooming psychedelic camera shots. No one speaks, everyone shouts. Speak loudly and carry a big stick is the rule. So when a midget wearing a Kaiser Wilhelm helmet slugs Andy across the stomach and makes him scream in mock pain, that belly laugh is par for the show.

Mr. Williams deserves better. When he stands there smiling, his heart out in song, he's fine. And it's to his credit that when he wound up one show singing "I Did It My Way," Andy courteously absolved his seven or eight writers of blame. There is, in show biz, a saying that actors can "rise above the written material." Under present circumstances, Mr. Williams is not capable of accomplishing that levitation.

Come, let us Tuesday together.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

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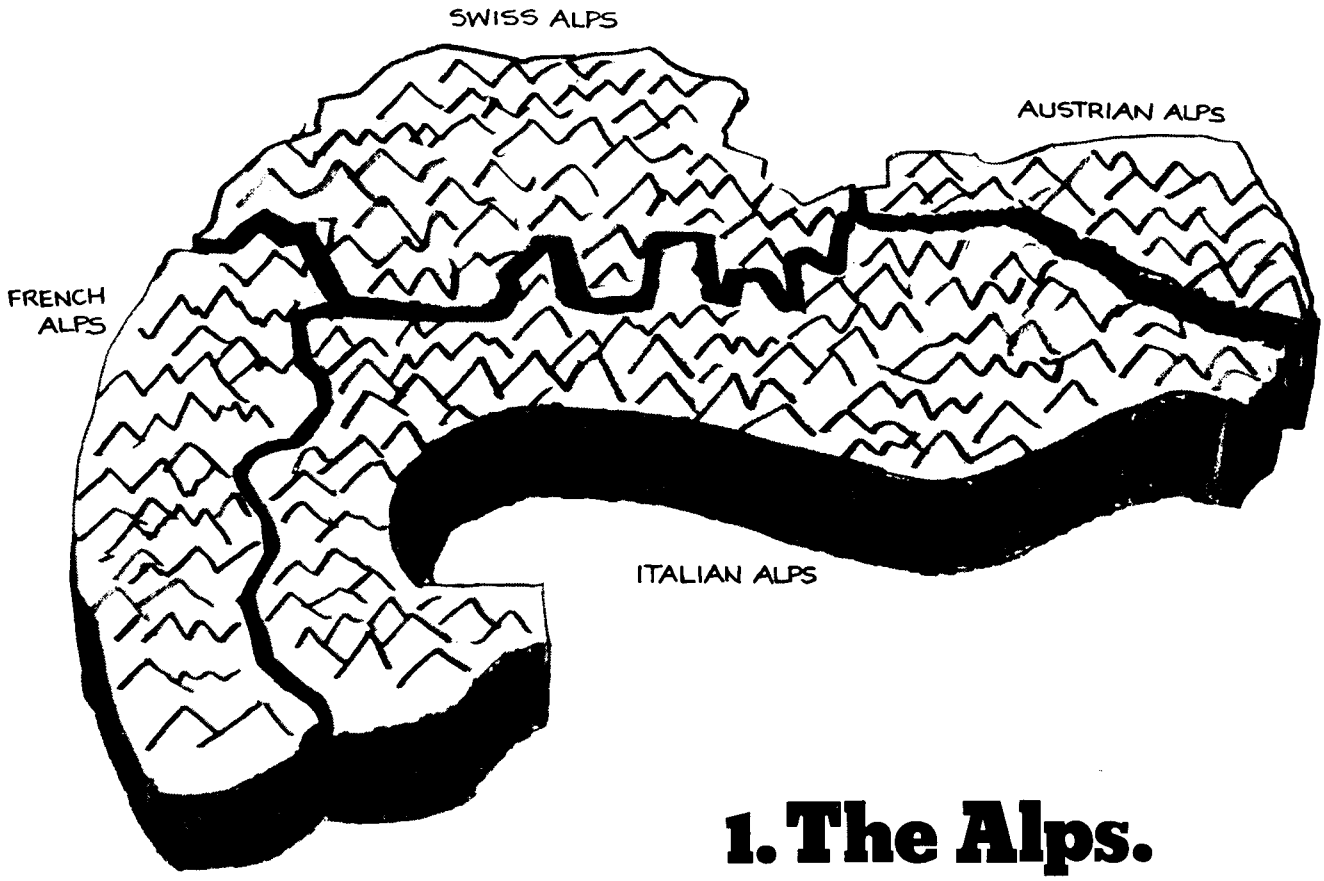
Italy's Elementary Geography for Skiers.



1. The Alps.

Half the ski country in the Alps is in Italy.

On the North side, France, Switzerland and Austria each take a share of the mountains.

The South side is all Italy.

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Graded trails take you from the nursery to olympic stature.

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And after the skiing's done for the day, life is by no means exhausted.

The snow scene includes places like the Valle d'Aosta with one of the most famous resorts in all the Alps—Cervinia. There's Courmayeur on Monte Bianco. Gressoney la Trinité on Monte Rosa. The beautiful Madonna di Campiglio. Gardena Valley, site of the 1970 Alpine Ski World Championship. And the champion of them all, the scene of the 1956 Ski Olympics—Cortina d'Ampezzo.

This is the kind of skiing you never dreamed existed in Italy.

Here we can only give the barest details. Ask the Italian Government Travel Offices in New York, Chicago or San Francisco for more information. Or send in the coupon below for details of Alitalia's great ski tours of the Alps.

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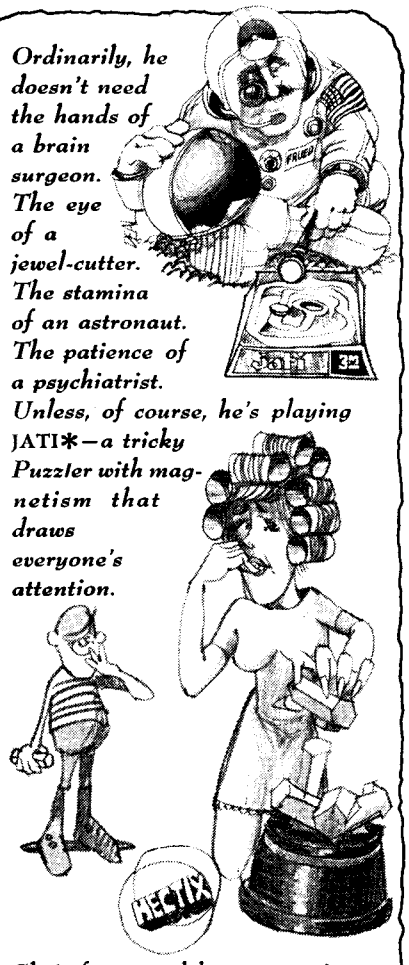
Ordinarily, he doesn't need the hands of a brain surgeon. The eye of a jewel-cutter. The stamina of an astronaut. The patience of a psychiatrist. Unless, of course, he's playing JATI*—*a tricky Puzzler with magnetism that draws everyone's attention.*



She's frustrated by HECTIX*—*a 3-dimensional Puzzler. Once it's apart there are 3 different ways to put it back together. But she can't even figure out one. Should she let her 10-year-old show her how or pretend she doesn't care?

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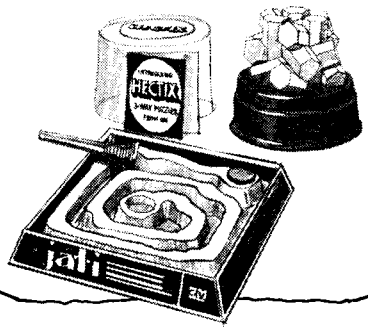

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Sums of All; Not All of Some

I RECENTLY FOUND MYSELF with six letters to airmail to Italy without being sure of the postage rate. I remembered that it had once been 15 cents a half ounce, but nowadays memory is what the price used to be before it went up two or three times. I knew the price had gone up since the last time I was certain, but how often and how much? Heaven knows I have written many letters to Italy, but they had been one at a time, and I had brushed aside uncertainty by fishing through the stamp box and sticking on whatever seemed to be enough more than 15 cents to keep in touch with the Nixon economy. Now, however, with six letters to go at once, I found myself in that mood known federally as "agonizing reappraisal." If the rate turned out to be 25 cents and I put on 30 cents, wouldn't I be guilty of contributing to a 20 per cent boost in one subheading of the cost-of-living index?

I marched out of my study, stopping as I went downstairs to turn off the lights my sons had left burning when they had gone to school six hours earlier. I had, as I recalled, left my *World Almanac* in the library. Someone, I soon discovered had mislaid it. I was in fact still spilling books off the shelves a half hour later when my wife came in akimbo. "Are you looking for something," she said, "or are you getting ready to film Hurricane Zelda?"

"What," I snarled, "have you done with my *World Almanac*?"

It turned out to be a disastrous question. "Your *World Almanac*," she said in a voice that suggested a hacksaw slicing butter but really waiting to go for the dish, "was dated 1952. I threw it out in January and bought a new one. As a matter of fact, I was just browsing it yesterday." So saying, she pointed to one of her Early Plastic Age knickknack tables, and there, in disgustingly visible isolation, lay not the *World Almanac* but *The New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac, 1970.*

I put the best face I could on things, but it turned out to be only mine and I seemed to have lost it. "I wish you'd stop hiding things," I said, and snatching up the *Almanac,* I strode away from triviality and back to higher inquiry.

Once more in the patriotic glow of helping to balance the federal budget, I tried the index under "Airmail" (no entry), then "Mail information" ("See Postal System"), and so past various entries on "Budget," "Congressional Committee," "Federal Employment," and "History," to "Information 485-86, 679, 681." Nothing, as it turned out, provided any information on international postage rates, and when I turned back to the index to try "Universal Postage Union," I found myself referred to a note on "formation of" but with no rates quoted.

Not all, to be sure, was lost. The world and its almanacs are both dedicated to serendipity. With my finger still on page 486, I found myself reading (page 481) an article titled "The Careful Writer," which the editors described in its opening sentence as a "compendium of guides to American usage." I was further informed that a check mark indicated "approval" and an X indicated "the reverse." There, I read the following note on the use of *that, which*:

> This is not a rule but a guide that makes for more comfortable writing. Use *that* to introduce a defining clause. . . . A defining clause is one that cannot be omitted without leaving the noun it modifies incomplete. *The island that is the largest in the world is Greenland.*

The italicized example was checkmarked to indicate approval.

Let me confess to the editors that my experience was not that of entire approval nor yet that of entire comfort in the writing, especially when I tried to grasp the idea of "an incomplete noun." It was probably in frustration at my own inadequacy in the presence of comfortable writing that my hand twitched and I found myself back on page 485, where, reading off the end of my bookmark finger, I learned that:

> The lowest Zip Code in the United States is the area serviced by the Adjuntas, Puerto Rico, post office: 00601; the highest is Wrangell, Alaska: 99929.

At the point that I had come to in the annals of the writing that is most comfortable, I was becoming the man that is not entirely so in the presence

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of ZIP codes that are service areas in the south and place names in the north, which is to say, those that are the thing itself and not code designations of that which makes a referent for that which the code designates.

In any case, my thoughts had returned to the subject of writing, and so, naturally enough, to the fact that I had just written six letters to Italy, that I was waiting to mail them, and that I still did not know the proper postage. I remembered, too, that I had set out in firm patriotic principle, and that I was in danger of frittering high resolve in low or, at least, random association.

A man, I shall insist, has no duty to apologize for being stubborn in his support of high principle. It is, if I may say so, just that loftiness of purpose that distinguishes my strength of character from the mulishness of people who buy the wrong almanac and then hide it in plain sight.

Simultaneously, it occurred to me that the *World Almanac* might have gone out of business since, alas, 1952; hasn't almost everything else in the newspaper world? I slipped out of the house and drove to the local bookstore, stiffening my upper lip en route. It is well to be prepared for the worst, as it is a joy to find the preparation unnecessary. There it was on the first counter: The collected fact of the *World Almanac* had survived the *World*. There may even be hope, I thought, that the world will survive its collected fact. So encouraged by the power of hope, I picked up not only the *World* but the *Information Please Almanac,* which was displayed right beside it.

"Almanac buff?" asked the saleswoman. I glared at the peasant, and she collapsed into her basic commercialism. "That's $8.14 with tax," she said. (I had picked up hardcover editions, and was reviewing the state of the national budget.) The *Times* almanac in paperback had been $2.95, which made it $3.04 with tax, to complete the noun. That made a total of $11.18, but I reassured my conceptual budget committee by pointing out that no office expense is more neatly and totally deductible than a reference annual. The postage to Italy, moreover (as tabulated in both of my new almanacs), turned out to be 20 cents. I might easily have stuck on 30 cents just to be safe. On six letters I had already saved 60 cents, a savings of 5.36 per cent on the first day of the economy drive, and I hadn't been at work on the original problem for as long as three and a half hours as yet.

Since I have committed myself to high and open principle, let me confess

(*Continued on page* 53)

Magazines from Around The World

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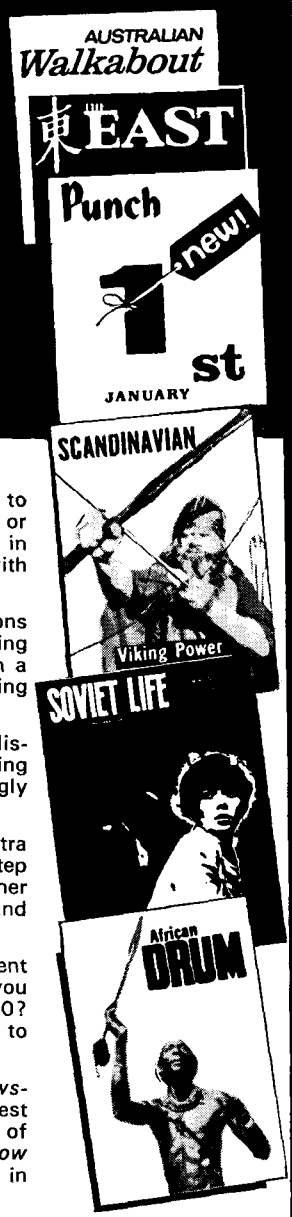

Imagine picking up *Punch* from your coffee table to quote some piece of delightful British humor . . . or being able to look at life behind the Iron Curtain in *Soviet Life* . . . or showing a friend a copy of *Drum* with the throb of tribal Africa.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Ironing

IRONING, a subject one rarely hears discussed nowadays, came in for a lot of talk at a party I attended recently, and all of us, I think, were impressed by one of the guests who seemed to be an authority.

He was not the sort of man you would ordinarily associate with ironing. I mean that if you were to see him at a business meeting talking about taxes and debentures or on the customs line at Fiumicino Airport, Rome, or at a performance of *Hair* or at a pro football game or arguing about the merits of the mini in a midtown bar—if you encountered him in any of these circumstances, it probably would never occur to you that he knew anything about ironing or cared about it.

My own knowledge of ironing is narrow. I like to see a shirt ironed well and I like smooth sheets and I've always enjoyed hearing a woman sing as she ironed. I assume women still sing as they iron. If they don't we've all lost something that was good. I never heard of men singing as they ironed. I never thought men's voices were suitable for ironing work, but this may be prejudice.

I wanted to ask the man at the party about this and how the custom of women singing as they ironed started and why men were so reluctant to sing. But the man was so busy answering other questions that I withheld my own. He certainly knew a lot about ironing, and if I had been inclined to be skeptical about some of the things he told us, I yielded completely to his authority when he touched on Chinese laundrymen. This was one area of which I had some personal knowledge.

A Chinese laundryman of the period, when he did his own washing in two wooden tubs in the backyard and dried the clothes and then ironed them, always seemed to me to be one of the most remarkable workers in the world. Deft at the abacus, more cunning still in matching the irregular halves of a laundry ticket, he was peerless with a small gas-heated iron. In no time at all he could dispose of a pile of men's shirts, transforming them so beautifully—especially the ones that buttoned down the back—that one hesitated to wear them. In the days of starch no one turned out a collar with a harder or sharper cutting edge.

But it was in the dampening process that the Chinese laundryman was unique. There were two methods in general use. In the home, water was sprinkled with the fingers or from a small vessel. The Chinese laundryman

used both this method and his own far more expeditious way of squirting water from his mouth. A good laundryman didn't even bend over to squirt. He could dampen a dry, recalcitrant shoulder with a small stream shot judiciously from pursed lips without missing a stroke of the iron.

I loved to watch a laundryman at work. My own laundry was done at home, so I had to stand outside the little store front and watch through the window. Chinese laundrymen were always pleasant. Not one ever threw me an ugly look; always it was a quick wave of the hand and a grin—and I might add that grinning was not easy with a mouthful of water.

The water was a mystery. I never saw an ironer actually put water in his mouth, yet he always had some on tap. Another mystery was how he talked with a mouthful of water. Well, the fact is he did little talking. He was all work, plying the iron back and forth over the sleeves, the back, the front, the cuffs, and the collar. A few laundrymen learned to talk with water in their mouths, but they were exceptions.

The guest at the party who knew so much about ironing said all these Chinese laundrymen came from the south of China. He said the talent for holding water in the mouth was an old Chinese secret. He knew of Westerners who had tried to master the trick and had failed. Even the great Houdini, he said, had given up on that one. Chinese laundrymen, he went on, had developed the art so highly that even when they were at rest—that is when not engaged in ironing shirts—they kept a small reserve of water in the mouth just in

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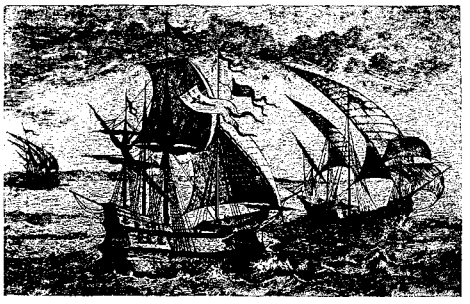

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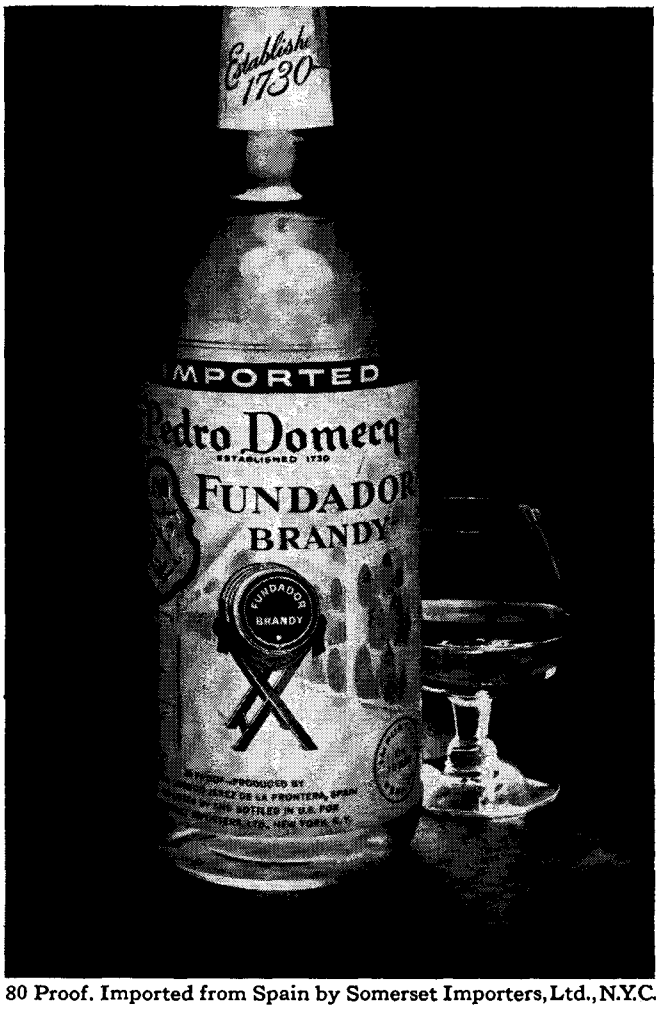

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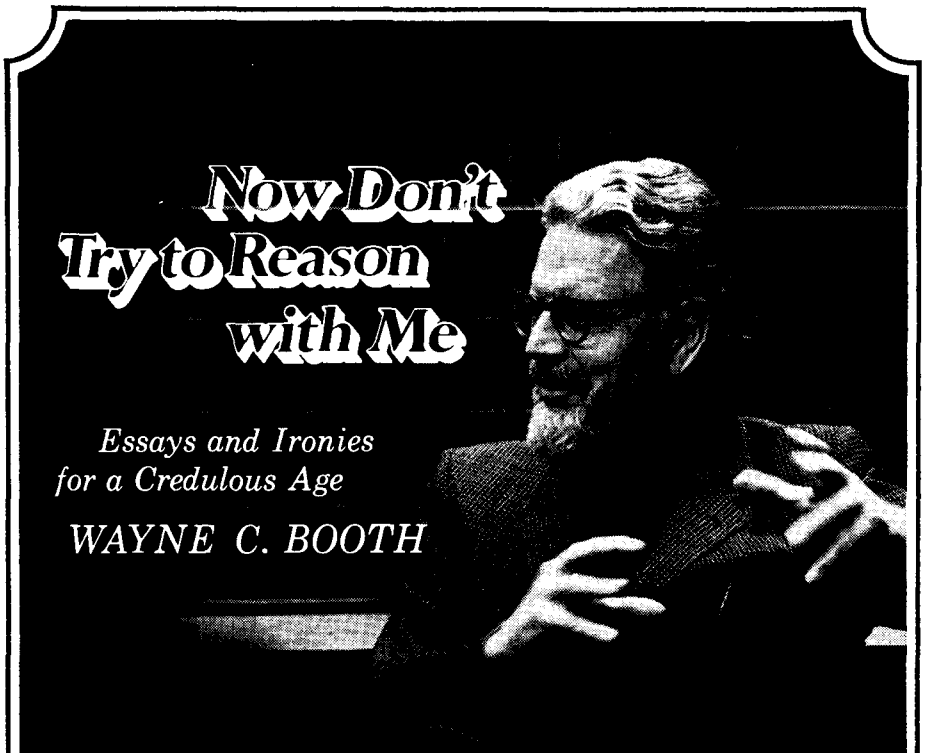

"Nobody's from Missouri any more," laments Wayne Booth. "I don't know whether we are a more credulous generation than our fathers, but it surely must be true that in proportion to the amount of time and money we spend ostensibly educating each other we are the most credulous, gullible, superstitious people of all time."

English professor, author, critic, and, for five years, an "absurdly harassed" dean at The University of Chicago, Booth here confronts the amusing irrationalities of right, left, and center, disagreeing both with those who accuse "reason" of being a disguise for inaction and with those who, indeed, use "reason" as an excuse not to act.

Booth draws his many examples from journalism, student protest and response, politics, literary criticism, philosophy and religion. He takes ironic potshots at irrationalists from Susan Sontag to Max Rafferty; at theorists from Freud and Marx to McLuhan.

At a time when gut reactions have become more important than rules of evidence, Booth reasserts the need for a passionate pursuit of what is reasonable, for an approach that will unite truths of the heart with truths of the head. $6.95

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case a customer turned up with a hurry ironing job.

The household washing machine cut into the laundryman's business, and new methods brought a further deterioration. Today, the laundryman has the washing done for him by one of the big wholesale Chinese laundries. The laundryman does the ironing by hand, and he does his dampening with water from a can.

It's not the same thing.

—JOHN FERRIS.

How to Get a College Degree

PROFESSOR MAYNARD was handing out test booklets as I raced to my seat. She was an expert in her field. However, no one knew what her field was. This term she was teaching social psychology.

At Brooklyn College, the purpose of education is to teach the student how to darken correctly the space between two lines under one of four letters: a, b, c, or d. If the scholar is sloppy and smudges, he will be deemed incompetent. If he doesn't press hard enough on the pencil, he will fail. I know a sanitation worker who would have been a great surgeon if he had pressed harder on his pencil.

I looked at Professor Maynard's questions in disbelief. I didn't know the answers. This is not a great tragedy in college because, if enough students don't know the answers, the marks are curved. The principle of the curve is that in any class a certain number of students will get an A, a certain number a B, a C, or a D. Therefore, if the most intelligent student in the class correctly answered only ten out of fifty questions, he would get an A.

My only chance not to fail this test was for the temperature to reach 451° Fahrenheit (the temperature at which paper burns). But fortunately, the class, in a moment of madness, had devised a foolproof system to beat the test. A pretty co-ed in the front seat would touch her nose if she thought the answer was (a), her right ear for (b), her left ear for (c), and her chin for (d). Everyone would code his paper accordingly.

On that day, 140 students in Psychology 31 correctly answered twenty-two out of fifty questions. Everyone was entitled to an A. Professor Maynard, however, had the wisdom of Solomon. She determined that each student had the *lowest* mark in the class; so each student received a C.

A college education is a valuable asset to anyone. If I had not gone to college, I wouldn't know that the cause for World War II was (c), or that the reason for inflation is (b).

—STANLEY RASKIN.

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Would you pay $7.95 for a child's gift that won't be outgrown, broken, worn out, lost or forgotten six months after Christmas?

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For HIGHLIGHTS is not only different from the usual gift; it is different from other children's magazines as well.

Its intent is not only to delight and entertain, but to challenge and teach. The editors are nationally known experts in child psychology and family life; they firmly believe that the growing child finds his greatest pleasure in thinking, creating, and surprising himself and his parents by reaching intellectual heights no one had ever suspected he could.

Eleven times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime words or pictures. The type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, coming at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 11-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Movie Tease of the Week was spotted by Michael Sullivan of Oakland, California, in the San Francisco *Examiner-Chronicle*:

> Movie: *Deep Blue Sea,* Vivien Leigh. A confused society married woman has a tragic and tortured love affair with a horse below her in class.

A horse*man* we can only hope—but these days who can be sure? Meanwhile, our Classified of the Week also came from the *Examiner*, albeit the Edmonton (Alberta) *Examiner* via Edmonton's Mrs. Margaret Murray:

> **BRAIN SURGEON WANTED**
> No experience necessary

A good figure for heads, we presume, wouldn't hurt. And in the same direction but on the sports front, Richard Woodin of Franklin, Michigan, found a description of a quarterback in the *Eccentric* of Birmingham, Michigan:

> Head varsity football coach Ed Bryant describes Hartman as "A good leader with a good shoulder on his head."

We get it. The broad-minded type. But our favorite item of the week came from E. H. Coe, Jr., of Columbia, Missouri, from the Columbia *Missourian*. It was from a speech by Dr. Allen Cohen, dean of students at John F. Kennedy University, in Martinez, California, on ways and means to build a new university system:

> The university may institutionalize student bombundsmen, who will act as watchdogs to the administration and begin "guerrilla warfare against the pressures of society."

Gee, and it's hard enough to get people to accept the idea of *ombuds*men.

We were intrigued with *Love Sounds*, a first novel about the disintegration of a marriage—one that to many people made all the right noises—and we were equally intrigued with its author, Gail Sheehy, one of New York's, and *New York Magazine*'s, most talked-about young writers.

"I've always wanted to write," she told us, "but I never thought I could. Even when I was a little girl I used to rewrite Nancy Drew mysteries."

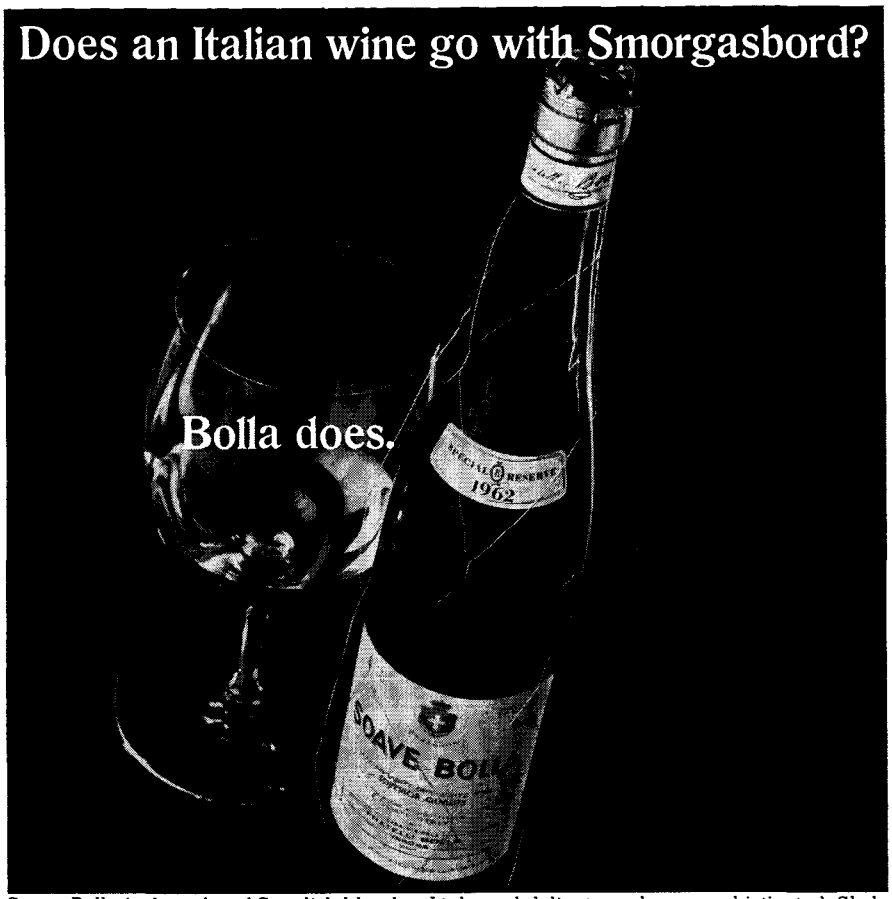
Since Miss Sheehy is still very much on the petite side, we asked her to define "little." "Oh," she said, "when I was seven or eight." Miss Sheehy grew up in Mamaroneck, New York, the daughter of a father in business machines and a mother who had been interested in opera singing but had been prevented by an authoritarian father. "He discovered her practicing one day," Miss Sheehy told us, "and said all the old clichés. 'No daughter of mine,' 'set foot on the stage,' even 'brazen hussy.'" Miss Sheehy's own father, however, was no authoritarian with his daughter's dreams of authorhood. "He used to spend Saturday afternoons sitting on the floor with my writings, encouraging me."

A novelist who did not hate her parents! Ah, we thought, the sheer novelty of it. "But what really started me," Miss Sheehy leaned forward earnestly, "was my junior high teacher. Her name was Roxie Hall. She was the toughest teacher imaginable—right out of the old Ichabod Crane school.

"She was a real Oxfordian hangover. She assigned us a composition a week, and then, after we'd finished it, she'd correct it mercilessly. We had to retype it perfectly and then illustrate it—whether we could draw or not. I can't even draw stick figures, but no matter—we had to. It was all part of her way of teaching. I remember she used to go up and down the aisles with her ruler, measuring our margins. And if they were even a fraction of an inch wrong, she'd rap us across the knuckles.

"In the last year of junior high," Miss Sheehy continued, "we were assigned to write a story embodying suspense. I did a parody of her whole method of teaching, involving the terror of all of us, and then, at the end, revealed her. It was supposed to be funny, of course. But she took it terribly personally. She met with me after class and broke down and cried. It was my first lesson in the misuse of the power of writing and how you can wound someone's sensitivity without meaning to. I was miserable, but at least I thought it was all over. And then the next year in senior high, there she was again—my teacher. She had transferred.

"In senior high," Miss Sheehy sighed, "I finally made a truce with her. But I still think of Miss Hall. She was my first real editor, and still today I can't work for anyone who isn't both a real editor and a tough one, too. My editor now is Nan Talese at Random House. She's the wife of Gay Talese, and she's tough but in a very ladylike way. She takes you to lunch and says, 'Why don't



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October 10,1968

March 3,1970

The boy on the left was the young boy on the right two years before. His name is Troung Van Bong. His mother had died and he was living with five other members of his family in a one room shack with a dirt floor. Living without enough food or clothing and without any hope at all.

Before he was eight years old, Bong had never seen a doctor. He had never gone to school. Tuition was 60¢ a month and his father was too desperately poor to afford it.

Then a group of co-workers at Bell Telephone Laboratories in Indianapolis, Indiana "adopted' Bong, sending $16 a month to him and his family through Foster Parents Plan. You see from Bong's pictures how much it means for him to have nourishing food, clothing, medical care. To have dignity and something to hope for.

And you can imagine what it means to the people at Bell Telephone Laboratories to hear from Bong that he's in school now. He's learned to read and write and sends them letters every month.

"I have been going to classes regularly thanks to your kindness and help. We are all fine. Someday I hope to become a teacher."

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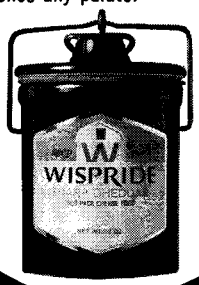

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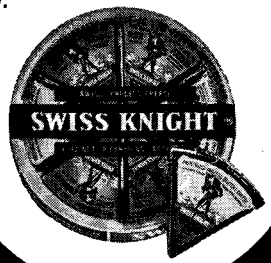

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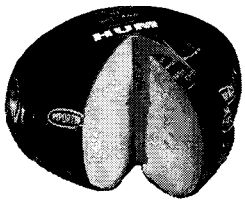

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you take these fifty pages and put it all in one chapter and come back in a month.'

"That's what I set out to do in *Love Sounds*," Miss Sheehy said quietly, "to make it all tight, as if the reader was right with the characters—in a kind of wind tunnel. I felt it had to be that way. The effect would go if you gave the reader even a porthole."

Miss Sheehy's own marriage to a doctor lasted seven years. Divorced, she now lives with her six-year-old daughter. "Marriage," she told us philosophically, "is an economic institution which is built on the idea of service, and since we live in an egalitarian society where servants are something not to be talked about, much less found, it makes it all very difficult for independent people whose independence exists concurrently with their dependent life. It's possible, I guess, to get the equation right—but it's a hell of a lot of work.

"I think," she proceeded, "the young kids today are learning a great deal more about intimacy on a day-to-day basis, with a lot of the hypocrisy out and the romantic love—in quotes—not operating as the platitude of the day. One understanding that seems to be dawning is that people are drawn to that person who demands they live up to whatever greatness lies within them. Anyway, it's all very different from the old dependency relationship and everlasting manipulation through guilt."

Miss Sheehy predicts that as women are more and more protected from childbirth and the idea that they must have a child either to fulfill themselves or to please other people, they will have more opportunities for what she calls "multiple relationships." "And all of them," she added earnestly, "will not have to be either dignified or imprisoned—depending on the way you look at it—by a marriage license.

"Already," she told us, "you're seeing a lot less chronological prejudice. My sister, for example, is having a good relationship with a man three years younger than she is. And I personally can visualize myself having a relationship or even a marriage with a man in his fifties or one in his twenties."

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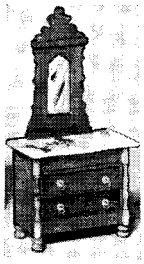

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Now beautifully recast in Foundry-Stone, yours as a gift with membership in The Sculpture Collectors Limited ...and no obligation to buy anything now or ever.

BECAUSE Degas worked in wax or clay and never bothered to cast his sculpture in bronze, much of it crumbled during his lifetime and was lost forever. Luckily, *Danse d'Espagne* survived and a small number of bronzes were cast a few years after the artist's death in 1917.

Now, from one of the original bronzes, part of the collection of The Sculpture Collectors Limited, a Foundry-Stone casting has been made of this masterpiece of form and captured motion. This work is not available except with membership in Sculpture Collectors. It is not for sale, and no more will be cast after these are spoken for.

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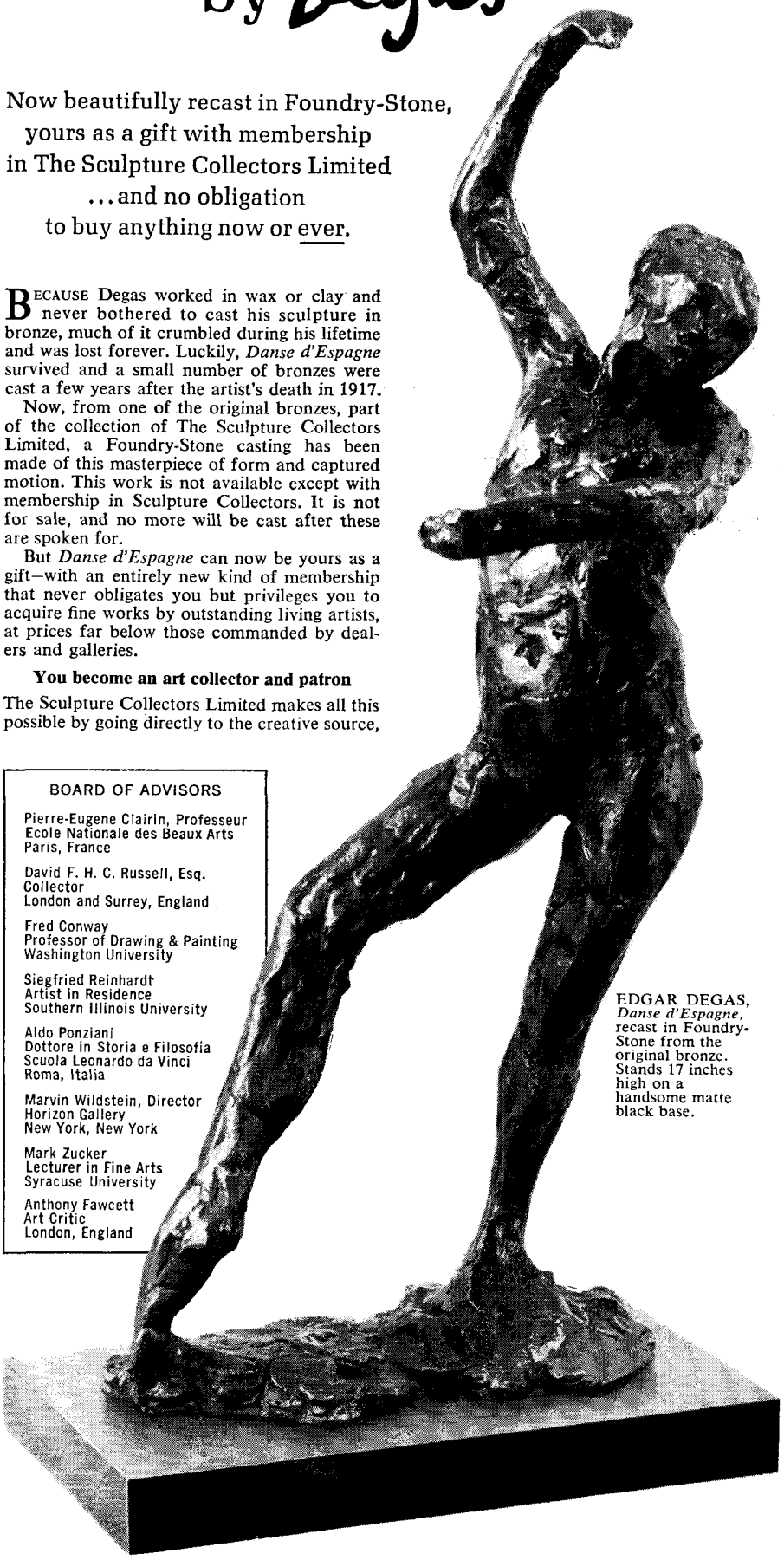

EDGAR DEGAS, *Danse d'Espagne*, recast in Foundry-Stone from the original bronze. Stands 17 inches high on a handsome matte black base.

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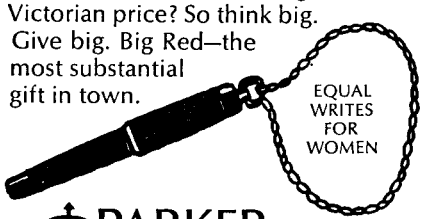

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Saturday Review
November 21, 1970

—James Foote (Bethel)

Yardsticks for a New Era

Can a nation of pragmatic toolmakers and youthful idealists find a middle ground for dialogue?

by Franklin D. Murphy

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, society and most of its institutions came under the influence of the dictum of Descartes, *Cogito ergo sum*—"I think, therefore, I am." Thus was ushered in the so-called Age of Reason wherein man to be effective proceeded to conclusions inductively and intellectually rather than by way of metaphysics or intuition. Man was held to the facts of life and nature; he was encouraged to test and experiment. As a result, science was given its philosophical base and a giant forward thrust.

As reason and science were applied to society, one saw the rise of technology, the substitution of machine for muscle; the Industrial Revolution was born. Now a new philosophical concept came upon the scene: *Facio ergo sum*—"I make, therefore, I am." To reason was added the principle of materialism; the production, possession, and distribution of goods and services. Man now had the means to conquer nature, untap her presumably unlimited resources, and, by effective distribution, build a good life for most, if not all. Again, most of our institutions were affected by this view. Economic theory and practice now became important. Words such as capitalism, Marxism, management science, and GNP not only were added to the lexicon but became important facts of life. Nearly everyone agreed that more and more things for more and more people was the route to ultimate happiness. The argument was not over the goal but over the means of getting there.

In our time, substantial economic affluence has been achieved (at least for the majority of Americans), and we have much more than Professor Galbraith's remarkable book to prove it. Yet it has seemed clear to an increasing number of people, especially our youth, that economic affluence has not led to the good life but to a debasement of it. There has been a gradual awareness that scientific and technological achievements are not as essential or as vital as moral commitment. We produce more food but we also produce more people than we are able to feed. Scientific medicine and public health have warred against disease far more successfully than society has warred against poverty. The result is more hunger and misery. The "green revolu-

FRANKLIN D. MURPHY, former chancellor of UCLA, is chairman of the Times Mirror Company, Los Angeles.

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tion" and massive famine may well become concurrent phenomena. People can be moved from one place to another in large numbers and with spectacular speed, but the air they breathe is becoming rapidly and progressively poisoned because of the spew produced by the conveyers. The magic of chemistry is producing new raw materials far superior to natural ones, but the cost must be reckoned in the serious damage being done to rivers, lakes, and even oceans. Through the most elegant application of science, we have unlocked the secrets of atomic energy, which, if properly applied, can provide electrical power and desalted water for millions of people who need these resources. Yet we are applying this energy not predominantly to these purposes but to the manufacture of weapons that, if used, would depopulate and despoil the world. Finally, we have so distorted our perspective and our values that an American officer serving his country in a Southeast Asian jungle can say that he had "to destroy a village in order to save it."

Out of such anomalies, out of the continuing horror of war, out of the noise, filth, and psychological tensions of megalopolis in which most of us now live, out of profound racial, economic, and social inequality, has come the reaction by our youth to *Facio ergo sum* —"I make, therefore, I am." A new philosophical credo is in the making: *Sentio ergo sum*—"I feel, therefore, I am." It may well become the philosophical leitmotiv for the rest of the twentieth century and many years beyond. The generative force for the new philosophy is being supplied by the best-educated and most active generation of young people in our history.

For a nation of Yankee toolmakers, proudly pragmatic and puritanical, embarrassed by open expressions, feelings, and sentiment, *Sentio ergo sum* may be difficult to understand, especially for those over thirty, but it is quite clearly becoming a basic philosophy for our youth.

Herein lies, I believe, one of the major factors of the so-called generation gap. The young man of thirty or forty years ago whose main aspiration was to carry on his father's business was motivated by *facio*. He cannot understand his son's commitment to *sentio*, which leads him away from the family business and into the Peace Corps or work in the urban ghetto.

Similarly, the faculty member raised in the authoritarian Germanic tradition of higher education, even as modified in the American university, may find it difficult to accept the increasingly urgent demands of students to participate more directly in the policy-making of the university that seeks to educate them. This is a reflection of the determination of young people to learn how to improve their society as well as to make a living.

The elderly bishop schooled well in the rigid world of pre-Pope John theology and church organization views with alternate irritation and puzzlement the insistence of his young priests and nuns that they serve God best by activist involvement in the solution of social ills and as modern young men and women.

It is this growing commitment to feeling—to *sentio*—which must be understood if we are to deal sensibly with this irrepressible ferment. No constructive purpose is served by ill-tempered comments to the effect that our youth is spoiled, ungrateful, and too affluent, or that it would think differently if it had to endure a depression. We will never be able to have a productive relationship with our young people if we don't recognize that it is economic hardship and injustice that figure so fundamentally in their ideas. They didn't have to undergo a depression to understand the meaning of poverty. They are trying to correct the tragic flaws in our society. We should view this mood not with pain but with pride. We can pride ourselves in having made it possible for a new generation to say that war is not inevitable, that second-class citizenship for black and brown is intolerable, that continued fouling of the environment is not permissible —and to say these things with courage, candor, and intelligence.

There are those in my generation who, somewhat wishfully, say that the kinds of commitments I have described are but a passing fancy and that, as twenty passes through thirty and into forty, with wife and child to provide for, material realities will become the prime philosophical mover. I think not, and, if I were a politician, I would not bet my future on it, for I believe we are witnessing the birth of a new kind of man who, more than his forebears, will care about the quality of life not just for himself and his family but for all men.

But what about riot, confrontation, bombing, arson, and contempt for judicial process? How can these facts of life today be compatible with the humanistic image just put forward? The answer, although it must not be an excuse for illegal behavior, lies in impatience, an erosion of credibility, and frustration. There has always been a gap between youthful idealism and ambition on the one hand and mature satisfaction and protection of the status quo on the other. This will always be the case. But in revolutionary times such as ours, when the speed of change is exponential, the urgent problem is to keep that gap from becoming so great that dialogue ceases and destructive confrontation occurs—and the gap at this moment is dangerously great. It will not be bridged by the angry rhetoric of political or educational figures any more than by the mindless incantations of the so-called yippies.

For a moment let me have the temerity to try to be a spokesman for the vast majority of our decent committed youth. I simply repeat the questions I have been asked by young people who want to see the system work but want to see it working effectively and responsively *now*.

"It never fails. When I want to go this way he wants to go that way."

• How can our representative form of government work quickly to solve un-

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precedented problems when the power in Congress lies not in the hands of those chosen for intelligence or an understanding of current reality but rather with those of another era who simply survived long enough to reach their present posts? Quite rightly, youth believes that advanced age and responsive government in revolutionary situations usually do not go together.

• Why is the relatively low quality of education and the high level of unemployment still about the same in Watts or South Chicago five years and millions of words later? Does our society really intend to eliminate the terrible inequities? Is the system, as now structured, incapable of doing it?

• Why can't the large university so change itself that undergraduate education will once again be stimulating and exciting? Why doesn't the professor give the same priority to the undergraduate classroom as he gives to his research laboratory?

• Why must one read of crude oil fouling the shores and beaches of nearly every part of our coastline? Who makes it possible for such unique and beautiful natural resources as the San Francisco Bay and the Everglades to be seriously damaged or destroyed?

• How is it possible that the richest and most powerful country in the world is not able to provide adequate food, to say nothing of housing, for all its people?

• Why, in the presence of vast and still growing needs for internal investment and the cruel effects of inflation, must we continue to spend tens of billions of dollars for disposable military hardware in fighting a war that most Americans regard as a mistake, a war in which we bomb the very people and destroy the land of a country we say we are trying to save?

• By the year 2000, only thirty years away, the 3.5 billion people on Earth will have become seven billion, and 200 million Americans will become 300 million—in the absence of a massive effort to the contrary. How will these billions be housed and fed? Can the delicate ecology of the Earth, already badly damaged, possibly survive the mass increase in human contamination and pollution that this population growth will generate? Most authorities of all faiths are doubtful, to say the least. Yet, in spite of overwhelming evidence and the advice of a committee of coreligionists, the elderly leader of one of the world's great religious organizations ordered that nature should be allowed to continue its unregulated course.

"I cannot give you the comics because there are no comics! Now will you please permit me to finish James Reston?"

In short, youth asks with sincerity and even anguish, where are the modern men and minds in our Congress, universities, churches, and institutions who can prove that the old structures can be reformed in time to deal with the vast problems of war, poverty, pollution, equal opportunity, and over-population? I do not believe that the large majority of our youth want to destroy our institutions. They wish only to see them rapidly evolve to become relevant, effective, and responsive to the problems of today and tomorrow. In the absence of real evidence of such change, they become impatient and frustrated and too often hyperactive, which has always been a hallmark of youth. Yet, when we look about with honest and candid eyes, we must admit that they have much logic and fact, if not experience, on their side. Intermixed with their often pretentious and sometimes angry rhetoric are to be found much truth and decent conviction. If this generation of youth wishes to change its philosophical frame of reference to add *Sentio* to *Cogito* and *Facio*, that is its right. I am only glad that my generation and previous ones, by their labors, have made it possible for our children to become so committed to feeling for their fellow man.

In sum, faith in science, technology, and education, once taken totally for granted, is now under serious challenge. For the first time in centuries the importance of reason per se is being questioned by a large part of a whole generation. But none of the problems that weigh so heavily on our youth can ever be solved without reason as applied through the highest quality of education and intellectual discipline and the most sophisticated application of all of the sciences.

We must seek and find a middle ground on which thoughtful and committed persons of all generations can come together. It might be a good idea to start by having the over-thirty generation give up trying to measure youth by the old yardsticks, whether with respect to hairstyle or human aspiration. By putting first things first the integrity of the dialogue can be established. Then we can make clearer why we have pride in the society and many of the institutions we have laboriously built, in spite of admitted and serious imperfections, and why we will not see these institutions destroyed in an outpouring of mindless feeling alone.

In any event, most of the effort to open effective communications with the young must come from my generation. At stake are not just the survival of our institutions, our cities, and our systems but, much more important, the quality, commitment, and future of our children.

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The Law-and-Order Issue

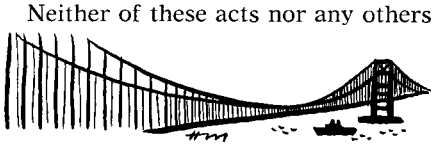
1. In the Nation

During the past two years legitimate public concern over the issue of crime, compounded by fear of campus unrest and other social disturbances, has created the volatile mixture that generally goes under the name "law and order." The rhetoric of ambitious politicians and the apparent inability—at least on occasion—of existing institutions to resolve or mitigate the issue have produced a dangerous situation. Although the nation rejected the most strident candidates of law and order in the 1970 elections and appeared far less hysterical than some analysts and commentators had supposed, considerable damage has been done, not only by the campaign and the climate it fostered, but by the specific legislative acts that preceded or accompanied it. The Democrats, goaded by the President and the attacks of the Vice President, proclaimed proudly that prior to the October recess of Congress "every major anti-crime and anti-pornography proposal has been passed by the United States Senate." Among them:

• The Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, which includes a provision permitting judges to impose thirty-year sentences on anyone convicted of a felony if the judge decides that the defendant is "a dangerous special offender"—meaning, in simple language, when the judge concludes that the person in question is a bad guy. The bill, moreover, abridges Constitutional safeguards against self-incrimination and the use of illegally obtained evidence. In its analysis of the act, the Bar Association of the City of New York declared that the bill sweeps "far beyond the field of organized crime. . . . The bill as presently drafted [and subsequently passed] frequently hits targets which were not intended and misses those which were. . . . Even more disturbing is the impatience which [the bill] shows for constitutional safeguards."

• The District of Columbia Omnibus Crime Bill, now signed into law, which gives police the authority to search premises with a warrant but without announcing their presence and demanding entry (the no-knock provision) and which many lawyers regard as a violation of Constitutional prohibitions against illegal search and seizure. The act also provides for preventive detention—the incarceration without bail of criminal suspects who appear, in the judgment of a magistrate, to be likely to commit further crimes if they were free. In effect, the act allows a judge to imprison a suspect before trial; although existing inequities of the money-bail system have resulted in the incarceration of thousands of legally innocent suspects, the D. C. act, rather than eliminating the injustices, institutionalizes them. The administration considers it a model for the nation.

Neither of these acts nor any others



recently passed by Congress deal with the substantive inadequacies of earlier crime bills, among them the Omnibus Crime Control Act of 1968, which provides for block grants to states to assist in their law enforcement activities. A disproportionate share of the funds disbursed under that act have gone to small towns, which often use them to buy equipment and weapons they do not need and wouldn't know how to use if they did, and to state police departments, not to large urban ("high crime") areas nor for the reform and improvement of other sectors of the criminal justice process—among them the courts and correctional institutions. In all of their eagerness to improve "law enforcement," neither Congress nor the administration has ever shown serious interest in appropriating funds to reform prisons, which happen to be the most intensive breeding grounds of crime in America.

If the problem were limited to the danger of specific Congressional acts—dangers of omission and commission—it would be serious enough. But the climate produced by the rhetoric of the past year is likely to produce even more damaging effects. The cry for law and order has encouraged local prosecutors, police, and grand juries to crack down on dissenters, to intimidate unpopular figures, and to initiate criminal proceedings of dubious merit. Civil liberties organizations around the nation have noted sharp increases in the harassment of students, teachers, university administrators, writers, black people, and other minorities. Dissenters are finding it harder to get jobs or to keep them. Students—especially those with long hair—are searched at random by state police, and demonstrators are now being routinely photographed by police agents on the street.

The crime control acts passed by Congress, many of them initiated by individuals representing racial backlash, tend to hit poor people more severely than they do the affluent. It is the poor who cannot afford high-priced legal talent, cannot raise bail, and cannot defend themselves against the intricacies of the legal process; it is the poor who are more likely to be regarded as bad risks, as potential criminals, and as "dangerous special offenders." But it is also the poor—and the black—who are, and always have been, the special victims of local police raids, of unexplained shootings, and of violent acts inside or outside the station house. There have, without doubt, been unprovoked attacks on policemen during the past few months. But the equally unprovoked attacks by agents of law enforcement on unarmed black people, on the offices of political or racial or-

(*Continued on page* 86)

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2. *In the World*

Virtually no one resists the argument that the World Court of Justice, highest judicial body in the world, should be developed and used to the maximum. U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers has called for wider recognition of the value of the Court as a way of reducng tensions in the international community and, indeed, as the only sensible alternative to armed force. U.N. Secretary General U Thant has described the World Court as used to the maximum. U.S. Secretary one of mankind's great hopes for peace.

It is against this background of widespread approbation and support that we now consider a bizarre fact of incredible proportions: Not a single case is pending today before the World Court. In various parts of the world, armies are on the march, bombs are falling, men are dying by the thousands, fuses are spluttering, nations are fulminating and threatening—but the judges who sit in the highest judicial body on Earth have no work to do.

It is not that these judges do not wish to address themselves to issues directly concerned with large-scale safety and sanity. The problem is that they are immobilized by a paradox: No case can come before the World Court unless the nations involved wish it to do so. The United States has never suggested it would be willing to test the rectitude of its position in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia by having the Indochina question come before the World Court. Neither has North or South Vietnam.

The Soviet Union has never indicated any desire to submit its differences with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, or China to the World Court. India and Pakistan have a fundamental dispute over Kashmir but have not gone to the World Court. Nor have the Arab nations or Israel, both of which are caught up in a struggle of ominous dimensions, gone before the World Court to test the legalities that each cites as justification for its position.

Adding to both the irony and gravity of the problem is that forty-six nations have declared they are willing to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court, among them the United States, United Arab Republic, Israel, India, Pakistan, Great Britain, Canada, Japan, France, Australia, and Cambodia. Even before the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court can be invoked and accepted, however, *all* parties to a dispute must be willing to have the case brought before the Court. Thus, many of the same nations that have proclaimed their readiness to accept such jurisdiction have not permitted the Court even to sit on cases involving their own national interest. This is why not a single case is pending before the World Court today. The difficulty is not in obtaining general acceptance of the principle of compulsory jurisdiction; the difficulty is in obtaining willingness to put the principle to the test.

The United States is one of the forty-six assenting nations, but it has done so with a reservation—in particular, the Connally Reservation, which makes it unnecessary and perhaps impossible for the United States to support in fact, rather than in theory alone, the principle of compulsory jurisdiction for the Court. The Connally Reservation enables the United States to determine whether a particular case involving the U.S. is domestic in character and therefore not within the jurisdiction of the Court.

Is it said that it is unreasonable to expect the World Court to do the work of the United Nations? Is it said that the World Court was never conceived as the means for resolving *major* disputes? Very well, then; what about the multitude of *minor* disputes that have grown into major ones for want of a resolving mechanism? What about new issues and problems other than conventional disputes over territory and political systems? What about the large new category of environmental issues? Canada, for example, has been unsuccessful in persuading the United States to keep its tankers from spilling oil off the Canadian coastlines, with damaging effects on the environment of the far north. Canada would like to bring the case before the World Court, but it cannot do so unless the United States is willing to have the case considered. Hence Canada is unilaterally extending its territorial limits to 100 miles off its coasts—a risky procedure and a potentially harmful precedent but one that flows naturally out of an essentially uncontrolled situation.

Another ecological problem with grim implications is the proposal made by Soviet scientists to divert two major Siberian rivers that now flow into the polar region. The purpose is to irrigate sixty-five million hitherto unproductive acres. Scientists in the United States and Great Britain say there is danger that this could result in a significant temperature shift in the Western Hemisphere. The question to be tested here is whether any nation has the right to pursue its national interest at the expense of other peoples. Would the Soviet Union be willing to allow its Siberian river project to come before the World Court?

All these questions have a direct bearing on the quality and safety of life on this planet. So long as national sovereignty is the highest governing fact or principle on Earth, so long as nations can arrogate to themselves the absolute right to determine the legality or propriety of their actions that affect others, the world will remain a jungle, despite all the apparent evidences of civilized society.

The Attorney General of the United States has denounced the actions of American protesters in throwing tomatoes and stones at the President. He has deplored everything now being done outside the law. He is right. Society cannot function unless there is respect for law. Questions: Does the law only apply to individuals? What about aggregations of individuals? Is anarchy to be denounced only when it occurs inside a nation? Is bomb-throwing acceptable if nations do it? An individual who refuses to go to court does not thereby exempt himself from a court's jurisdiction. Should a nation be free to exempt itself from world authority even though its actions may be damaging to perhaps millions of people?

The tragic flaw in human society today is that few of the techniques developed for regulating individuals apply to the larger units of which individuals are a part. Thus the greatest danger to any individual anywhere today is the precariousness of human existence itself. This is when the crusade for law and order should begin. —N. C.

The Staff of Durban

by Hollis Summers

South African Scope, a pamphlet,
Shows me a picture of a female laughing dove
Who, with her mate, built a nest
On the windscreen wiper of an automobile
In a Durban showroom.

I have seen the bird and the nest.

The staff of the showroom guarded the bird.
The vehicle was not sold until eggs hatched
And fledglings flew.
I want you to know about the staff in Durban
And the flying laughing birds.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Niska Makes News in "The Makropoulos Affair"

WHAT IS EVEN rarer than a day in June? A provocative opera production, such as the New York City Opera has made from Leoš Janáček's treatment of the Karel Čapek play *The Makropoulos Affair*. Lest it be supposed that this is a euphemism for what is sometimes called a controversial opera production, the difference may be spelled out thus: A controversial production is one in which the disagreement is about how bad it is; a provocative production is one in which the disagreement is not necessarily about how good it is, but about what else there is in addition to how good it is.

In the case of *The Makropoulos Affair* (and "case" comes naturally to the mind, as the libretto reads *The Makropoulos Case)*, that is plenty. It is provocative not only in its treatment of the subject matter, but also in the projection of the long-underrated Janáček's treatment of it. In part the "projection" comes literally from the projections, both still and moving, that add much to the whole.

Basically, *The Makropoulos Affair* could be described as a twentieth-century fairy tale (the chosen date is 1913) in which we are asked to believe not in a princess who goes to sleep for a hundred or two years and is awakened by a kiss (a subject so remote from current consciousness that the Royal Ballet has built its fortune on it), but in an opera singer whose mysterious past has overtones of literal as well as fictitious immortality. A sister under the (withered) skin to Lo-Tsen in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, her secret of perpetual renewal is not the air she breathes but a compound brewed by her far remote father to prolong a monarch's life. The monarch declined the privilege, fearing instant death; but the daughter took the chance, and that—in reverse, for the secret only emerges at the end—is the *modus vivendi* for Emilia Marty, Eugenia Montez, Ellian McGregor, Elsa Mueller, Ekaterina Myškin, all née Elena Makropoulos, to prolong their earthly span unto centuries.

The pillar and pediment of such a fanciful design is an actress who can sing well enough to impersonate a "legendary figure" or a singer who can act well enough to cast the kind of a spell such a part requires. If you know Maria Callas, the answer is simple—assuming Maria Callas is interested. But if you have confidence in such a younger possibility as Maralin Niska, you have at least a fighting chance. Over the period of six or so years since Miss Niska emerged from California as a member of the short-lived Metropolitan National Company, she has gradually veered from standard to specialized parts. A better than fair embodiment of the former, she has developed into a brilliant protagonist of the latter, including the arresting Governess she contributed to the New York City Opera's revival of Benjamin Britten's *The Turn of the Screw* last winter.

The odd but far from unimportant fact about Janáček's score is that, though it treats Čapek's text for the most part conversationally, it clearly insinuates the idea of an opera singer in the audience's mind by letting Emilia sing much more than the others. It is forty years since Janáček's career ended (he died in 1928 at age eighty-two), a time in which the concept of a playable opera has altered considerably. With no one longer able to project the arching lines of a Puccini or to muster the grand gestures of Strauss, a modest master such as Janáček, with his smaller scope but highly individual craft, is not merely tolerable but welcome.

As he is being done at the New York State Theater, some of the scope is being enlarged and the craft a little overburdened with film clips and projected backgrounds. A usable resource in itself, it oversteps its function when it is superimposed on the orchestral prelude Janáček wrote for the purpose of involving the audience with the drama to follow. It also tends to preempt some moments when the audience should be using its imagination rather than being dependent on film clips. I would, moreover, like to see the excellent skills of Gardner Compton and Emile Ardolino, who share the credits for "film and slide projections," applied more subtly and with less accentuation of the obvious. But there is no doubt at all that they have exceeded by a vast margin (both in picture quality and the ingenious screens on which it is displayed) anything previously associated with an opera production here.

Almost equal to Miss Niska's effort

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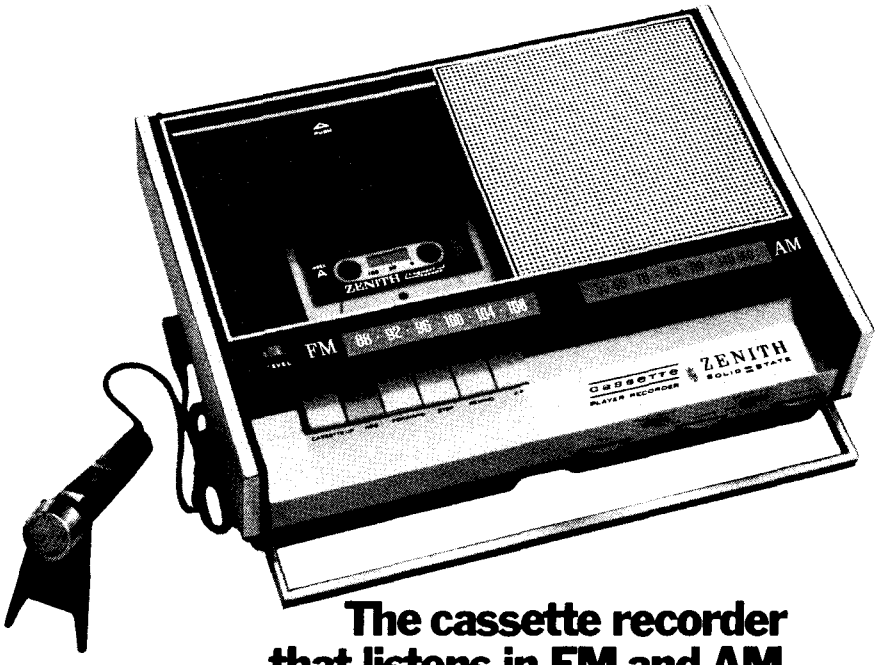

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The Apotheosis of Masscult

by HENRY S. RESNIK

THE PULPS: Fifty Years of American Pop Culture, compiled and edited by Tony Goodstone *(Chelsea House, 239 pp., $15);* **ANDY WARHOL, by John Coplans** *(New York Graphic Society, 160 pp., $10);* **ARF! The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie, 1935-45, by Harold Gray** *(Arlington House, 716 pp., $14.95);* **THE MOVIE STARS, by Richard Griffith** *(Doubleday, 498 pp., $19.95);* **HOLLYWOOD AND THE GREAT FAN MAGAZINES, edited by Martin Levin** *(Arbor House, 224 pp., $10);* **WALLFLOWER AT THE ORGY, by Nora Ephron** *(Viking, 179 pp., $5.95)*

Dwight Macdonald's essay "Masscult and Midcult" was first published ten years go, and at this distance it's safe to say that Macdonald didn't do much to save the high culture he so brilliantly defended. Two or three years after "Masscult and Midcult" appeared in *Partisan Review,* pop art exploded onto the scene, blunting cultural distinctions with more finality than anything Macdonald had anticipated, and then, in the same periodical where he had launched his attack, Susan Sontag came forth with "Notes on Camp," which defined a sensibility that rendered high culture virtually obsolete. "One cheats oneself, as a human being," Sontag wrote, "if one has *respect* only for the style of high culture, whatever else one may do or feel on the sly. . . . The experiences of Camp are based on the great discovery that the sensibility of high culture has no monopoly on refinement."

Sontag's ideas—and those of Marshall McLuhan [*SR*, page 32], who began to be widely discussed about the same time—were immediately absorbed into the cultural mainstream. Although Sontag and McLuhan expressed themselves in the style and form of high culture, they inadvertently became the official spokesmen for masscult. Nowadays to argue for high culture—and, by inference, for an élite class—is to risk being labeled a reactionary.

What a feast, then, is this pile of books, so typical of publishing trends in recent years, that celebrates banality, kitsch, and marketplace art. Little Orphan Annie and Sandy ("Arf!") and Daddy Warbucks. Movie stars. Fan magazines. Pulps. Andy Warhol himself, the king of pop. Who could criticize this surge of good-humored American fun? Who would dare?

In some ways, of course, campy nostalgia and the glorification of masscult disarm criticism. Sontag was on the mark when she wrote that "the discovery of the good taste of bad taste can be very liberating. . . . It makes the man of good taste cheerful, where before he ran the risk of being chronically frustrated. It is good for the digestion." In other words, why be an uptight snob when just by lowering your standards a little—and knowing that you're lowering them—you can enjoy yourself?

Indeed, one can derive a great deal of pleasure from these books. *The Pulps,* for example, is chock-full of moderately good stories from a variety of the genre magazines so popular in the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties—Westerns, science fiction, mysteries, adventures—plus full-color covers and such filler as crossword puzzles, poems, and ads ("Striptease necktie that GLOWS in the dark," "Here's the Way to Curb a Rupture"). The list of authors, a few of whom are represented in surprisingly professional form, includes Edgar Rice Burroughs, Paul Gallico, Max Brand, Dashiell Hammett, MacKinlay Kantor, Ray Bradbury, and Philip Wylie. There's even a story (terrible, or wonderfully

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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amusing, depending on how you read it) by the fourteen-year-old Tennessee Williams. That the book is oriented to the camp sensibility is unmistakable—the sort of people who paid a dime to read these stories in the original wouldn't spend a nickel, much less $15, to read them now; they'd be too busy watching television. (The upper-middle-class campers who buy the book probably won't read it either; one suspects that, like so many books of this kind, *The Pulps* is destined for coffee-table oblivion.)

It may be superfluous to point out that books like *The Pulps* are a camp item, but in a remarkably short period of time camp has become so much a part of our culture that most people don't even mention it any more. The mass media killed the idea of camp instantly merely by making it popular, yet the phenomenon possesses a life of its own. It's gotten so that anyone with enough taste to recognize junk when he sees it has been conditioned to put on his camp-colored glasses, as it were, the minute he realizes junk is what he's seeing. The alternative is much more than "the risk of being chronically frustrated"—it's a question of survival. There simply isn't enough truly alive high culture today to justify the insularity of élite tastes.

On the surface, at least, this is a refreshingly democratic trend that should be welcomed and encouraged. One function of high culture, after all, is to maintain the separateness of an élite, hence to preserve a rigid class system. There are great dangers in the homogenization of culture, as Robert Brustein, taking up Macdonald's banner, has cogently, even courageously, argued, but in many ways the breaking down of class and culture boundaries must be regarded as healthy.

A total surrender to camp, however, can be suicidal, for the camp sensibility is amoral and uninvolved, interested exclusively in artifice and surface. This is the gist of Calvin Tomkins's evocative profile of Andy Warhol, one of three essays in the New York Graphic Society tribute to the pop artist and filmmaker that commemorates the 1970-71 Warhol retrospective assembled by the Pasadena Art Museum and shown in several major cities of Europe and the United States. No one can question, after studying this elegant volume, that Warhol is a major artist, a man perfectly attuned to the culture and life of his time. Although John Coplans's essay on the paintings and sculpture tends toward pedantry and Jonas Mekas's appraisal of the films toward religious hysteria, the book conveys the impression of a powerful mind at work.

Yet Tomkins's profile, which has the ring of truth, is far more suggestive of the Warhol oeuvre than the book's excellent photographic reproductions. It shows us a man who is both overwhelmingly ambitious and quite lacking in judgment, and it reveals an art that does nothing but hold a technically flawless mirror to life. Tomkins's conclusion is that "Andy, in what one fervently hopes is just another put-on, begins to look more and more like the angel of death." Warhol is, in fact, the quintessential mass man; he has absorbed all the contemporary myths—the myths inevitably cheapened by mass culture, be they Campbell's soup myths or Jackie myths—and regurgitated them with stylistic brilliance. But the only things he really seems to care about are money and power. The logical extreme of camp is a complete abdication of self, of values.

Like beauty, camp is in the eye of the beholder, and it should be noted that while the tide of camp and exaggerated kitsch sweeping through the arts these days is loaded with artifacts from the past, camp and nostalgia can be quite separate attitudes. Many devotees of camp will pounce delightedly on *Arf! The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie*, containing nearly all the episodes published between 1935 and 1945, because they discern in the comic strip's sincere bad taste a camp classic. But the publisher seems to have had altogether different intensions. Arlington House, of which the thriving Nostalgia Book Club is a subdivision, specializes in "conservative books"; its fall list includes a book about Spiro Agnew and the media, written by a former aide to Barry Goldwater; a study of "the riot-makers" that "is the only book that expresses the majority, 'Middle America' view of riots"; and various works by William F. Buckley, Jr.

Moreover, in the introduction to *Arf!*, etc., Al Capp leaves no doubt of the real benefits of reading the strip when he recalls that Harold Gray, its creator, once told him: "You're going to be around a long time. Take my advice and buy a house in the country. Build a wall around it. And get ready to protect yourself. The way things are going, people who earn their living someday are going to have to fight off the bums." After observing that Harold Gray was superior to all "the Lippmanns, Sinclairs, and Picassos who

—From "the Movie Stars"

—From "Andy Warhol"

Elvis Presley in "Girls, Girls, Girls"; Marilyn Monroe, silkscreen print by Andy Warhol (1962)—living myths who embody a phantom philosophy and a system of pseudo-values.

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were his contemporaries," Capp concludes: "If Gray's attitudes were old-fashioned in his time, so too, then, are personal dignity, manners, and respect for law today. And now ask yourself this: Can any new society be built without those attitudes?" Capp's introduction is the campiest thing in the whole book, but it vividly illustrates the extent to which a fear of the future has become a palpable disease.

Seen in the light of such deadly serious yearnings for simple answers as Capp's, camp may be in the long run a merely transitional attitude, a bridge between a pluralistic culture and one geared entirely to mass taste. Richard Nixon wasn't camping, after all, when he drew on the John Wayne film *Chisum* for legal inspiration, and the millions who have made *The Sound of Music* the biggest box-office hit of all time don't go to see it for the giggles. A 1939 essay by Clement Greenberg, "The Avant-garde and Kitsch," comes naggingly to mind:

> Where today a political régime establishes an official cultural policy, it is for the sake of demagogy. If kitsch is the official tendency of culture in Germany, Italy and Russia, it is not because their respective governments are controlled by philistines, but because kitsch is the culture of the masses in these countries, as it is everywhere else. The encouragement of kitsch is merely another of the inexpensive ways in which totalitarian régimes seek to ingratiate themselves with their subjects.

American totalitarianism is subtler, of course, and more palatable than the dictatorships of the Thirties. The ruling élite of America are comparatively invisible; they have been superseded almost entirely by institutions—General Motors, Madison Avenue, the media. It's difficult to say exactly who is controlling whom; even Agnew is a kind of puppet. Thus, a major paradox of "democratic" fascism.

Nevertheless, as our culture drifts inexorably toward mass taste and kitsch, with or without the added ingredient of nostalgia, ugly syndromes that have always existed within the culture intensify. The worst aspect of mass culture is that in many ways it is no culture at all, but merely a projection of some vague concept of mass man and what are essentially pseudo-values. The juxtaposition of Richard Griffith's *The Movie Stars* and Martin Levin's *Hollywood and the Great Fan Magazines* makes this disturbingly clear. The Griffith book is huge and handsome, one of the best of its kind. In a text sprinkled generously with behind-the-scenes anecdotes, but written, alas, in the tone of Academy

(*Continued on page 44*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Implicit Message

As a writer who has 20,000 words of work buried somewhere in *The New Olympia Reader*, reviewed by Herbert Gold [*SR*, Oct. 31], I have a question: Is the man covering the book or is he reviewing G. P. Elliott and Herbert Gold on the subject of pornography? And if the latter, to what precise purpose? The thoughts of both men on this subject are well lodged in the public domain already.

M. Girodias is a difficult man. But I would like to go on record as standing with him on the implicit message of the *New Reader*, which deserves to be taken, if at all, on its own terms. Herbert Gold has missed the point. As *Playboy*'s most prolific contributor of fiction over fifteen years, he should not have.

Barry N. Malzberg,
New York, N.Y.

Amputation of the Senses

I cannot help but take issue with Emile Capouya's review of Dalton Trumbo's book *Johnny Got His Gun* [*SR*, Oct. 31]. The reviewer seems to find weakness in the outstanding strength of the book: the juxtaposition of the "hero's" memories of the "American Dream" and the horror of the system's vulgar adulation of violence. This tension filled me with such haunting terror that I was unable to put the book down until I had finished every word. I read this book after experiencing the "amputation" of my own senses during the Kent massacre.

Of course, the reader would like "to sidle away from the horror"—just as he would like to avoid looking at the pictures of the quadraplegics back "alive" from Vietnam and lying in hospitals. But we should not underestimate his ability to accept this reality, retch a little, and file that horror with his memories of Americana. I am glad this book has been reissued, and as a high school English teacher, I wish it were required reading.

Sandra Halem,
Kent, O.

Focus on Life

Melvin M. Tumin's querulous review of *The Social Contract* [*SR*, Oct. 24] is a classical example of the scientific provincialism that makes writers like Robert Ardrey famous and necessary. The playwright, unlike the vast majority of scientists, knows how to communicate and is not afraid to do so.

Robert Ardrey's primary focus is life, a subject dominated by subtlety and ambiguity. Dr. Tumin, along with the bulk of the scientific élite, is apparently unable to appreciate or tolerate either.

Were I a layman I might have supposed that Tumin possesses a treasure-trove of contradicting data. As a scientist (doctorate and ten years' research in organic chemistry) and one who earns his livelihood as a student and celebrant of life, I strongly suspect that your reviewer has more injured pride than evidence of error.

(Rev.) William H. Houff,
Seattle, Wash.

Ardrey's works are tendentious only to the extent that Ardrey is saying, "Look out! We may not be the children of a benign, protecting personal deity that our pastors and masters taught us we were. We are a momentary aspect of a still ongoing process of selection, wherein behavior that results in successful reproduction is the only guarantee of the survival of our species. Know thy kind, even if it means abandoning the comforting myths. And then look to the direction we take."

This warning—that we may have been mistaken, that we are responsible for what we do and must accept whatever penalties we incur—seems to be poison to people having strong religious convictions or "liberal" political beliefs.

And I can submit an answer to Professor Tumin's question of what is provoked by the negation of the idea of equality. I have been provoked to rethink my prejudices and to examine, with such understanding and compassion as I can marshal, the human condition. Such disparate contemporaries as Mr. Ardrey, Dr. William Shockley, and this writer share a very real concern about the heavy selective pressure that misguided humanitarianism can put upon us, when the least competent, the least responsible, are subsidized to a reproduction rate limited only by the physical abilities of their women.

John Edward Fellows,
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

Politics and War

Barry Goldwater's review of *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* [*SR*, Oct. 3] gave no consideration to the Lindbergh charge that one of the three major groups agitating for American involvement in World War II was the Roosevelt Administration.

During the 1940 campaign President Roosevelt was promising citizens: "... but I shall say it again and again and again. Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." That sort of talk was for public consumption. More importantly, his Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, made this diary entry on November 25, 1941: "The question was to maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves. It was a difficult proposition."

Perhaps Mr. Goldwater would prefer that we forget the role that politicians have played in involving the U.S. in one war after another.

Henry R. Korman,
Longview, Wash.

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FROM CLICHE TO ARCHETYPE

by Marshall McLuhan with Wilfred Watson

Viking, 213 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by John Fowles

■ Here he comes again, the Tiresias-cum-Jeremiah of the multiconscious global village. This book (co-authored "with" Wilfred Watson, whatever that preposition means) is said to have taken four years to write; as elegant and lucid as a barrel of tar, it makes one wonder whether Marshall McLuhan's celebrated doubts over the print medium don't largely stem from a personal incapacity to handle it. Perhaps the graceless style, the barbarously obscuring jargon, the incoherent hopping from one unfinished argument into the middle of the next are all meant to be subtly humorous. But the general effect is about as subtle and humorous as a Nazi storm trooper hectoring the latest trainload of Jews. It is all barked fiat: off with your head if you dare to disagree. There is a late reference to "pestilential linguistic smog," and many who have struggled through the dense, polluted sentences of the text will see the phrase as more of a boomerang than an outward-flying barb.

This time the basic thesis is something of a platitude itself, and I suspect that is one major reason why the faults mentioned above (hardly new in McLuhan's work) gravely overcloud the virtues—the valid savageries and flashes of insight on the classic texts. The argument here is that from the debris of exhausted clichés (not only verbal, but technological, social, artistic, etc.—the term is expanded, stretched beyond endurance, to cover any "retrievable" human phenomenon) man derives the material from which he forms his new, contemporary clichés. The old clichés become archetypes and are then reassembled and re-clichéified in their turn. In plain English, most of today is yesterday rehashed.

But I'd better quote. "The archetype is a retrieved awareness or consciousness. It is consequently a retrieved cliché—an old cliché retrieved by a new cliché. Since a cliché is a unit extension of man, an archetype is a quoted extension, medium, technology, or environment." "As various technologies have succeeded print, it has become more and more the home of the archetype." "Art is a cliché probe that scraps older environments in order to retrieve other clichés that have been tossed aside earlier." "All media of communications are clichés serving to enlarge man's scope of action, his patterns of association and awareness."

As you see, there is a certain grandiose vagueness of definition, and this is not helped by the frequent cross-references to the other celebrated bees in McLuhan's bonnet: the heresies of the accursed Gutenberg sect, the instant information retrieval nightmare, media use and abuse, tribalization, the overserviced "junkyard" city. Most of the book has intermittently to do with literature and the drama, and includes some not very memorable comments on the Absurd, Camp, Happenings, and other such by now tedious topics; the rest is devoted to what's wrong with society (just about everything). In pursuit of fashionable fragmentation, the text is timidly cut up *à la* Burroughs. The introduction comes on page 117, since every chapter is ordered alphabetically by the first letter of its title. Similarly the (useless) table of contents is not at the end; though the title page, presumably through a binders' error, is naïvely located where it should be. I don't find this jumbling very original or witty. Like so many of the professors' (or professor's) aphorisms and word-plays, the gimmick has maximum built-in obsolescence.

McLuhan belongs, I suppose, to the machine-gun school of pundits. He sprays so many assertions at so many targets that some are bound to hit the mark. A lot more are equally bound to miss. A kinder reviewer might call this book provocative. It certainly makes me want to protest, and especially in the area of social-cultural analysis. A few choice examples:

McLuhan proclaims that since the world now lives "inside a proscenium arch of satellites," "Nature" (conveniently undefined) is ended. On the next page he announces that "the main business of the world becomes espionage" (elsewhere it rather confusingly becomes "the manufacture of tranquilizers"); then "data banks know more about individual people than the people do themselves," and "A planet parenthesized by a man-made environment no longer offers any directions or goals to nation or individual." This is the language of apocalyptic paranoia, of that old buffoon Spengler. It takes Orwell's *1984* as an actuality, not as a warning fable.

Then it is laid down that the technological breakthroughs of the electronic age "give us instant access to all pasts. As for tribal man, there is for us no history. All is present. . . ." For a start, both "instant" and "access" need explanation. What kind of access? Did the Renaissance man who read Plato in the original Greek have less "access" to the trial of Socrates than today's man who can read it only in translation or (more likely) in some vulgarized digest version? Where is the evidence that electronic-age children have no sense of history? That they think "all is present"? And what on earth—at any rate, this earth—does "access to *all* pasts" mean?

Finally, "this modern Merlin of the media" (the blurb) quotes a professional explorer with approval as saying that a three-year-old child would be much safer alone in the jungle than on an urban sidewalk, since "no creature in the jungle would harm him, although he might become hungry." He just might, at that. What McLuhan and his explorer friend evidently need is a naked month in the Matto Grosso. It

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TITLE SEARCH

The books listed in the left column took their titles from the earlier works listed on the right. Louis Smith of Berea, Kentucky, asks how many you can match correctly before turning to page 44.

1. *Arms and the Man* ( )
2. *A Banner with a Strange Device* ( )
3. *Brave New World* ( )
4. *Not Honour More* ( )
5. *Cabbages and Kings* ( )
6. *A Different Drummer* ( )
7. *The Grapes of Wrath* ( )
8. *Look Homeward, Angel* ( )
9. *Promises to Keep* ( )
10. *The Sun Also Rises* ( )
11. *Vanity Fair* ( )
12. *World Enough and Time* ( )

a. *The Aeneid*
b. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*
c. *Ecclesiastes*
d. *Excelsior*
e. *Lycidas*
f. *Pilgrim's Progress*
g. *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
h. *The Tempest*
i. *Through the Looking Glass*
j. *To His Coy Mistress*
k. *To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*
l. *Walden*

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is one thing to hate the mess we have made of our cities and quite another to write off all the humanity in their citizens. There may be cities that would leave a lonely three-year-old to starve to death on a public street, but I doubt it. And to presume it argues a foolish and bankrupt human being.

This ugly misanthropic tone keeps on cropping up. On several subsidiary aspects of their theme the authors have interesting views: on the epyllion, or little epic, form; on the return of iconic, as opposed to realistic, art; on the writer-critic-audience relationship discussed under the heading "Public as Cliché." But the other thing comes back like a rash: a kind of angry impatience with man and all his muddling ways. Some years ago a British satirical magazine had a cartoon of a then overfamiliar TV-program interviewer. The man was shown putting a Lilliputian figure with the features of Sartre back on a shelf and smirking pontifically out of the screen at his audience. "And so much," he announced, "for the world's most influential philosopher."

Some such attitude runs close beneath the surface of *From Cliché to Archetype*: so much, these two Canadians seem to be saying, for the definitive state of the world today. But I find their 1970 man a gross distortion—an arch-pessimist's puppet, a universally media-befuddled cipher living in a universal polluted city. Just listen to the tone of voice in this telltale passage:

> The Gutenberg innovation scrapped the medieval world and dumped classical antiquity in the Renaissance lap. Today electric retrieval systems scrap nineteenth-century mechanism and dump the entire collection of archaic and preliterate cultures on the Western doorstep. Electronic culture has created the multiprobe, and this probe results in vast amounts of garbage.

Scrapped, dumped, scrap, dump, collection, garbage. It is not the rightness or wrongness of the historical explanation or the home-made terminology that matters, but the seeping rancor against civilization and humanism betrayed by the dismissive junkyard imagery and the over-all juggernauting, bulldozing approach. A robot might have written it. No doubt the idea is to jolt readers into awareness of the true gospel according to Toronto, but the net result is an ugly demonstration of many of the evils the gospel is being preached against.

I deeply mistrust this book. What America needs at the moment is much more the democracy of reason than a dubious aristocracy of half-baked anti-humanist theory; much more empiricism than wild generalization; much more a ban on jargon than a proliferation of it; much more good grammar (in the widest sense of the word) than the contempt shown here for human norms. This may place me as a Neolithic relic on the verge of extinction, especially as I disagree with most of McLuhan's views on the continued validity, or invalidity, of the book as "perceptual probe." However oral and tribalized the next century gets, there will still be needed a common grammar of humanity and human dialogue. The only way this sick book helps toward that is by setting a corrupt and corrupting example.

John Fowles is the author of "The Collector," "The Magus," "The French Lieutenant's Woman," and the recently reissued "The Aristos."

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE NEW NATION (1783-1793)

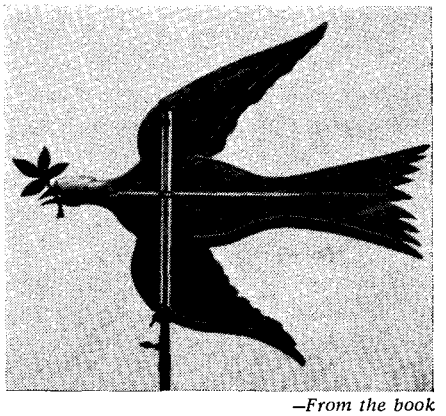
by James Thomas Flexner

Little, Brown, 466 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Meredith M. Brown

■ This fine book, the third part of James Thomas Flexner's projected four-part biography, takes George Washington and our country from the end of the Revolution to the end of Washington's first term as President. Ten years; but ten years that saw the drafting of the Constitution, the crucial early experiences that added flesh to its bones, and the foreshadowings of our present political party system.

Many historians writing on this period have tended to regard Washington as a sort of chairman of the board, a figurehead put forward to attract the reverence of the country, while younger and more brilliant men—Hamilton, Jefferson, and Madison—created its political institutions. This view may be attributed in part to the fact that some of these historians—Claude G. Bowers, Irving Brant, Dumas Malone, John C. Miller, Saul Padover—are biographers not of Washington but of Jefferson, Hamilton, or Madison. A biographer tends naturally to ascribe a central importance to his own subject, and to relegate contemporaries to peripheral roles. If a biographer did otherwise, he might be admitting that his own work was of less than primary significance.



—*From the book*

The Dove of Peace weathervane installed at Mount Vernon by Washington.

Flexner (could it be in part because he is Washington's biographer?) sees Washington as a creator as well as a figurehead. He makes his case with clarity and insight, pointing out that even in the quiet years after the Revolution Washington's interest in promoting a Potomac River canal company led indirectly, through the need for interstate action, to the calling of the Constitutional Convention. He points out, too, the importance of Washington's acts as our first President, under a Constitution that laid down only the most general guidelines to the relationships between the three branches of government.

As Washington himself recognized, his every step set a precedent, since he walked on untrodden ground. Why has the Vice Presidency been such a backwater? Because, says Flexner, our first President distrusted his Vice President, John Adams, and sought to exclude him from power. Why doesn't the American President, like the British Prime Minister, defend his policies in open debate before the legislature? Because Washington tried it briefly, was bored and irritated with the Senate's questions, and left, saying he would be "damned if he ever went there again."

Flexner argues for Washington's importance as a shaper of our political institutions even at the Constitutional Convention, the records of which show that he hardly ever opened his mouth. Washington's recorded silence does not daunt Flexner, who remarks that Washington had a chance to expound his opinions to each of the delegates on social occasions. Moreover, as presiding officer of the convention, he could express his feelings forcefully merely by turning a favorable or unfavorable gaze on the speaker.

It may well be. Washington was not only a revered hero but a giant of a man with an awe-inspiring mien. Flexner relates how Gilbert Stuart, while painting his portrait, tried to make the great man relax by saying, "Now, sir, you must let me forget that you are General Washington and that I am Stuart, the painter." Washington replied politely: "Mr. Stuart need never feel the need of forgetting who he is, or who General Washington is."

At the same time that Flexner demonstrates Washington's impact on our

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history, he quietly and effectively whittles away at the importance that has been ascribed to Washington's contemporaries. To be sure, Washington deferred to Hamilton's financial genius in supporting the federal assumption of the state revolutionary debts and the establishment of a federal bank; but in foreign policy he steered his own course between Jefferson's support of the French Revolution and Hamilton's admiration for the British, which led him to intrigues bordering on treason. Jefferson, Washington's Secretary of State, took forever to accept the post, and spent much of his time away from the Capital even while in office. Moreover, the sniping between the forces of Hamilton and those of Jefferson, which swelled into open warfare in Congress and the press, did nothing to ease Washington's work as President, however much it may have shaped American party politics.

Flexner's book is much more than a demonstration of Washington's historical importance. It is also a picture of Washington as a human being, of the flesh and blood (and the famous false teeth) that underlay the awesome presence. Flexner shows us Washington's violent temper, his love of farming, riding, good wine and the hunt, his consciousness of his own standing, his sadness over his lack of children. We are introduced to the women in Washington's life: his mother, who drove him to rage by her extravagance; his wife Martha, short, sweet, and social (in 1797 Washington noted that he had not dined alone with her in twenty years); and Eliza Powel, the rich Philadelphian who was one of his closest friends.

The author also examines Washington's personal finances, reminding us that this great landlord (216 slaves in 1786) was so cash-poor that in 1789 he had to borrow £600 to pay his debts and the expenses of his trip to New York for his first inaugural.

Flexner is an art historian as well as a biographer, and he puts his combined skills to work in telling of Washington's architectural efforts in the expansion of Mount Vernon and the planning of the Capital. The same combined skills are evident in the choice of illustrations that enhance and complement the text.

George Washington and the New Nation is balanced, warm, vivid, enlightening, and enviably written. I look forward eagerly to 1973, when the fourth and final part of this splendid biography is scheduled to be published.

Meredith M. Brown is a lawyer in New York City with an abiding interest in American history.

"Peace. Hare Krishna. Is the lady of the house in?"

ANDREW CARNEGIE

by Joseph Frazier Wall

Oxford, 1,137 pp., $15

Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz

■ When he rose to his full majestic height, he was all of five feet and three inches tall. Born in Dunfermline, Scotland, to a weaver and the daughter of a cobbler, Andrew Carnegie could not have had more humble origins. When their poverty became insufferable, the family left for the United States. Carnegie was then twelve years old, and had had all the formal schooling he was ever to have: He could read, write, cipher; he knew a little Latin, and he could recite some poems.

After a fifty-day crossing, the family reached Castle Garden, and then made their way to Allegheny, now a part of Pittsburgh, where the father went to work as a weaver in a textile mill, the mother stitched leather to bind shoes, and Andrew started work as a bobbin boy in a textile factory at $1.20 per week. He next worked as a telegraph messenger boy, then as a telegraph operator, and finally took a job with the Pennsylvania Railroad. This last paid him $35 per month, but much more important than the wages was the fact that the job was open-ended—it could and did offer opportunities to climb the ladder of success. At the age of twenty-four Carnegie became superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with his office at Pittsburgh. Before long, he saw the possibilities in the development of sleeping cars, and he made his first investment. By the time he was twenty-eight Carnegie had an annual income of nearly $50,000. Five years later his assets were worth $400,000.

Up to this point the story of Andrew Carnegie was a rather typical Horatio Alger saga. He had all the qualities of character that went with an Alger hero: He lived with his hard-working, poor parents and his younger brother Tom, helping them with his earnings, and no greedy mortgagee was allowed to crush them. He worked hard at any job he had, and gave his employer more than full value; he looked for ways to improve his employer's business while keeping his eye on his own main chance. He would not engage in speculation, which he vehemently condemned, and he learned the details of every aspect of every business he was ever in.

But there was one important difference. When he was thirty-three Carnegie wrote down a schedule for his life. In another two years he could arrange to secure a lifetime annual

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income of $50,000, and beyond this he would refuse to allow himself to earn another cent, but would devote his time to using his wealth for benevolent purposes—to making philanthropy his business. He would, he wrote, settle in Oxford, get a thorough education there, make the acquaintance of "literary men," and pay special attention to public speaking. This he would do for three years. He would then move to London and purchase a controlling interest in some newspaper or "live review" and manage it himself, and take an active part in public affairs, "especially those connected with education and improvement of the poorer classes." Before he ended this memorandum Carnegie wrote the following paragraph:

> Man must have an idol—The amassing of wealth is one of the worst species of idolatry. No idol more debasing than the worship of money. Whatever I engage in I must push inordinately therefor should I be careful to choose that life which will be the most elevating in its character. To continue much longer overwhelmed by business cares and with most of my thoughts wholly upon the way to make more money in the shortest time, must degrade me beyond hope of permanent recovery.

Mr. Wall quite rightly calls this memorandum a remarkable document, "surely unique in American entrepreneurial history, for neither Rockefeller, nor Ford, nor Morgan could have written this note, nor would they have understood the man who did."

The spirit of the memorandum was fulfilled by Carnegie, but the letter was, in some respects, violated. He did not leave off money-making at the age of thirty-five but at the age of sixty-six. He never lived at Oxford, but he did educate himself. He read constantly and he remembered what he read. He chose for his closest friends men of intellectual stature and attainments, with whom he succeeded in establishing relationships that were significant to both parties. If a man may be judged in part by the company he keeps, Carnegie deserves a high rating, for among his friends and companions were Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Frederic Harrison, Lord Bryce, Gladstone, Andrew D. White, Booker T. Washington, Lord Acton, Charles Kingsley, James Anthony Froude, and Herbert Spencer.

When the time came for him to acquire a British newspaper or weekly, he bought seven newspapers and ten weeklies, and kept a close watch on each of them as he agitated for Home Rule for Ireland, dissolution of the British Empire, independence for India, abolition of the House of Lords, abolition of the monarchy, disestablishment of the Church of England, land reform, and public education. On both continents—he crossed the Atlantic some sixty-five times, spending his winters in New York and the other three seasons in Scotland—he agitated for world peace and for a League of Nations (he was one of the first men to use this phrase, years before Woodrow Wilson). He was outraged when the United States appropriated the Philippines, and offered to pay the government $20-million for the islands, which he would then declare independent. He proposed what eventually became our Federal Reserve System. He agitated for free trade. He opposed the racist quota system in immigration, and he spoke for the rights of the Negro at a time when hardly anyone in public life took any interest in the subject.

Much of the good that Carnegie did, especially in the eighteen years of his life after his retirement from business at the turn of the century, may be impossible to trace, but of one activity, at least, it can definitely be said that the good lives after him. I refer, of course, to his work as a Johnny Appleseed planting public libraries around America and in other parts of the world. By the time he was through, he had given 1,946 public libraries to the United States, 660 to Great Britain, 156 to Canada, and some to Australia, South Africa, and other places, including even the Fiji Islands. They cost him more than $50-million. It is conservatively estimated that thirty-five million persons a day use the Carnegie libraries in the United States. Carnegie had a right to boast that the sun never sets on the Carnegie free public libraries, and with a record like that it is unlikely there will ever be a time when the name of Andrew Carnegie will not attract interest and respect.

Joseph Wall's ample biography feeds that interest solidly and satisfactorily. It will probably replace the two-volume biography by Burton J. Hendrick, published some forty years ago, as the best study of a figure who was at one time America's richest man, but who believed in and acted on the principle that it was a disgrace to die a rich man. Perhaps that is one way of emulating Saint Francis of Assisi. Carnegie wore no hair shirt, but he gave away many shirts to those too poor to buy them, and if he appropriated a massive amount of what Marx called "surplus value," in the best way he knew he gave it all back to where it came from.

Milton R. Konvitz is professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell University.

STORMING HEAVEN:
The Lives and Turmoils of Minnie Kennedy and Aimee Semple McPherson

by Lately Thomas

Morrow, 364 pp., $10

Reviewed by David Poling

■ In the "safe" religious denominations there has always been a lot of kidding and joking about the evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson. In fact, almost any woman who gets out in front is subject to mocking and put-downs by that male-dominated institution, the Christian Church. And when some gal starts preaching and healing and attracting crowds, the religious community usually divides over that sort of sensationalism—some urging her on, while the establishment wants to see her academic credentials and bankers wonder about the bookkeeping.

Aimee Semple McPherson cared little for bankers or bishops. Her outlook was fashioned by the influence of the Salvation Army, with its reaching out to the lost, the lonely, the abused and forgotten. Her ministry in Los Angeles was the culmination of tough years on the sawdust tent-meeting trail. At the age of seventeen she went out to China, where she bore a daughter weeks after the death of her missionary husband. A few years after her return to the United States, she began her career as evangelist, healer, and charismatic personality. With the assistance of her mother, Minnie Kennedy (a Salvation Army regular), Aimee preached and prayed her way from Florida to California. She hit Los Angeles at Christ-

—From the book

Aimee Semple McPherson—she offered "angels, incense, and nonsense."

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mas time in 1918, and for twenty-five years thereafter was the most famous religious figure of the Golden West.

In *Storming Heaven* Lately Thomas has given us more than an entertaining, fast-moving story of a woman who raised money and eyebrows. He has outlined the ingredients that have always been part of the fundamentalists' attraction and power: forceful personalities, a nondenominationalism that welcomes all creeds, belief in and practice of divine healing, unabashed skill at making the hard sell for big cash offerings, and the conviction of always doing God's will, whether it be building a temple or buying a limousine with whitewalls and fog lights.

In Los Angeles Aimee was able to give her followers a mixture of Hollywood and holiness. As someone has said, "she substituted the cheerfulness of the playroom for the gloom of the morgue." To the lonely and empty, her preaching offered "angels, incense, and nonsense." Drawing more from her Pentecostal leanings than her Salvation Army beginnings, Aimee Semple McPherson put together her Foursquare Gospel teaching Regeneration, Divine Healing, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Branches sprang up around the country, looking to Aimee and the mother church, Angelus Temple, as the fountain of faith. Today the Church of the Foursquare Gospel claims about 200,000 members in nearly 800 churches, and its work extends to some twenty-seven countries. Fundamentalism is alive and well, and Aimee Semple McPherson helped to make it an experience that is often sensational.

Lately Thomas covers with precision the multiple lawsuits that hit Aimee and her friends and family. The mysterious "kidnaping incident," when Aimee was found in the Arizona desert after she had been feared drowned off Ocean Park, California, is recounted in detail, and the reader is permitted to reach his own conclusions. After one major libel suit, which she lost, members of Aimee's congregation were urged to contribute "their houses, their real estate, their automobiles, rings from their fingers, the watches from their wrists and vests, even gold teeth and bridgework from their mouths."

It is astounding that Aimee influenced so many for so long without benefit of television or Shea Stadium. Even at the end she was still storming heaven. Her funeral motorcade comprised some 600 cars, and twelve ministers carried her coffin to its grave in Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Her story would make a powerful film. It would have to be if it portrays her life and work honestly.

David Poling is president of the Christian Herald and author of "The Last Years of the Church."

MY REVOLUTION:
Promenades in Paris 1789-1794, Being the Diary of Restif de la Bretonne

by Alex Karmel

McGraw-Hill, 386 pp., $10

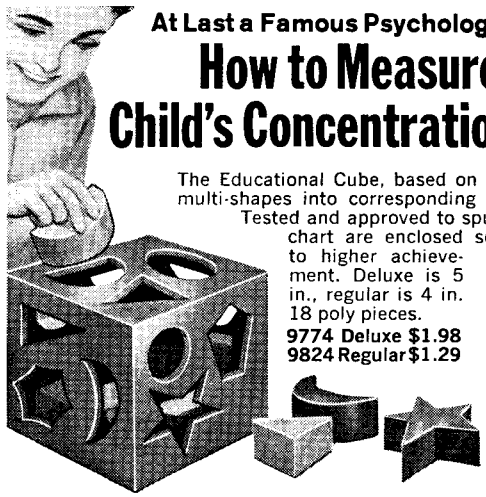
Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ Although his best books have appeared in English translations in recent years, Nicolas-Anne-Edmé Restif de la Bretonne remains relatively unknown in the United States; even in France his reputation is limited to that of a secondary figure of the later Enlightenment. And yet he was a startlingly prolific writer (of more than 200 volumes) who gained considerable renown. Indeed, his major works—*Le Paysan perverti, La Paysanne pervertie, Les Nuits de Paris, Monsieur Nicolas*—portray contemporary life with so much verve and attention to realism and picturesque detail that Balzac was to consider it a compliment when his enemies, wishing to rebuke him for his vulgarity, labeled him "the Restif of the nineteenth century."

Restif had an unquenchable thirst for observing at first hand the bustle of the French capital in the last third of the eighteenth century. He roamed the streets, haunted the cafés and salons, adopted countless disguises and fictitious names in order to experience directly what he would later relate in his books. He was a devoted practitioner of two favorite indoor sports of the prerevolutionary era: living a delightfully dissolute sexual life and writing pornographic novels about it (*The Pornographer*; *Pleasures and Follies of a Good-Natured Libertine: L'Anti-Justine*). At the same time, this incarnation of paradox was a disciple of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's remarkably advanced social philosophy. The resulting mélange of moralizing and licentiousness makes Restif the perfect embodiment of the contradictions of a civilization on the verge of exploding.

The explosion is recounted in Alex Karmel's superb "fictional autobiography," *My Revolution*. Mr. Karmel has created a diary covering the years 1789-1794, combining what Restif actually wrote and what he might have written, which not only gives us a fascinating picture of this strange man but, more important, constitutes a dazzling tableau of the rise and fall of the French Revolution as seen from the vantage point of the sidewalks of Paris. Shabbily dressed, harassed by family problems, constantly preoccupied with women, Restif wandered through the capital, keenly perceptive to the changing mood of Parisians as the old régime was swept away by the Revolution, as the hopes of 1789 were dashed by the Terror of '93 and '94, as successive leaders took command only to wind up on the guillotine, as streets, institutions, and even months were renamed in line with the new order.

The most immediate cause of the fall of the Bastille was the ever-rising cost of bread. Restif takes us to the bakeries, to the queues of frustrated women waiting outside, and the clashes with the gendarmes trying to keep order. The crowds of Paris also echo the changing tenor of those five incredible years: the angry, abused mob of the early days, caught up in the egalitarian zeal of charismatic leaders like Danton, Marat, and Camille Desmoulins, brutalized and made insensitive to violence by the constant public executions ordered by Robespierre, and finally exhausted, disenchanted, faced again by high prices, foreign wars, and domestic uncertainty. Restif moves in and out of the mob, distrusting it but with sympathy and understanding for the injustices suffered by the people. He witnessed unspeakable carnage,



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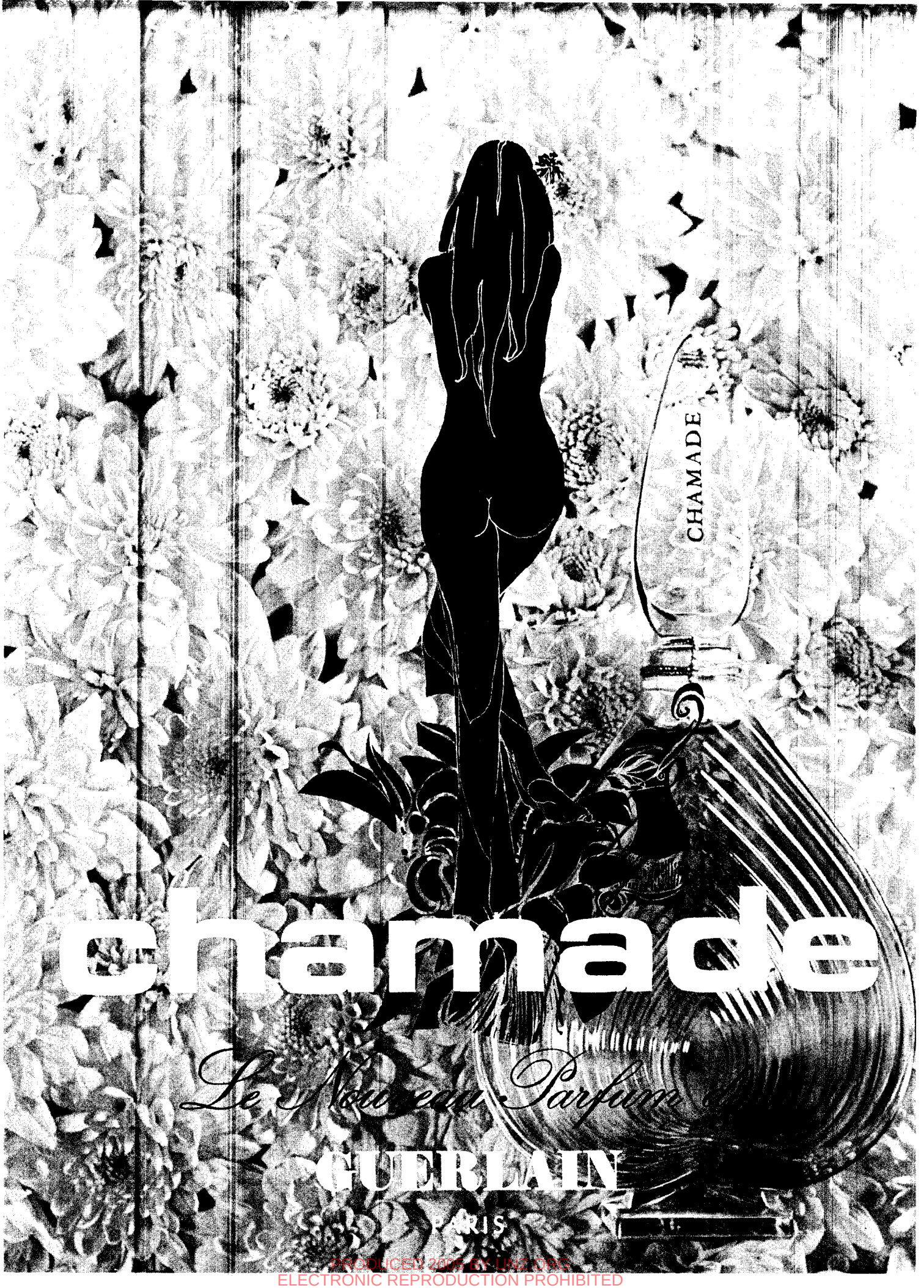

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and his own reactions are a barometer of the growing horror. "Today I am not at all sick at the sight of this butchery, just disgusted. I find my own insensibility terrifying. The Revolution has become a school of cruelty."

Fortunately for us, Restif did not limit his observations to the street. He witnessed several of the debates at the Jacobin Club and at the Convention, heard some of the famous orators, met Danton briefly, and knew Desmoulins quite well. His vision is by no means all-encompassing, but it is acute and skeptically objective, enhanced by a sharp descriptive ability: "The Revolution is like the theater; it has its heroes and villains, stalwarts and ingénues, character actors and bit players; it has its recognition scenes and intermissions, choruses and discoveries, its confrontations and an occasional *deus ex machina*. With the speech of Saint-Just we knew that we had not only a new star but also a new dramatist—he made it clear that the trial of the king was an obligatory scene."

My Revolution relates, along with the turmoil of history, the everyday life of Paris, which in many ways mirrors present-day existence in a modern metropolis. Restif complains about the noise, the pollution of the Seine, carriages that are driven too fast, and traffic tie-ups. He would like to see carriages banned from certain areas in order to make walking a pleasure again. He analyzes the latest fashions, bemoaning the tendency of men's clothes to resemble women's, and mocking people's unthinking acceptance of changing styles.

Nor do we lack parallels in our century to the political events of the Revolution. The massacre at the Champ de Mars in 1791, triggered by a trifle, reads like Kent State; the tyranny of absolute conformity calls to mind more than one twentieth-century dictatorship, and Restif's disillusionment at the failure of the "men of good sense and moderation," which to him justifies "the fanatics, the radicals, the maniacs," reflects the dilemma of the modern liberal. Or again: "But Robespierre disclaimed any intention of a dictatorship, saying that at this moment safety lay only in 'returning power to the people.' *Power to the people,* an ambiguous phrase. It could mean either waiting for the election (which it surely did not mean), calling for a state of permanent insurrection, or else encouraging the most violent agitators to act on their own."

As if the historical and social pageant were not sufficient, *My Revolution* is also the intensely personal story of Restif. Nearing sixty, separated (and later, when authorized by the new laws, divorced) from a wife he loathes, persecuted by his daughter's apparently insane husband, perennially short of money, Restif tries desperately to retain some semblance of normality in his existence. When not walking through Paris in his role of observer, or serving part-time, like all able-bodied men, in the neighborhood Gardes, he writes feverishly. A printer by profession, he publishes many of his own works, convinced that they are all masterpieces. His *vie sentimentale,* as the French language delicately puts it, continues astoundingly active with a variety of ladies and prostitutes, while he frequently reminisces about the loves and conquests of his youth.

Alex Karmel never intrudes on his subject. He lets Restif speak, and when he helps him, he does it unobtrusively, without our even noticing it. The result is a fascinating insight into the French Revolution and a portrait of a man who was a touching and intelligent witness to an extraordinary age.

Tom Bishop is the head of the All-University Department of French and Italian at New York University.

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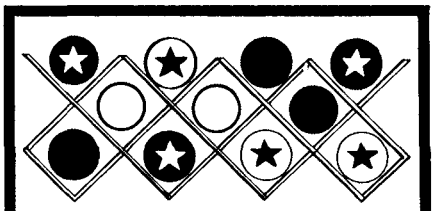

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ONE GENERATION AFTER

by Elie Wiesel
translated from the French by
Lily Edelman and the author

Random House, 198 pp., $5.95

THE BUNKER

by Charles Goldstein
translated from the French
by Esther Malkin

Jewish Publication Society of America, 262 pp., $5.50

OF BOMBS AND MICE

by Mina Tomkiewicz
translated from the Polish
by Stefan F. Gazel

Yoseloff, 336 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Albert H. Friedlander

■ Holocaust literature has moved in and out of the awareness of our times. Over the years, it has been analyzed and sorted into its component parts: letters, diaries and eye-witness accounts, poetry, and fiction. The "literature of remorse" within Germany by Albrecht Goes and Heinrich Böll has been set next to the resurgent nationalist appraisals of the present day. And the plays, starting with the *Diary of Anne Frank* and culminating in those of Rolf Hochhuth and Peter Weiss, have also been replaced by expressions of concern for more immediate causes. Holocaust literature has been read but not believed, believed but not read; now, twenty-five years after the event, it is seldom read, and belief or disbelief matters little to a new generation confronted by its own experiences of genocide.

Elie Wiesel's *One Generation After* is a final attempt "to unravel the mystery; pinpoint the attraction the abyss exerts on man and determine the nature of what pushes him to his downfall." The attempt fails. Wiesel himself knows that language cannot bring the reader into that ultimate darkness. Again and again, he returns to silence as the only communication: ". . . to transmit a vision of the holocaust, in the manner of certain mystics, by withdrawing from words. Had all [the survivors] remained mute, their accumulated silences would have become unbearable: the impact would have deafened the world." Why, then, speak at all? The answer rises out of the religious framework that undergirds all of Wiesel's writing. Anniversaries must be remembered, a candle has to be lit, and the Kaddish has to be recited. *One Generation After* is a memorial candle marking an end and a new beginning in the author's life.

Wiesel's works are all theological —a kaleidoscopic arrangement of teachings surging out of the millennia of Jewish existence. Hassidic stories and rabbinic interpretations of the Law shine through the personal reminiscences that make up this book. Once again, we encounter the paupers and princes, philosophers and fools of *A Beggar in Jerusalem*, although *One Generation After* does not have the scope and order of the previous volume. Much of the text is the type of raw material that in the end became *The Town Beyond the Wall* and *The Gates of the Forest*. Some of it is finished and perfect. The story of the Bar Mitzvah watch, buried by Wiesel in his boyhood village and recovered when he returns after the war, is unforgettable. We know why he feels like a thief, why he returns the watch to its grave and leaves the village forever. At that point, we even begin to understand what happened a generation ago.

The author's memorial prayer takes many forms. We listen to dialogues; meet prostitutes, mad violin teachers, and revolutionaries; turn to a young boy's story in the concentration camp, and open letters addressed "To a young German of the New Left" or "To a young Jew of today." All of it instructs. If the collection seems sparse in some ways and does not have the sweep of Wiesel's great novels, its very incompleteness becomes a communication. It enables us to listen to the singing silences between the words, to humble prayers addressed to God simply requesting "what I might ask a stranger met by chance at twilight in a barren land."

Leaves from the diary of a poet must be read with care. Now that Paul Celan and Nelly Sachs have died, Elie Wiesel may be the last master of words reporting from the inner circle of hell. The fact that he still uses words of hope is an indication of the religious dimension of Jewish history and fate in which his own work realizes itself.

Two other recent books deal with the holocaust. Charles Goldstein's *The Bunker* is a simple personal memoir that deserves a large reading public. It is part of that literature of war in which courage and human decency become all the more evident for not being glorified. The story begins with the end of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, when seven Jews refuse to surrender and hide in a bunker built in the ruins of the ghetto. Moving through the underground sewers, emerging at night for brief forays of food-gathering in the cellars of the destroyed buildings, they build a frail pattern of survival for themselves. This is threatened when they admit a sick Polish under-

Does coming home from Vietnam mean anything different if you are a BLACK MAN?

"Goodbye and Good Luck" is the title of a film chronicle which follows a Negro GI from the completion of his tour in Vietnam to his return home on Chicago's South Side. His relief at returning from the bitterness of war turns into confusion as he encounters the racial cross-currents in his community. He is suddenly made aware that his return is different than the return of many other veterans.

Catalog Synopsis

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A documentary of an encounter between black militants and a Negro Vietnam veteran. Candid scenes show the GI traveling from Vietnam, greeting his family, and then looking for a job. Several people in his community try to persuade him that he has been duped into killing for whites. A visit to a draft protest march tends to confound his confusion. As the film closes, he is shown pondering the dilemma of having to choose sides.

"Goodbye and Good Luck" is one of a collection of 16mm film documentaries which focus on the problems and prospects confronting minority groups in America. The collection includes: Mexican Americans—The Invisible Minority; Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People; Justice And The Poor; The Last Menominee. For complete descriptions of these productions and related films, send your name, address, and request to:

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ground fighter into their midst. The man is actually a Catholic priest, and the darkness of the bunker becomes the backdrop to a morality tale in which concern for one's fellow man transcends all other considerations. But it is a true tale, and the seven men and one girl emerge as living persons, with all their courage, uncertainties, and fears. The group can and does survive because it has become one unit sharing its strengths and weaknesses.

Charles Goldstein did not keep a straightforward chronological record. His book is a blending together of memories from those dark days, which finally cried out to be shared. In a remarkable document—one of the first recording life in the underground bunkers—he tells how muddy water was made fit to drink, how pitiful scraps of food could sustain life day after day, how a few inches of snow can create a more secure prison than iron bars, and how men can cling to life if they share it with others. He records acts of kindness linking Poles to Jews. At the same time, when Goldstein recalls his life as a soldier with Bor-Komorowski's underground Polish army, he notes the acts of inhumanity committed by Poles against Jews. This is an honest book, a quiet classic, to be

remembered when more ambitious writings have been forgotten. Goldstein does not possess Wiesel's artistic gifts. The two writers do share the quality of integrity, which illumines both these books.

The last volume to be considered here is totally unlike the others. Mina Tomkiewicz's *Of Bombs and Mice* is a sprawling, untidy novel of the Warsaw Ghetto. The translation may do justice to the successful Polish edition, but one cannot really call this a work of literary merit. On the other hand, the author has lived through many of the experiences she recounts; and the Warsaw Ghetto with all of its paradoxes comes to life in these pages. The black marketeers at the cabarets, the beggars and children searching the streets for food, the heroes and the villains are all fully described.

They are seen from the viewpoint of Nata, the central figure of the novel, a spoiled, vain girl from a prosperous family. The impressions are superficial and sometimes erroneous, as becomes apparent if we place this book alongside such accounts as the diaries of Chaim Kaplan or Emanuel Ringelblum. At the same time, no average person living through a critical period would have all the facts at his fingertips. *Of Bombs and Mice* conveys thoughts and feelings that were undoubtedly experienced. While noting the flaws in its expression, we can still respect its testimony.

A recent Scandinavian study on death-camp survivors points out that the human body does not have the resiliency of the human spirit; it remembers the suffering which the mind strives to forget. Eventually, the survivor has to come to terms with his injuries. George Steiner reminds us that "we are all survivors." If that is so, we cannot afford to ignore the statements of these witnesses recording unhealed wounds that are related to the malaise of the human spirit in our time.

Albert H. Friedlander's last book was "Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt." He is now completing a work on the Jews in the Age of Enlightenment.

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THE BOOK OF SANSEVERO

by Andrea Giovene
translated from the Italian
by Marguerite Waldman

Houghton Mifflin, 384 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Serge Hughes

■ "You're disenchanted, I'm disenchanted, we're all disenchanted," mutters a pensive man to his wife in a famous Thurber cartoon. The conclusion is that of many writers today, including the small number of them who have something to say. This is true in Italy, too. For a while anti-Fascist literature ringingly affirmed a value: the primacy of politics. But some twenty years of unresolved problems, and a moderate degree of affluence, have altered that mood. Today the writer in Italy is as politically disillusioned as his counterpart anywhere.

He is, moreover, quite at ease in his disillusionment. He knows he is in an excellent company that includes some of the outstanding figures in Italian letters. For, whether one is disillusioned with post-1870 Italy and its works (Tomasi di Lampedusa) or with the Marxist ideals that were to redeem that history (Pavese), there is no doubt that depoliticization is popular and reputable. In the 1970s a cultured, burnished cynicism seems to be much the better part of wisdom.

Andrea Giovene's *The Book of Sansevero* will buttress this conviction. An up-to-date variant of *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* in which politics is the last and least interest of its young hero, the novel has already been recognized in Europe as one of the few works that may well be reread a few decades from now. There have been comparisons with Thomas Mann, Stendhal, Proust, Tomasi di Lampedusa; and although one should be wary of that pleonastic notion, comparative literature, there is no doubt that the book is several cuts above the good, solid works that have come out of the Italy of our time.

The author himself is as "romantic" as his novel. Widely traveled, fond of ideas, he is thoroughly cosmopolitan. He is also completely Italian, or, better, intensely Neapolitan, marvelously provincial and genuinely aristocratic by birth and temperament. He has his foibles, among them an immoderate passion for nineteenth-century French novelists. Giovene possesses, in short, all the essential elements for a sonorous, phony novel replete with the sheen of aphorisms and judicious introspection; to his credit, he has written a leisurely, persuasive, ironical book, an exquisite blend of mellowness

Andrea Giovene—"an exquisite blend of mellowness and freshness."

and freshness. Best of all, he has done all this with a theme that is no longer fresh—the loneliness of a young boy coming into manhood. A lesser writer could not have achieved it. To evoke convincingly that overstudied age, the high noon of adolescence, is no mean feat.

Giovene's story of a childhood blighted by a distant, upright, stoic, and esthetic father and an unconcerned mother has the poetic intensity of experiences we have never had but instantly recognize. The account of young Sansevero's first love is equally compelling, though far more difficult to appreciate. The 1970s are not good years for the acceptance of a love with a *Vita Nuova* fragrance and without any of Dante Gabriele Rossetti's perversions. Even the chapters on the religious school the young boy attends (yes, it may well remind you of Joyce) have a kind of balance rarely found in contemporary novels.

There is nothing monotone, however, in this book, which contains ample counterpoint to the *Vita Nuova* atmosphere. The evocations of pre-World War I Rome with its decadent intellectual circles, so startlingly reminiscent of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita,* impressively display the range of Giovene's imagination. He can be swashbuckling. His young hero's adventures in Milan, Cremona, Paris, and on a deserted island south of Italy are seen with an eye that is interested not in cameos but in frescoes.

Does the young man finally spring open the trap of loneliness? Of course not. But he discovers enough of himself to take pride in his strong points, faintly acknowledge that his sensitivity outweighs all his other qualities, and wonder irresolutely whether in wrestling with himself he sensed another

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Presence. He has also fallen in love again, with someone reminiscent of his first love, and again unsuccessfully. As he enters into his manhood, this sophisticated, picaresque hero with his classless feeling and his uncertainty as to his vocation has found out a good deal: he has learned what he is not.

Publication of the complete work should obviously not, obviously, stop at this point. The present volume is but the first of a series; the remainder of Giovene's story gives an account of his hero in World War II in Greece and in Germany, as well as after his return to Italy. It is a story that does not speak to Italians alone.

Serge Hughes, the author of "The Fall and Rise of Modern Italy," is working on a study of modern Italian literature.

NETOCHKA NEZVANOVA

by Fyodor Dostoyevsky
translated from the Russian
by Ann Dunnigan

Prentice-Hall, 201 pp., $6.95

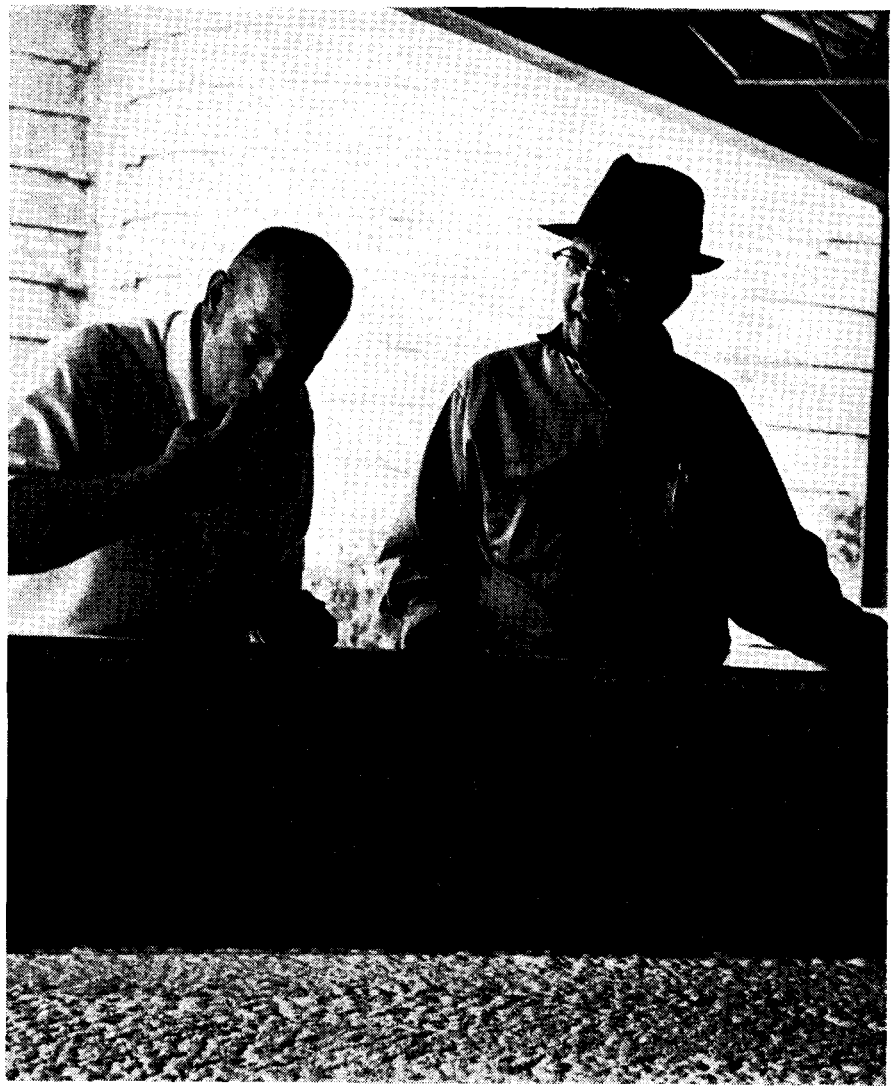
Reviewed by W. Woodin Rowe

■ Siberian exile in 1849 interrupted Dostoyevsky's work on what was to be his first full-length novel. He never completed it. What survives consists of a young woman's account of her strangely victimized life up to the age of eighteen, romantically told.

The book contains numerous Dostoyevskian themes: agonizing poverty, masochistic pride, the vivid intensification of experiences in unusual psychic states, and a child's early, painful awakening to the adult world. "It is hardly surprising," writes Netochka, "that I became such a strange, fantastic child. . . ."

The little girl's feelings are torn from the first. She deeply loves her stepfather, and he pressures her to give him her mother's money. She hesitates, he viciously renounces her. Yet Netochka's love for this dishonorable man is curiously mature and complex. She believes he hopes her intimidating mother will die, whereupon he will become a successful musician. In the child's fancy, she and her stepfather share a glorious future. The mother dies, but the stepfather abandons Netochka, and she falls seriously ill.

Adopted by a prosperous family, Netochka slowly recovers. Delirium adds a dreamlike quality to her budding love for Katya, the daughter. This willful, fiery little girl remains aloof at first, and Netochka furtively kisses her during the night. As the girls' relationship develops, suspense often tinctures the commonplace. Sir John Falstaff, a



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vindictive and highly complicated bulldog, dominates much of the action.

The girls' friendship finally becomes so passionate that they are separated. Netochka is adopted by Katya's elder sister and her icy, diabolically righteous husband. At the end, Netochka, who gradually understands the quiet tension between husband and wife, finds herself painfully involved in their conflict.

The book offers glimpses of future works. Netochka's early childhood partly foreshadows Nellie's in *The Insulted and Injured.* (Parallel details even include an emotional scene over money on the stairs and a subtly agonizing broken-cup episode.) More broadly, Netochka can be seen to prefigure Dostoyevsky's timid, nobly suffering women; Katya, his famous "infernal" ones. The girls' conversations are a surprisingly credible blend of childish emotion and premature adult insight. Their tone recalls the children's discussion of where babies come from in *The Brothers Karamazov.*

What is lacking of the later Dostoyevsky? The razor-like observations of Ivan Karamazov. Raskolnikov's tortuous path of sin and holy suffering. All the great philosophical and religious concerns. *Netochka* is, moreover, less disciplined and less unified than the subsequent novels.

The translation takes considerable liberties but moves faster and more smoothly than the original. Dostoyevsky's long, sprawling sentences are sometimes divided or slightly condensed; lengthy paragraphs are broken up into smaller units, spaced to suggest the passage of time (to make, the publisher explains, the narrative "more accessible to the modern reader"). Despite a tendency towards archaic words ("bethink oneself"), plus one unfortunate rendering that produces the opposite meaning, Ann Dunnigan's translation is generally competent. She has a flair for capturing highly emotional scenes.

This truncated and relatively immature book merits attention for its psychological penetration, absorbing episodes, and previews of later works. English-speaking readers of Dostoyevsky can be grateful that it is now available to them.

W. Woodin Rowe is the author of "Dostoyevsky: Child and Man in His Works," and of a critical study of Vladimir Nabokov to be published early in 1971.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 a, 2d, 3h, 4k, 5i, 6 1, 7b, 8e, 9g, 10 c, 11 f, 12 j. (A rules sheet is available for would-be contributors who enclose a stamped return envelope.)

Masscult

Continued from page 31

Award testimonials, Griffith lays out the whole history of movie stardom. All the great stars, all the high and low moments from the beginning of movies, are here. And so are the star-makers—Griffith (D. W.), Mayer, Selznick, Thalberg, DeMille, Goldwyn. The over-all effect is lavish, and anyone who loves movies will find *The Movie Stars* irresistible—it's like a shrine for the great mythical heroes of our time. Indeed the stars—not just the movie stars, but all the other stars of the mass media: the Kennedys, the astronauts, Joe Namath—are living myths; they are always with us, leading the way or straying from the path, poor things; each one's very existence embodies a phantom philosophy and a system of pseudo-values.

But mass culture, perpetuated by all the media, deliberately corrodes the myth even while inflating it. Eternally contemptuous of excellence, the public loves to bring its heroes down—mass man cannot tolerate the notion of a mortal being greater than himself. This is the unwritten lesson of *Hollywood and the Great Fan Magazines,* a kaleidoscope of articles about the stars of the Thirties ("Why Girls Fall in Love with Robert Taylor," "Tarzan Seeks a Divorce!," "Charlie Chaplin's Kids," "Shirley Temple's Last Letter to Santa," "Ronald Colman Gives the Lowdown on Himself").

Here is Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., confiding to us about his experiences with the stars in "Why Fifth Avenue Laughs at Hollywood Society": "Grand people some of them, if only they would take time out to be themselves. No doubt in the depths of the modest little homes from which most of them emanated, they had for years been 'just folks,' the same as you and I." Here is reporter Ben Maddox of *Modern Screen,* writing in "Marlene Answers All Your Questions": "Sitting on a small straight chair beside her desk, she turned toward me. She was gorgeous. She has the biggest blue eyes, in which lurk a constant twinkle." In the vision of camp, it's hilarious—"too *much*!" Otherwise, it's downright grim.

Mencken's observation that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public was once a witticism, but it is fast becoming a law. To a greater degree than ever, only mediocrity is truly rewarded. Masscult reinforces the status quo by glorifying capitalism, consumerism, and status-seeking ("How the Stars Spend Their Fortunes"), but only the most vivid or paranoid imaginations

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perceive a cynical plot hatched by the media barons. With mass entertainment selling the way it does, who needs plots?

Several times in the course of *Wallflower at the Orgy*, a collection of magazine articles, Nora Ephron captures the true spirit of the popular arts in America perfectly. It is a spirit that grows from the heart of The People. The media didn't need to invent it, for it reflects profound longings, anxieties, and dreams, the most pernicious neuroses of capitalism; the media merely nourish it. For example, "When Jacqueline Susann sits down at her typewriter . . . what spills out is first-rate kitsch. What's more, it is sincere. . . . Miss Susann believes every word she writes." Better yet is the piece on Helen Gurley Brown; it alone is worth the price of the book:

> There is one major difference between *Playboy* and *Cosmopolitan*. The *Playboy* man has no problems. The *Cosmopolitan* girl has thousands. She has menstrual cramps, pimples, budget squeeze, hateful roommates. She cannot meet a man. She cannot think of what to say when she meets one. She doesn't know how to take off her clothes to get into bed with him. She doesn't know how to find a psychiatrist. . . .
>
> "It drives my management wild to be compared with *Playboy*," said Mrs. Brown. "We are not like *Playboy*. We are all the things we've been talking about—onward, upward, be it, do it, get out of your morass, meet some new men, don't accept, don't be a slob, be everything you're capable of. If you're a little mouseburger, come with me. I was a mouseburger and I will help you. . . ."

Ephron is at her best when probing and exposing the masscult sensibility, for she brings to the subject just the right combination of camp playfulness and shrewd intelligence. She's dismayed, but not despairing. And she can make good fun of her own role in the masscult-midcult madness. *The Fountainhead*, she writes, "was the first book I had ever read on modern architecture, and I found it fascinating. I deliberately skipped over all the passages about egotism and altruism. And I spent the next year hoping I would meet a gaunt, orange-haired architect who would rape me. Or failing that, an architect who would rape me. Or failing that, an architect." Unfortunately, several of the pieces are so light that they almost float away, and the interview with Mike Nichols, while interesting, is patently self-indulgent.

It can be argued that within the last two years or so mass culture has begun to take an entirely new direction and that eventually we'll be rescued from banality and kitsch. The New Movies are genuine, revolutionary, a true mirror of youth's rejection of phoniness and superficiality, people say. There is, in fact, some cause for optimism. The popular arts tend to be somewhat more realistic these days.

The big problem, however, is not whether our popular culture will remain shallow and self-serving or evolve into something more honest, according to "higher" standards of art. Rather, we're faced with the question of how each one of us can survive massness. Mass culture is, in fact, the very antithesis of democratic culture, and the problem is no longer one of standards, but of individual existence. Big Brother may wear the mask of John Wayne, but he could just as easily appear disguised as Mick Jagger.

With the emergence of cable television and video cassettes we are on the threshold of another revolution in communications, one that could introduce a new era of individualism and community. But if the communications monopolies and the values of the marketplace rule the new technology as they have the old, we may well reach a point where we won't need any culture at all.

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48 Old fashioned greeting cards! Genuine full-color reproductions of Christmas and New Year's cards from the early 1900's. Complete with themes, illustrations and wording of the "good old days." Your Grandparents loved them, your friends will cherish them. No bothersome envelopes, they mail at Post Card rates. Set of 48 cards at $1.98.

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Please send me_____#9955 Old Fashioned Card Sets @ $1.98 plus 35¢ post. Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____.

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ADDRESS_____

MELOSO CREAM SHERRY

A custom aged Sherry of limited edition from the cellars of The Christian Brothers

For a number of years now, I have made a practice of setting aside casks of our aging Sherries that are developing in an especially fine manner. These casks are watched closely and tasted frequently to follow their progress. The years in the wood have been kind, and we are now able to offer a truly unusual and luxurious Cream Sherry.

In naming this new wine, we chose the Spanish word "Meloso" because it best describes its creamy-smooth, honey-like quality. The color is a rich golden-amber that comes with age. And the wine that started with the pedigreed grapes from our sunny California vineyards has reached a gentle mellowness and finesse.

We believe you will find Meloso Cream Sherry quite unlike any other Sherry made in this country. It is a superb wine to serve after the finest dinner. Or, you may enjoy a glass as an appetizer. To enjoy its full richness, we recommend that it be served slightly cooled.

Meloso Cream Sherry is one of our limited edition wines and is about $3.00 a bottle. To distinguish it further from our other fine Sherries, we show the cask number on its gold label. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F. S. C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California

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WHAT THE VERY RICH HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN ABOUT BARBADOS

It's not just another Caribbean resort for Americans; it's a whole different country with a flavor all its own.

It doesn't only take you away. It's so gracious, it takes you back to a bygone era.

It's summer sun and sugar beaches, to be sure. But it's Scottish moors, too. And tropic paradise. And probably the world's friendliest people.

It's got it all. Swinging night life. Great shops. Indisputably the #1 rum. Plus every land and water sport including some you won't find on other islands. Like surfing. And real deep-sea fishing. And horseback-riding along a rugged coast.

It's farthest out in the Atlantic. Which means wild surf on one side, tranquil Caribbean on the other. Plus the freshest air and the purest water of any Caribbean island (no wonder it's one of the healthiest vacation spots anywhere).

So come share it with the very rich. We're making it easier for more people to enjoy beautiful Barbados.

We've added accommodations of every kind: luxurious houses, modest bungalows, hotels or plantation-type luxury resorts as well as many new spacious apartments.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Hillbilly Heaven

I DON'T KNOW what Appalachia means to you, but to the mountain people of southern West Virginia it has nothing to do with strip mining, welfare rolls, or malnutrition. Down there in the hills and hollows of Summers County, just across the misty ridges from Virginia, the best of the old American values are still intact, and the animals own the woods.

For a few rare nights in mid-October, I slept on the edge of the Bluestone Gorge, where—but for the faint humming of some electrical contraption in the bathroom—all I could hear were the squawking of tree toads and crickets and other sounds not identifiable. The desk clerk said there was no way to eliminate the hum, so I learned to live with it.

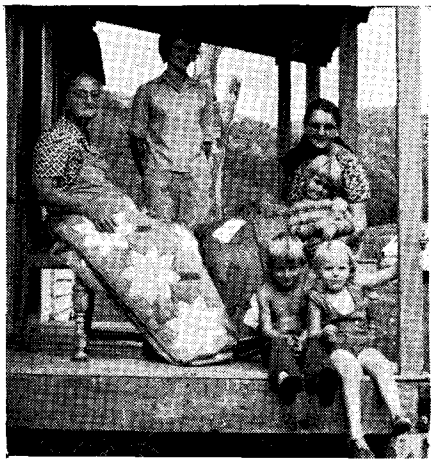
Otherwise, you could hardly fault the Pipestem Resort. Built with state and federal money and opened only six months ago, Pipestem occupies more than 4,000 acres of state parkland spread across a lofty tract of Appalachia. The previous occupants were farmers, moonshiners, and small timbering interests. The rugged terrain escaped the assault of strip and shaft mining that has ravaged much of West Virginia and neighboring Kentucky.

People around Pipestem resent the sympathy of outsiders who expect to find only slag heaps and food stamp lines. "We don't even know what a mine looks like," John Faulconer, editor and publisher of the Hinton *Daily News*, told me one bright morning on the rounds of Pipestem and the surrounding country. "The closest shaft and strip mines are thirty-five miles away. Hell, I've never even been inside of a mine."

Faulconer is a robust sixty-five, a native West Virginian who wants desperately to save his town and state. Toward that end he began a push eight years ago to salvage an unspoiled chunk of Appalachia and convert it into a golfing and vacationing refuge. At the same time, he hoped to create a bundle of new jobs and stop Hinton's slide into economic ruin. Faulconer's pleas were carried to Washington by Jim Kee of Bluefield, the Congressman from West Virginia's Fifth District. Local denizens call Kee the Funding Father and Faulconer the Founding Father of Pipestem. Together they helped swing $14-million in grants and loans from the U.S. Economic Development Administration, part of a $48-million package Washington authorized in the early 1960s to stir tourism and recreational business in West Virginia.

What has emerged beside the Bluestone Gorge is something more substantial than even Faulconer had envisioned. Pipestem Resort employs more than 200 in the brisker summer months, and all but two of that number come from the Hinton environs. Only James Bolinger, the managing director, and his assistant represent the Branigar Organization, Inc., a Chicago real estate developer that oversees the operation. It all makes for an uncommon and fetching touristic enterprise, in which nature manages to get top billing.

The main lodge is an attractive piece of wood, stone, and glass built into the side of a hill so that its seven floors barely jut above the landscape. You enter the main lobby by a wooden ramp, board the elevator, and then learn there are five floors below, all with a rear exposure to the gorge. The lodge's 114 rooms rent for as low as $12 single, as high as $50 double. There are twenty-five cabins spread out overlooking a lake, and by next spring an aerial tramway will link up with the resort's Mountain Creek Lodge, a thirty-room hideaway at the bottom of the gorge beside the Bluestone River. Workmen who made their way into the gorge to clear away building space for the lodge came across two abandoned whisky stills. "One of them was made of stainless steel, so you know it wasn't too old," Faulconer said. His eyes glowed. "This is corn likker country. I tell you,



—*John Faulconer*

Sewing center ladies and mascots—from Big Creek to Nieman-Marcus.

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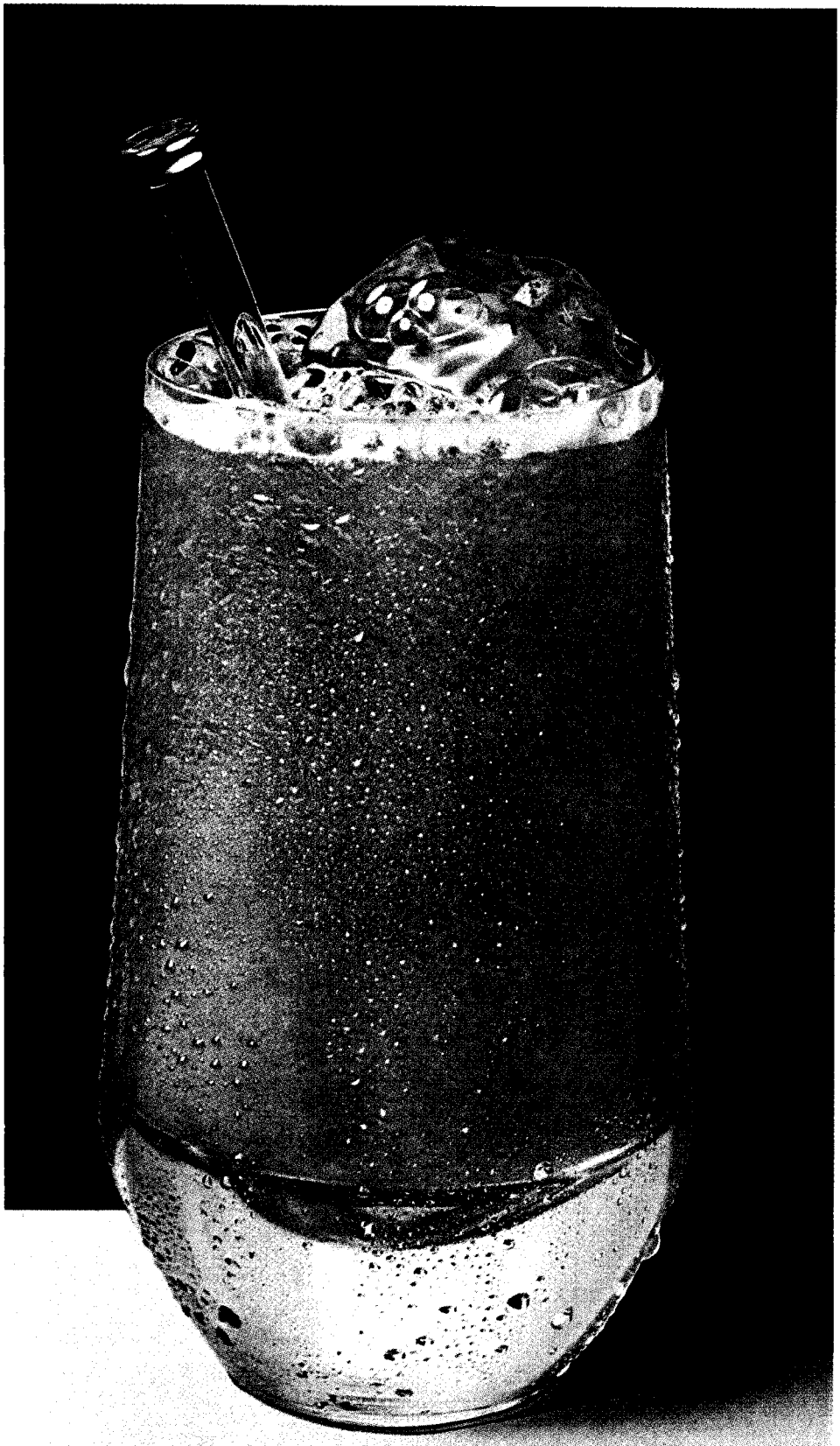
RUM & ORANGE.
IT'S A SCREWDRIVER MADE WITH RUM.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



Most screwdrivers taste like they were made with orange juice and nothing but orange juice.

And that is because most screwdrivers have been made by mixing orange juice with something that has little taste of its own.

A Rum & Orange tastes like orange juice, too. But since rum does have a taste, it compliments orange juice and makes it taste even better.

At least, Puerto Rican Rums do. They are not sweet and syrupy. Which means that their flavor is not likely to overpower the orange juice.

Make your next screwdriver with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum.

You'll see how a glass of orange juice can taste a little more like something you sip on a balmy evening.

And a little less like what you drink at the breakfast table.

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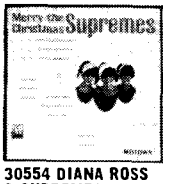
42745 WOODSTOCK—Soundtrack (3 records) **Cotil** LP

65784 MELANIE—Leftover Wine **Budda** LP, 8TR, CASS

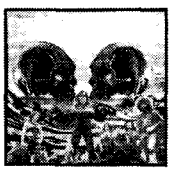
44256 PAUL MAURIAT—Christmas Album **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS



30554 DIANA ROSS & SUPREMES **Motow** LP, CASS

34510 HARRY SIMEONE—Little Drummer **TweCe** LP, CASS

30628 JACKSON 5 Third Album **Motow** LP, 8TR, CASS



67511 STEPPENWOLF—7 **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

44753 TRAFFIC—John Barleycorn Must Die **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

30622 TEMPTATIONS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 **Gordy** LP, 8TR, CASS

32884 JOAN BAEZ—Noel **Vangu** LP, 8TR

44216 4 SEASONS—Christmas Album **Phili** LP

44334 SWINGLE SINGERS—Christmastime **Phili** LP

66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD—Curtis **Curto** LP, 8TR, CASS

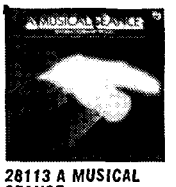
38358 VIKKI CARR—Nashville By Carr **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

33077 JOAN BAEZ—One Day at a Time **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

42693 KING CRIMSON **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

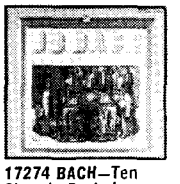
17263 GREGORIAN CHANT **Phili** LP

44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away **Phili** LP



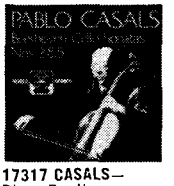
28113 A MUSICAL SEANCE **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

39089 5TH DIMENSION—Greatest Hits **SouCi** LP, 8TR, CASS



17274 BACH—Ten Chorale Preludes **Phili** LP

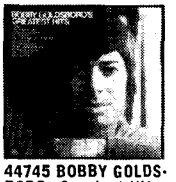
16759 TCHAIKOVSKY—1812 Overture **Mercu** LP, 8TR, CASS



17317 CASALS—Plays Beethoven **Phil** LP

42673 LED ZEPPLIN II **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

34525 HELLO DOLLY—Soundtrack **TweCe** LP, 8TR, CASS

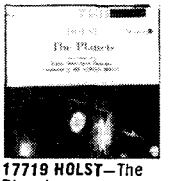


44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO—Greatest Hits **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

38364 CANNED HEAT—Future Blues **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

42765 ROBERTA FLACK—Chapter Two **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

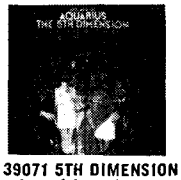
38367 SUGARLOAF **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS



17719 HOLST—The Planets **MusGu** LP

44712 MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Soundtrack **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

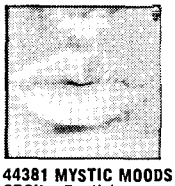
67510 THREE DOG NIGHT—Naturally **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS



39071 5TH DIMENSION—Age of Aquarius **SouCi** LP, 8TR, CASS

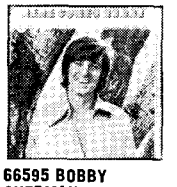
44378 PAUL MAURIAT—Gone Is Love **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH.—English Muffins **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

30618 DIANA ROSS **Motow** LP, 8TR, CASS



66595 BOBBY SHERMAN—*Here Comes Bobby* **Metro** LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records) ***Phili*** LP

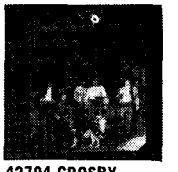
31787 MAMAS & PAPAS —16 Greatest Hits **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

31979 JOHN COLTRANE—Transition ***Impul*** LP

66671 RARE EARTH—Ecology ***RarEa*** LP, 8TR, CASS

44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Love Is A Soft Touch **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

42770 IRON BUTTERFLY—Metamorphosis **Atco** LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

38359 IKE & TINA TURNER—Come Together **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

30607 FOUR TOPS—Still Waters Run Deep **Motow** LP,8TR,CASS

43860 ERROLL GARNER—Feeling Is Believing **Mercu** LP,8TR,CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS—Sings Mozart & Strauss **ABC** LP

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Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now. Choose any 3 Stereo LPs (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 Stereo Tape (cartridge or cassette, worth up to $6.98) FREE... as your welcome Christmas gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. Also, you can give Christmas Gift Memberships to friends or relatives along with the free selections. *We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79%* on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences: jazz, rock, classical, country & western, opera, popular, soul, foreign, etc. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Money *back guarantee if not satisfied.*

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MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6	NONE! *No obligations! No yearly quota!* Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$59.76 to $71.76	$83.76 to $95.40	$59.76 to $71.76	$49.80 to $59.80	$41.70 to $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "*legally obligated*" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
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- FREE **Disc and Tape Guide** — The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- FREE **ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever)!

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Lettermen—*Reflections*	Capit	4.98	**1.88**
Bessie Smith—Any Woman's Blues	Colum	5.98	**2.19**
Neil Young—After Gold Rush	Repri	4.98	**1.88**
Mantovani—In Concert	Londo	4.98	**1.88**
Santana—Abraxas	Colum	5.98	**2.19**
Glen Campbell—Goodtime Album	Capit	5.98	**2.19**
Jimi Hendrix & Otis Redding—Live at Monterey	Repri	5.98	**2.19**

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3 FREE LPs

☐ ☐ ☐

or 1 FREE TAPE

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

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I enclose $ ..... covering my $5.00 lifetime membership plus any Christmas Gift Memberships at $5.00 each.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging $..... to cover my $5.00 membership and any Christmas Gift Memberships at $5.00 each, plus mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected *by both me and the gift members.*

Check one: ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date_____

Signature_____

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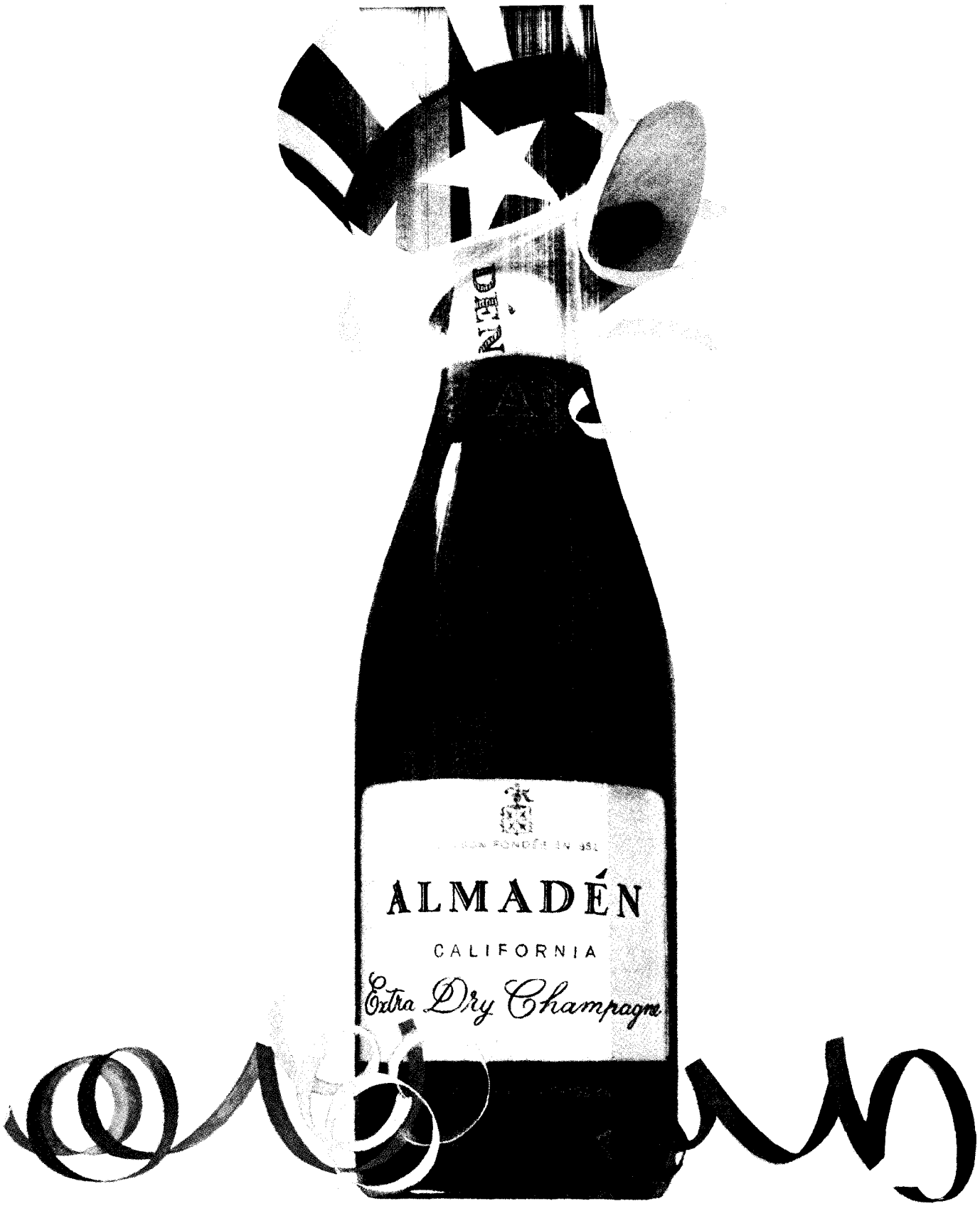

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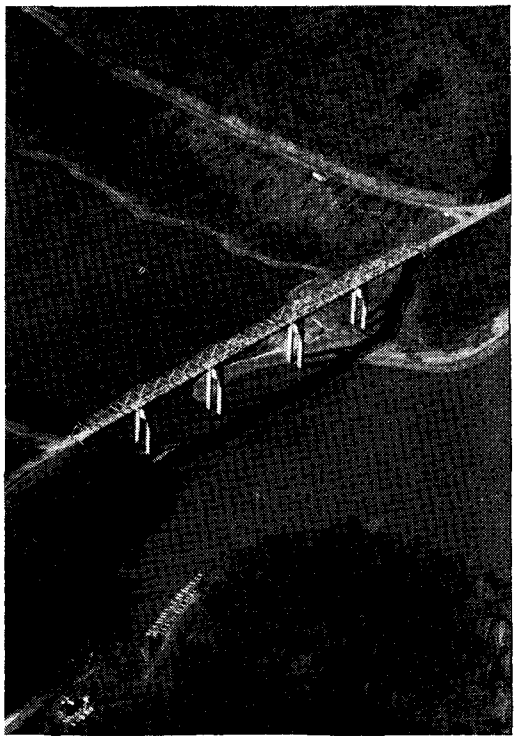
it's good stuff when it's made right. So smooth you can drink it like water."

Pipestem may lack some of the ceremony (and certainly the prices) of the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs, but it can busy the visitor with horseback riding, indoor and outdoor swimming, ice skating, archery, and, of course, golf. Faulconer, who has played 175 courses and shoots in the mid-70s, took me on a go-kart ramble over Pipestem's eighteen-hole spread, which he calls a "thinking man's course." There are no "cardiac hills" to climb, but always the fairways drop away to steep, wooded hollows, where the squirrels must be puzzling over the accumulation of golf balls. I wonder how a golfer keeps his eye on the ball with all the better things to see. To provide even clearer views of the Bluestone Gorge, the West Virginia Forestry Service has planned certain cuts through the deep woods.

Faulconer said the autumn foliage was a day or two past its peak, but I was nonetheless dazzled by the profusion of reds and oranges painting the sparkling outdoors. What I took to be falling leaves would often dart upward and show their true identity: monarch butterflies, heading south for winter. We left Pipestem (whose lodge is four and a half miles from the main road) and followed the rolling, dipping countryside to Hinton. This seat of Summers County, a railroad center in richer days, lies at the confluence of the New, Bluestone, and Greenbrier rivers, three of West Virginia's four remaining waterways still alive and jumping with fish: bass, pike, catfish, bluegills. All but two of the state's fishing records were set in these rivers. The New River claims another distinction: Along with the Nile, it is the oldest river on Earth. Who says so? The bard of Summers County, John Faulconer. And he says the Smithsonian told him so.



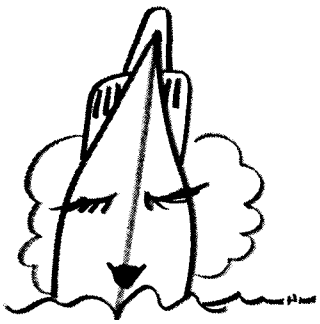
The bridge over Bluestone Lake—"still alive and jumping with fish."

We stopped for a treat at a Dairy Queen across the river from Hinton. Obviously the Ritz of American frozen custard parlors, it has a terrace with tables beside the rolling waters. Its main entree is cherished throughout the county. "You've never had a hotdog here?" a woman customer asked me. She looked a mite downcast despite the brilliant day. "I hate to see it close for winter," she told her fellow Hintonite, Faulconer.

Hinton, with a population of fewer than 5,000, has twenty-two churches. And the gospel is observed. In a recent survey compiled by Faulconer's paper along with the school superintendent's office, the police, and the prosecuting attorney, not a single case of drug use or drug traffic was turned up in Hinton. If there's any pot smoke in them thar hills, it's coming from a small commune established recently in a mountainside cabin not far from Hinton. The kids, from faraway places, draw curious looks on their appearances in town—but nothing harsher.

Following a narrow road beside Big Creek, we drove back into hillbilly country until we came to a tiny frame house with two armchairs on the front porch, a pile of coal and a spent washing machine out back. Inside, Faulconer greeted six members of the Big Creek Sewing Center, who were bent over a quilt stretched out on a long wooden table. The quilting talents of West Virginian women have lately been broadcast through the land, and their midis and maxis now sell for hundreds of dollars in such distant markets as I. Magnin and Neiman-Marcus. Of course, the state's fifteen sewing circles don't realize these profits. The women are paid a maximum of $2 an hour by the Mountain Artisans, nonprofit middlemen who are based in Charleston, backed by a federal grant, and boosted by such considerable upstate personages as Sharon Percy Rockefeller, the young and pretty wife of West Virginia's Secretary of State, John D. Rockefeller IV.

Helen Forren, her daughter, and her seventy-two-year-old mother represent three generations of quilters. Since the recent run of publicity, they've received private orders for personalized golf club head covers, puff pillows, shawls, dresses, and the colorful bedspreads that remain their spe-



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cialty. Mrs. Forren's husband Bill, who is partially disabled, was away for the day squirrel hunting. She showed me some tiny cradles and chairs he had whittled, a skill for which he is known through the surrounding hills. "He gets a little pension," said Mrs. Forren, "so we manage together. I keep four welfare children now. The welfare people won't let 'em wear hand-me-downs or patches"—which she can fashion with perfection—"so it ends up costing us a little to keep them."

Mrs. Forren's mother, Mrs. Christine Buckland, patted her gray hair in place and stood for a photograph in front of the little house. "I was married right there on that rock," she said, pointing to a stone laid near the front step. "That was in 1916."

There is nothing much to do at Pipestem after dark in the low season but listen to the sounds of night falling on the Bluestone Gorge. Or you can drop into the gift shop, browse through the mountain crafts (such as Bill Forren's whittlings), and hear the string music of Jim Coste, who minds the store for his mother. He was alternating, on a chill night last month, between banjo, guitar, fiddle, and dulcimer until he snapped a string on the dulcimer while playing a jig called "Golden Slippers." Coste, twenty-one, grew up in Hinton and loves to track the hills in search of small game and the peace the woods afford him.

He led me into the hills the next day after waiting out a thick fog that covered the Bluestone Gorge outside my window like a deep snowfall. Jim's rebuilt 1930 Model-A Ford chugged through the rising mist past the Big Bend railroad tunnel where John Henry is said to have won his steel-driving fame. Hinton is raising funds to build a sixteen-foot-high statue of the nineteenth-century strong man above the tunnel, and Johnny Cash has contributed $500.

We followed the Greenbrier River for a spell and then tramped into the woods, Jim carrying his grandfather's twelve-gauge shotgun over his shoulder. He was after squirrels, and though we spotted three or four and Jim fired away as fast as he could reload, all he brought down were showers of yellow leaves. "Damnation!" he cursed after each miss. The racket scared up bunches of crows and a pair of pheasants, but we came out of the woods empty-handed. We tried fishing a nearby pond, but caught nothing more than nibbles, while barking squirrels taunted us from the sanctuary of the woods. Jim apologized repeatedly for the futile morning, but I assured him it was nothing of the kind. If one could only make a lifetime of such wasted mornings.

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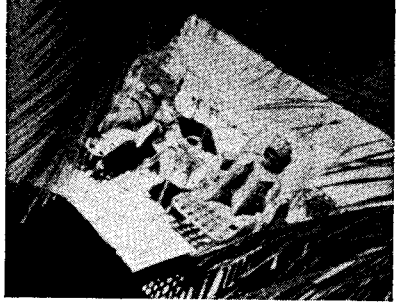

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Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 11

that I did spend another three or four hours getting acquainted with my new treasuries of the survived world and *World*, and that in that additional time I had managed no further economies. Doubtless, however, I was laying the groundwork for future gains.

I was, in fact, sidetracked in Mongolia, which is to say, under the *Information Please* heading "MONGOLIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC (Outer Mongolia)." I did learn all sorts of things I have no current need of, though they may bear interest for the future, but I found myself trying to place Outer, Inner, and Unqualified Mongolia, and there *Information Please* was not pleased to inform me. I turned to the *World* and found a listing for "Mongolia," which turned out to be the Mongolian People's Republic, which turned out to be Outer Mongolia. I also learned that Mongolia (unqualified) is a member of the United Nations. I turned back to the *Times*, and there I finally found a mention of Inner Mongolia as that part of the original Mongolian Empire that stayed inside China when the other (Outer) part went for its freedom and ended up in the U.S.S.R.

An Asian buff, of course, would have known the ins and outs of it, but I am a poet and must cling to ignorance as my resource. There are, I can see, more facts for the world to survive than there are almanacs for the survived world. In some frustration, though yet in high principle, let me hope that both the world and its catalogues will come to more lavish but better organized data at a later, more comfortable writing.

WIT TWISTER #191

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The track _ _ _ _ _ _ west
across the grassy plain.
Some grazing _ _ _ _ _ _
race off as the train
Comes sighing in, each
_ _ _ _ _ _ and each wheel
Proclaiming its exhaustion with a
squeal.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 83*)

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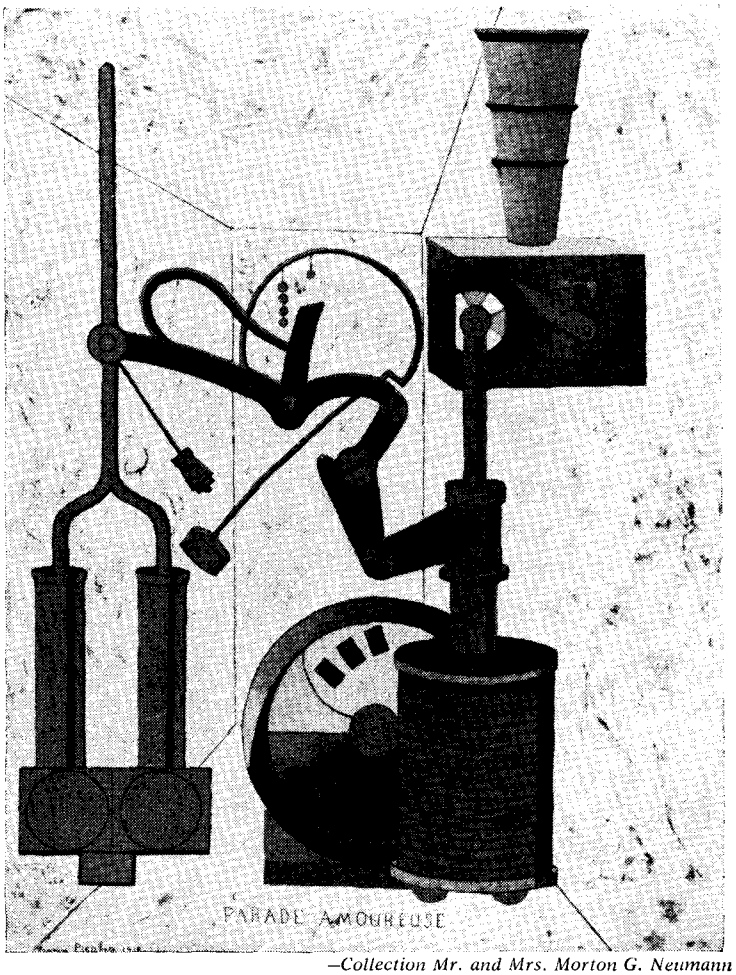
The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Metaphysical Nose-Thumber

THE NUMBER of twentieth-century European artists who reached their prime during the decade from 1910 to 1920 and then gradually subsided into either banality or inactivity was too large to suggest that the phenomenon was related solely to individual idiosyncrasies. In every case, these painters were still young, often with long careers stretching before them, when they succumbed to the commonplace. One thinks immediately of Severini, Carrà, Gleizes, Metzinger, Delaunay, Picabia, and Duchamp—the last the only one of the group who abruptly stopped working when he was little more than thirty and still at the height of his fame. Possibly he was dispassionate enough to recognize that his greatest inventive drive was over and that to compete with himself and his past was futile. How Boccioni would have fared, had he not died prematurely in 1916, is problematic.

What then did these men share, and why did their work deteriorate at about the same time? They shared the frustrations of World War I and the bewildering postwar years, both of which undoubtedly had something to do with the eventual dampening of their ardor, but more specifically they shared a preoccupation with the wonders of mechanization. When they became disillusioned with their new obsession and its once seemingly unlimited possibilities, they retreated to the image they knew best, the human figure. But for them this image, which was *déjà vu*, rarely inspired flights of daring. Less from conviction than necessity they escaped to it as a refuge. Painters have often embraced the familiar at moments of doubt or despair. A notable exception was Léger, who espoused the machine so vigorously that even his interest in Marxism could not divert him. His human figures never lost their mechanized exuberance.



—*Collection Mr. and Mrs. Morton G. Neumann*

Francis Picabia, "Amorous Parade" (1917)

All of which brings me to the Picabia exhibition now on view (until December 6) at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, and shortly scheduled for a tour to Cincinnati, Toronto, and Detroit. The big question this well-documented show poses is why, after a routine round of impressionist, post-impressionist, and Fauve influences, Francis Picabia at the age of thirty-three suddenly burgeoned into a brilliant leader of the avant-garde. As a matter of fact, he remains avant-garde to this day. From evidence in the exhibition, one recognizes that his work from 1913 through the ensuing ten years still exerts influence on the art of our times. Take Tinguely's intricate constructions that could almost be three-dimensional realizations of Picabia's satiric mechanical designs. The works of both men depend on wry humor and a munificent supply of invention. As for contemporary Pop artists, they too are indebted to Picabia, for like him they often allow technology to operate symbolically, though as a rule their messages are less poetic and far less profound than his.

It was cubism that first liberated Picabia. By 1913 he had assimilated this new style, which he had helped to initiate, and was already producing vast interlocking semi-abstractions that went considerably beyond cubism. Such heroic canvases as *Edtaonisl* and *Udnie*, with their evocative sweeping forms, their strange elisions, and sharply magnified light, did more than combine the breakup of cubism with the dynamism of futurism; they added to this mixture a web of subjective allusions that still mystify us. What did these enigmatic titles mean? Dr. William Camfield, who selected the exhibition and wrote the excellent catalogue, notes that the alternate letters of *Edtaonisl* form two French words—"*dans*" and "*étoil*[e]"—a discovery that is no doubt relevant but that still does not clarify all the elusive references Picabia buried in this work and in others of the same period.

Curiously, he concentrated on private secrets while frankly employing methods commonly reserved for more tangible experiences. Cubism and futurism were, after all, involved with the external world. Picabia clairvoyantly interlaced these movements with pre-Dada and presurrealist tendencies as, of course, did Duchamp. The two men, developing side by side, reshaped the art of their period, creating from it those forms that answered their special needs. Their close association, which started in 1911, seemed to act as a spur to both artists, and, though Duchamp was the younger by eight years, it is difficult at times to pinpoint which of the two was consistently the chief innovator.

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—*Collection the Art Institute of Chicago*

Francis Picabia, "EDTAONISL" (1913)

Dates, however, are helpful, especially in reference to Picabia's emotive canvases of 1913, when the hand of Duchamp is less evident than is his ideology. For both men, evocative titles with hidden meanings, puns, and obscure connotations were important. Their pictures were vehicles for metaphysical nose-thumbing. Later and at about the same time, they turned to the modern machine as an ironic love motif, each appropriately avoiding any semblance of painterly indulgence in this new immaculate conception. Picabia's ingenuous contraptions, so like machines on the surface and yet too immobile and fallible to qualify, were at once parodies and yet serious. He said, "Art is a successful attempt to render external an internal state of mind or feeling." And this is precisely what his machine-paintings did. Sometimes intricate, sometimes deceptively simple, they reflected Picabia's half-Spanish, half-French parentage. He depicted with Gallic clarity the circuitous demands of Eros, his contrivances at first sight appearing to be accurate details of familiar mechanisms but, on further examination, transforming themselves into surprising equivalents.

For him, "the machine had become more than a mere adjunct of life. It was really a part of human life . . . perhaps the very soul." He was searching for "the pinnacle of mechanical symbolism." When this symbolism failed him (in the early 1920s), he ceased to search and instead focused his attention on more conventional, poster-like canvases devoted to stylized human figures, these to be replaced later by figures superimposed on each other in designs called transparencies. Although the transparencies were popular and occasionally imbued with verve, they were too often sentimental and overly diagrammatic. From time to time in his late years (Picabia died in 1953), he again tried his hand at abstract art, but the results were only feeble echoes of his earlier élan.

An important Picabia bequest to future generations was his trenchant use of the printed word as both a visual and psychological device. I believe he was the first artist to explore this idea in depth. Repeatedly he introduced puzzling phrases with lettering that deliberately became an integral part of his design as well as a key to the work's equivocal content. For example, in a tempera called *Universal Prostitution*, tense groups of words act as directives in both a literary and a compositional sense. The picture's symbolism can be decoded on several levels, yet only after careful study. What strikes the eye is interesting but meaningless if considered purely as an optical experience. Picabia was never a member of a "silent majority." He commented vociferously on life; he wanted to be heard or, should I say, to be seen.

This remarkable man, who was in love with costly motorcars, yachts, and women, claimed, "We are not responsible for what we do. We are ignorant of our acts until we accomplish them." Are we to believe that Picabia's inspired early work became clear to him only after he had abandoned it? I think not. I think he abandoned it because few artists can indefinitely maintain peak performances, especially in cases where cerebral demands are as pressing as intuitive ones.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Star Time?

THERE IS SOMETHING peculiarly distressing to see, as I recently did, stars of the onetime magnitude of Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra carrying on as if nothing had changed in more than a decade. Both of them were reputed to have drawn down as much as $1-million a picture, plus percentages, plus fringe benefits. I remember one Sinatra opus in which the million had already been agreed upon, but he had an added stipulation: He wanted four "hot" telephones in his dressing room at all times. And since his dressing room was to be a trailer somewhere in Texas, miles from any telephone lines, this posed something of a problem. But the entire production hung on Sinatra's willingness to star in it, and so the problem was solved. Damn the expenses, full speed ahead!

Hollywood has changed considerably since those days, but apparently the stars have not. I suspect that Marlon Brando in *Burn* and Frank Sinatra in *Dirty Dingus Magee* each received considerably less than $1-million (although presumably the percentages and the fringe benefits remain). What makes both films so tragic, however, is that the star attitudes, fostered by an earlier era, also remain. Sinatra, who proved his acting abilities in such pictures as *From Here to Eternity* and *Man with the Golden Arm*, merely lends his presence to *Dirty Dingus*—and not too much of that. He is around for the close-ups and two-shots, but whenever there is an action long-shot (which is often), you can bet your bottom dollar that Sinatra has already climbed into his helicoptor and headed for Las Vegas. Or, more recently, Palm Springs.

For that matter, even when the *echt* Sinatra is visible, he seems ineffably bored and totally uncommitted to the whole project—as well he might be. It is yet another in that seemingly endless series of attempts to satirize the Old West, with its strict codes and loose morals, its dirty good guys and good bad women. But what might have been a pleasant romp turns sour primarily because the two rapscallion heroes of the film, Sinatra and George Kennedy, when they aren't squabbling over stolen treasure are eagerly tumbling into bed with every man-hungry squaw, prostitute, and virgin in the territory. The film's attitude toward women is unpalatable enough, but with Sinatra and Kennedy around, the dirty good guys become merely dirty old men. With them, the Old West becomes really the *Old* West.

Sinatra rose to star eminence primarily as an entertainer and a personality. With Marlon Brando, the prerogatives of stardom had far more tragic consequences. Without question, two decades ago Brando was the most effective and affecting actor of the day. One has only to recall his performances in *A Streetcar Named Desire, On the Waterfront,* and *Julius Caesar* to prove it. But there is a curious complexity about the man. Socially committed, he seeks out roles—as in *The Ugly American* and *The Chase*—that hold a significance for our times. But once having accepted them, the actor takes over. Like Sinatra, he is aware that his star presence is enough to insure the production of the picture. But where Sinatra is delighted to fly away at the first opportunity, Brando demands his close-ups, his social statements, his martyrdom. I have never seen Brando give a more flaccid, dull performance than the one he offers as Sir William Walker, a nineteenth-century British prototype of a CIA agent, in Gillo Pontecorvo's *Burn.* He is certainly aware of the timely cross-references to be extrapolated from this tale of an English agent who foments a black revolution in a Portuguese colony in order to bring it under British rule. At the same time, he is also aware of his star prerogatives.

Pontecorvo, of course, is to be remembered as the director of *The Battle of Algiers,* that stark, starless, semi-documentary that made tragic history as vivid and immediate as a newsreel. To his credit, Pontecorvo has attempted the same in *Burn,* and there are scenes of native uprisings and, later, of British repression—particularly the tactic of burning out entire villages to force the revolutionaries into the open—that are reminiscent of his earlier work. But always he must return to his star, to Brando, and to a kind of film-making that clearly leaves him ill at ease. In *The Battle of Algiers,* the effect was objective, but there was no question of the director's sympathies. In *Burn,* the effect is ambivalent—and the question, inevitably, is whether the sympathies are those of the star or of the director.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

To Youth, with Love

ON A SMALL STAGE in the White House, a group of youthful ex-drug addicts involved in a rehabilitation program recently performed a symbolic act, the importance of which must be widely understood if the much-publicized drug problem is to be dealt with constructively. The young actors (a troupe from Daytop Village, a rehab center on Staten Island, New York) lined up, faced their audience, and extended their arms. They had just finished presenting a short play, *The Concept*, which dramatized some of the encounter-group therapy techniques practiced at Daytop; the situations portrayed had stressed the value of openly expressing the need to love and be loved in interpersonal and group relations. Now, arms held out to approximately 100 top radio broadcasters (participants in an all-day White House conference on the drug problem), the young people, their roles and real identities suddenly merged, asked several times: "Will you love us?"

Then the ex-addicts left the stage, penetrated the darkened room where the spectators sat, and, smilingly confronting many of the broadcasters, invited them to put their arms around them for a moment or two in a warm embrace. Up front, in the fifth row, I sensed that there was hardly a dry eye in the whole hard-boiled crowd—so genuine, touching, and fraught with universal significance were the invitation and the unhesitant, yielding response. What the Daytop youths, to my mind, seemed to be saying implicitly to the community leaders was simply this: "If you want to talk to us, you must first make contact with us—not the impersonal contact of mass education campaigns conducted over the radio—but the immediate contact of caring human beings engaged in a learning experience characterized by mutuality and feedback, and not by one-way message systems designed for shaping attitudes rather than for the interaction of people."

It is, assuredly, difficult for government officials, prisoners of the myth of a cause-and-effect relationship between media persuasion and voter behavior in elections, not to trust in the magical efficacy of the media. A national problem exists? Call in the influential molders of opinion, urge them to "put on programs—dramatic, not dull," and parents and youth will be "educated" to the great dangers of drug abuse. The concern of the White House is genuine; the efforts commendable. Even if we adopt a historical perspective on the "ever-with-society" cyclic patterns of drug use for mind- and mood-altering euphoria or escapism, the recent worldwide flare-up is of urgent concern, given the galloping rate at which new chemicals for bodily ingestion are being synthesized and manufactured, with unknown, long-range effects.

But the essential weakness of the push-a-button, mass-media approach is that we are dealing, in the matter of drugs, not with the marketing of a product or the capturing of a vote, but with a deep, pervasive youth challenge, on diverse levels and with a variety of meanings, to our traditional standards and values, our "way of life." For all the real dangers in drug use that older people perceive, it is probably true that it is the established modes of conduct that are destined to change and not those of the young. If parents are to make useful inputs toward the direction of coming changes in life-styles, they must listen as well as exhort. Only dialogue can provide a mechanism for listening; the spot announcements suggested for radio broadcasts at the White House conference are not likely to initiate dialogue.

In any new, meaningful encounter between opposing life-styles, the problem of drug abuse would occupy an important but nevertheless diminished corner of a far greater canvas depicting the relationships of the generations. The object of such a dialogue would be to examine old and new goals for society; to explore, in a spirit of exchange, how we can, in Kenneth Keniston's words, "provide alternative routes [other than chemical ingestion] to the pursuit of meaning, the quest for experience, and the expansion of consciousness." That is why the Daytop group's symbolic act has immense, latent power. By forcing the Establishment to make intimate contact (which so many elders fear), it opens the way for a form of communication that promises more than manipulation. The broadcasters who attended the White House conference could initiate such a novel conversation, if, in the communities to which they have returned, they will innovate ways—off the air as well as on—to arrange their own, unique, local versions of the "Will you love us?" embrace.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

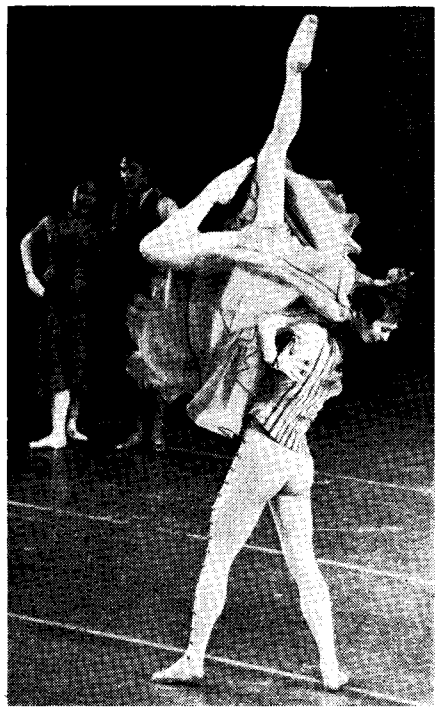
Three Hits by Feld

ELIOT FELD is the whiz-kid of American ballet. In 1967, he created his first ballet, *Harbinger* (Prokofiev), for the American Ballet Theatre, in which he was serving as a splendid dancer (the title role in *Billy the Kid* among his many roles), and it was a pow! success. He followed it with *At Midnight* (Mahler's Four Rückert Songs) for the same company. In 1968, he did his first classical ballet—the first two were very modern—*Meadowlark* (Haydn) for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and in the same year, he left the American Ballet Theatre and founded his own company, the American Ballet Company, with a home at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He continues to make ballets at an assembly-line pace.

This fall, in his two-week season at the Academy, Feld offered four brand-new works, three of them his own. The most substantial of his trio of new creations was *A Poem Forgotten*, set to music of Wallingford Riegger (Concerto for Piano and Wind Quintet). It is about kinetic sensations, half-remembered, recurring, on the borderline between reality and fantasy. At the beginning, a father cradles his boy-child, who contentedly sucks his thumb. Next, the mother with the baby daughter. Later, part-grown brother and sister play together. An intruding girl enters the scene, and, finally, three more outsiders, all boys, become a part of the pattern. In the scenes, at all age levels, there are open-mouthed silent cries, baby cries that linger instinctively with the adult. Finally, the closing image is of the youth with his thumb still extended, as in babyhood, still ready to serve as a pacifier.

The movement language of *A Poem Forgotten* is not classical dance but, rather, dramatic action or danced acting. It is an engrossing work that has the curious power of making the onlooker search his own kinetic memories of how it all began, how patterns were formed, how a bundle of senses became an "I." Daniel Levins, a comparative newcomer of considerable talent, was excellent as the boy.

Feld's short *Cortège Parisien* (Chabrier) is all ballet froth, a sort of sip from *Gaité Parisienne*. It boasts a generous splash of Feld's skill in devising highly original movements, including high lifts, as the boys swing the girls over their heads, which make you think this is what a gay chuckle would be if you could see, as well as hear, it.



—*Ron Protas*

Christine Sarry in "Cortège Parisien" — "ballet froth."

With *The Consort*, Feld turns to period dances, to dances that evoke the Elizabethan Age. The music credits are "Dowland, Neusidler, Morley, and Anonymous Composers" in a score orchestrated by the company's musical director, Christopher Keene. *The Consort* is not as quietly historic as one might think—Feld has some surprises in store—for it begins with elegant, courtlike dances, in which dresses sweep the floor and decorum prevails, and it ends in a drunken brawl (which is just as Elizabethan). In both scenes, the ballet keeps close to the flavor of a period without pretending to be authentic, while being graced throughout with Feld movement witticisms.

Stanley Simmons's superb costumes are an essential ingredient in this ballet. The women's costumes, for example, are actually shortened on stage (by the use of tie-loops) as the dancers are transformed from well-behaved courtiers to short-skirted, bouncy, reeling peasants. Thus it is that Feld has given us yet another charming ballet—too long, admittedly—but attractive and wonderfully imaginative.

The American Ballet Company's fourth premiere was a first choreographic effort by Bruce Marks, principal dancer with the American Ballet Theatre, and I'm afraid it was just that, "an effort." Well, an essay, anyhow. It is titled *Clockwise* (with music from Jean Françaix's *L'Horloge de Flor*), and it is as thin, as sketchy, as bland as the music. It is neat, but it is not inspiring, and it is very derivative, in steps and style, of Feld in one of his ballet-jazz moods. But abstract ballets are difficult to do—they take the master's touch—and you wonder why Marks, one of the finest actor-dancers in the theater, did not test his choreographic wings with a dramatic ballet.

It is one of the admirable traditions of Spanish dance that a genuine artist can move from concert hall to café and back again without losing stature or standing; the late, great Argentinita was one. Recently, in New York, a serious, tasteful, and gifted young artist, José Molina, observed this tradition by headlining a show at that splendid Spanish supper club, the Chateau Madrid, and then giving a concert in hallowed Carnegie Hall.

The Carnegie program, and an excellent one it was, ranged from the fire and virtuosity of flamenco through the cheerful bounce of the *jota* to Spanish classical dance, cool and elegant. Interspersed were songs and guitars and that kind of dance-drama every Spaniard adores in which mourning and ecstasy, passion and death, mortality and poetic visions of foreverness are all part of a heady brew.

Molina himself danced beautifully, but so also did his co-choreographer, Luis Montero; the elegant Antonia Martinez; the madcap Carmen Dominguez; and, indeed, every member, dancing, singing, playing, of this unusually handsome Spanish dance troupe.

José Molina—"from concert hall to café and back again."

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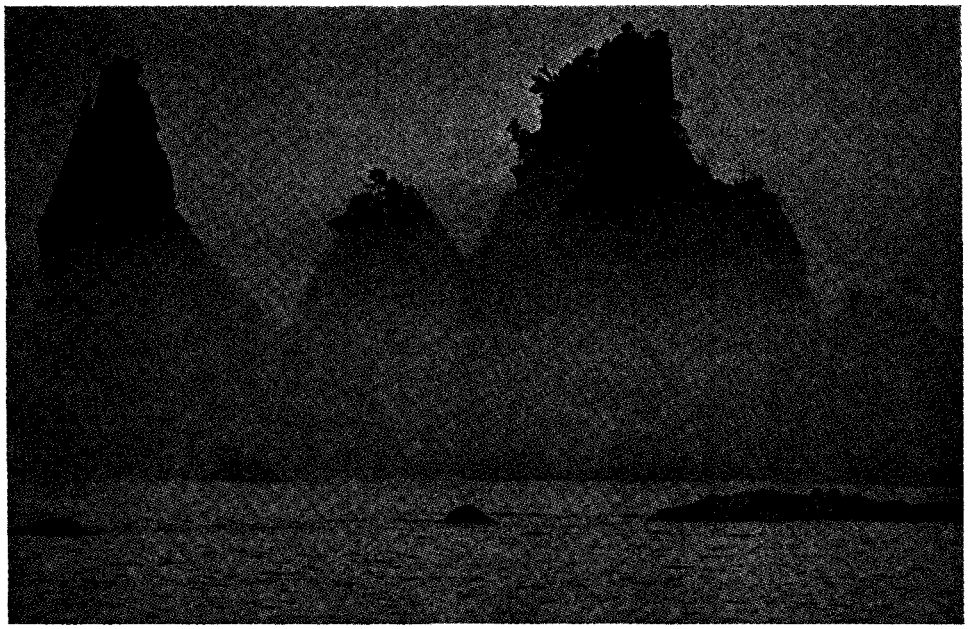
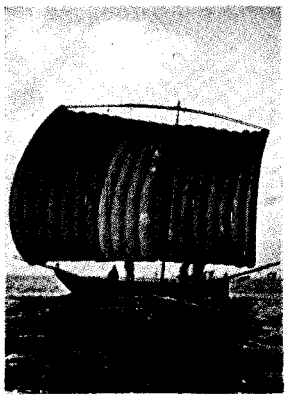
Beyond Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka





Spend a couple of days off the beaten path. Discover the Japan where tourists are few, but always welcome.

By night, molten lava in the crater of Mt. Asama glows with an unearthly light. But you'll never know the unique sensation if you don't leave Tokyo behind for a day or so.

If you tire of the glittering Ginza, visit a town like Kusatsu, where 80 *ryokan* (Japanese inns) cluster about the town square. Let Kusatsu's hot springs bathe your body and soothe your spirit.

Step aboard a high-speed hydrofoil not far from Osaka, and race through a sea dotted with pine-clad islets that look the same today as they did when they inspired Japan's most famous artists centuries ago.

Glide in a flat-bottomed, air-propelled boat through the rapids of the Kumano River to the deep, still waters of Torohatcho gorge. Look down into the mirrorlike water and see the reflections of azaleas and rhododendrons perched on the granite cliffs high above you.

Let your imagination go when you visit the regions where tea is grown. The long, carefully manicured rows of tea plants suddenly begin to resemble green dragons asleep on the hillsides.

Wander the countryside of Japan and soak up the sights no city can offer: pearl divers disappearing in clear cool waters; villagers celebrating a rich harvest with *bon-odori* dances on the village mall; a craftsman fashioning a ceramic vase of classic Japanese simplicity.

The Japan you'll remember best is the Japan beyond the usual. For more information on the hidden Japan, send for our free booklets, "Northeastern Japan" and "Midland of Japan."

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A Japan few tourists see.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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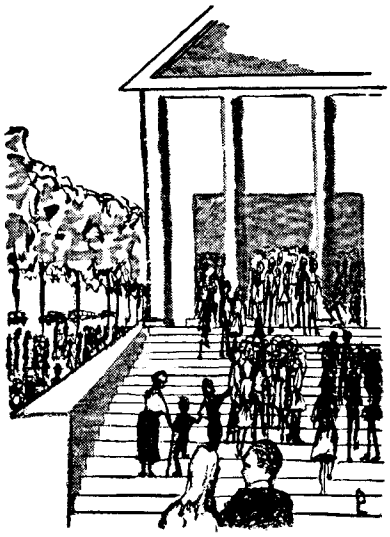

Are Alumni Listening?

Never before in the history of American higher education have our colleges and universities needed so desperately the understanding and support of the public generally and, especially, their own alumni, parents, and friends. Even the nation's most generously endowed private institutions are fighting for survival as they slip ever deeper into deficit financing, and our great state universities and colleges increasingly have to cope with the actions of querulous legislators to whom events on the nation's campuses today are incomprehensible. But far more important than the surface issue of financial support is the faith of the nation in the higher education enterprise, the continuing commitment to the crucial role of higher education in society at large. Yet seldom, if ever before, has it been so difficult for the plain citizen, or even the devoted alumnus, to understand clearly the forces that shape events on the nation's campuses.

It is to this task of trying to interpret the campus to its public that John Hersey, perceptive chronicler of *Hiroshima*, *The Wall*, and *The Algiers Motel Incident*, has addressed himself in *Letter to the Alumni*, published last month by Alfred A. Knopf. A 1936 alumnus of Yale University, Hersey has spent the past five years as Master of Pierson College at Yale, one of the university's dozen residential colleges in which undergraduates live and study. At the end of each year, he has made it a practice to send a letter to alumni of Pierson to report and interpret from his special vantage point the events of the preceding months. This, his final "Letter to the Alumni," is notable because it describes events that dominated the nation's headlines for an extended period last May, and offers a sensitive reporter's interpretation of those events in which he was intimately involved. The tension between the involved participant and the dispassionate observer/reporter is the source of the book's power. And clearly, today, it is important reading for an audience far wider than just the alumni of Pierson College.

The events of last May in New Haven revolved around the impending Black Panther trial in a courthouse near the campus. The university, like so many other urban institutions of higher learning, has had a troubled relationship with the local black community, as well as with its own black students. The approaching trial, with its national overtones of Black Panther harassment by the police, raised campus tensions to an extraordinary level, culminating in a decision to hold a massive May Day rally in behalf of the Panthers. Radical student groups across the country promised that 50,000 students would converge on New Haven to see that justice was done—or that Yale would be burned to the ground.

Recounting the events of those days and the "confrontational hysteria" that resulted, Hersey writes at one point, "I wonder if I can picture it so that you can even imagine its full intensity, those of you who lead steady, unruffled, protected lives."

In large part, he succeeds in reconstructing the events of those tumultuous days—events that were reported so incompletely, and often inaccurately, by the press—so that the reader, too, can experience the drama and the terror of conflicting forces, the efforts of those who would make political capital of the situation, the role of unfounded rumor, the chance happenings that determined the course of events, and, finally, the non-violent resolution on May Day in a university that instead of erecting barricades had opened its doors to the visitors.

It is a dramatic story, told from the inside, by a skilled reporter. But the heart of Hersey's message lies in a long "digression," early in the book, in which he tries to "explain" the contemporary student generation to its elders. Clearly, in the course of his five years at Yale, Hersey has developed a pro-

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found empathy for the students, whose experiences he shared; for their strong strain of idealism and decency; for their sensitivity to the inequality and injustice of much of American life; for their desire for counsel and for adult models whom they can respect; and for their forthright rejection of the hypocrisy and willingness to compromise ideals that mark so much of adult society.

But Hersey is no romantic interpreter of the younger generation. The dispassionate reporter is constantly standing at the shoulder of the involved participant. He sees the students' weaknesses as well as their strengths, their confusions, their hang-ups, their anti-rationality that can turn to irrationality, their genius at "crisis organization," and their lack of capacity for the sustained organizational effort that is required to reform society's institutions. And, perhaps equally important, he repeatedly warns his readers against accepting generalizations—especially his own—that categorize groups as diverse as students, alumni, or parents.

Letter to the Alumni will not convince all the alumni of Yale or other colleges and universities that these institutions continue to deserve support, but it should deepen their understanding of the forces that are profoundly influencing student thought and action today. And, perhaps, this is really the point. In his introduction, Hersey quotes Kingman Brewster, president of Yale: "If the country does not rediscover its own sons and daughters, no amount of law and order or 'crisis management' will make much difference in the long run." —J. C.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1425

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1425 will be found in the next issue.

F RBVFTFKQ BVQQVI U XSBM

QS EV QXV RBVFTFKQVTQ

QXUKL QXFQ QXUT PSIBM XFT

QS LUZV.

—FKQXSKN QISBBSRV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1424

Literature is but language; it is only a rare and amazing miracle by which a man really says what he means. —CHESTERTON.

Letters to the Education Editor

Schrag and Marin and Hentoff and Fischer

YOUR TENTH-ANNIVERSARY education issue [*SR*, Sept. 19] was too good to write a letter to the editor about. But the reaction of the readers in their letters printed in the October 17 issue is too much. To use their own words, they are the "effete snobs," "idealists," and pie-in-the-sky good old-time teachers who Marin, Schrag, and the Hentoffs warn against. I *was* a teacher, but it was people like those readers of yours who kept holding me back.

MARK F. RUNIONS,
Longbranch, Wash.

THE BEST THING about the letters was that they forced me to go back and read the education articles that I had previously passed over as being too dull and theoretical to spend time on. Result? The letters were far better than the articles.

TED CLEMENT,
Macedon, N.Y.

THANKS FOR a most refreshing and meaningful educational supplement. The points discussed need to be considered by all who are truly concerned about the plight of American public education. Why bells, grades, requirements, boredom, emptiness, and waste? During the four years of my teaching career I have been asking these things about our educational setup, and it is good to know that others, such as Peter Schrag and Peter Marin, are vitally interested in the educational predicament confronting us.

WAYNE D. MCNEELY,
Fayetteville, N.C.

JUST A NOTE of thanks to Peter Schrag on his insightful article "End of the Impossible Dream." It was a most forceful indictment of our contemporary education system and, yes, of our social system in which people treat people as objects, rather than as human beings.

ROBERT H. SEIDMAN,
Syracuse, N.Y.

I AGREE wholeheartedly with Margot Hentoff's article "The Schools We Want: A Family Dialogue." I am now in high school and through the course of my education I have felt both the extremes of "free learning" and the conventional hard-line schooling. I've also felt somewhat trapped within both systems. Because of this I tend to agree with Mrs. Hentoff that for some students a combination of both methods of teaching is needed for a learning experience to take place.

SUSAN GOSCIEWSKI,
New York, N.Y.

MARGOT HENTOFF'S half of the article showed a real appreciation for the very real situation of the parent who tries to provide the best educational answer for his child. We have had the "free" situation, and, from our own experience, I find that our children learn and retain far more when they work in a well-defined area.

PATRICIA DOERR,
El Cajon, Calif.

YOUR ISSUE devoted to education made me feel all the more disillusioned, as I realize that I am not alone in my resentment of the public education system. I am a senior in high school now and have attended public schools for twelve years. While I've learned a lot, there has been much more forgotten. But most important of all is the hatred for learning that has been building in me.

I realize that most of the complaints voiced in the articles are true and that the system must be revamped. However, I think that an effort should have been made to show what can be done to right the wrongs in the schools of today.

ALICE BRUCE,
New York, N.Y.

AS A TEACHER in daily conversation with *the young*, specifically boys and girls fifteen to eighteen, I am astonished by Peter Marin's "Children of the Apocalypse." I italicize *the young* because it is Mr. Marin's frequent, inclusive label by which he implies that his vision scans an entire generation. My own experience, local as it is, tells me that most of the young I happen to know are in good spiritual health, that they believe the nation's mighty lapses from grace can be dealt with constructively, and that short of nuclear disaster they expect to lead constructive and happy lives. In fact, they correspond to none of the fantastic generalizations made by Mr. Marin.

CHARLES MCK. SALTZMAN,
St. Albans School,
Washington, D.C.

PETER MARIN'S approach to education as a joyful experience was itself a joy to read, and his emphasis on the "quality of the soul" gives hope for the future. "Love and a sense of humor" has to be the answer. As students, we feel that these are qualities which have never been cultivated in us. Maybe Peter Marin is an idealist, and maybe his philosophy will never be fashioned into a workable system, but the sentiment is right and is founded on basic human truths. If enough educators had the faith that Peter Marin has in people—and most don't—perhaps the learning process could become both relevant and pleasureful.

EVE BRANDEL,
EVELYN PLACEK,
MONICA FISCHER
(No address).

Correction

The article by Ivan Illich, published in *SR*, October 17, was reprinted from *Great Ideas Today—1970*, not *Great Issues Today*. *SR*'s apologies to the publisher, Encyclopaedia Britannica.

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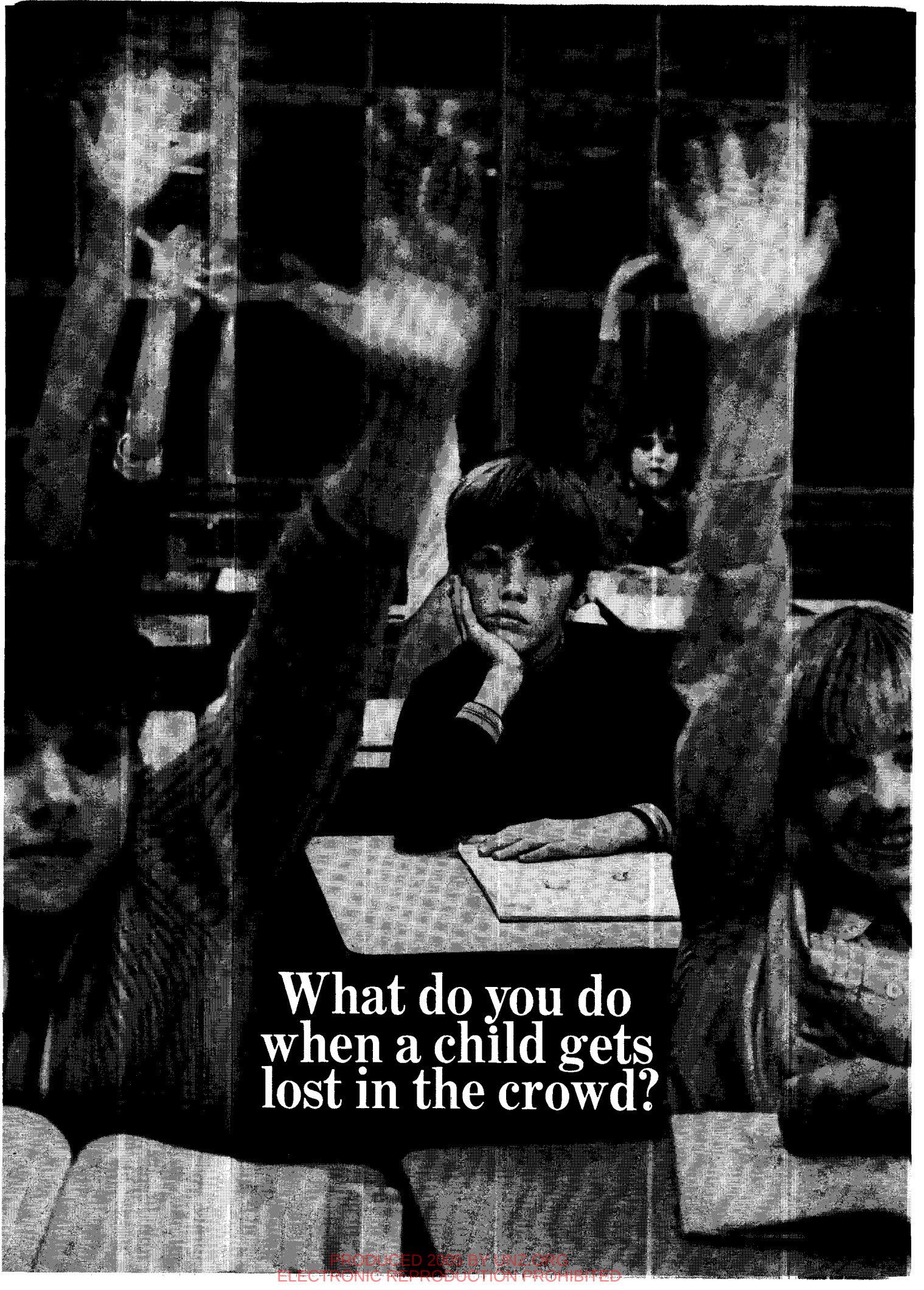

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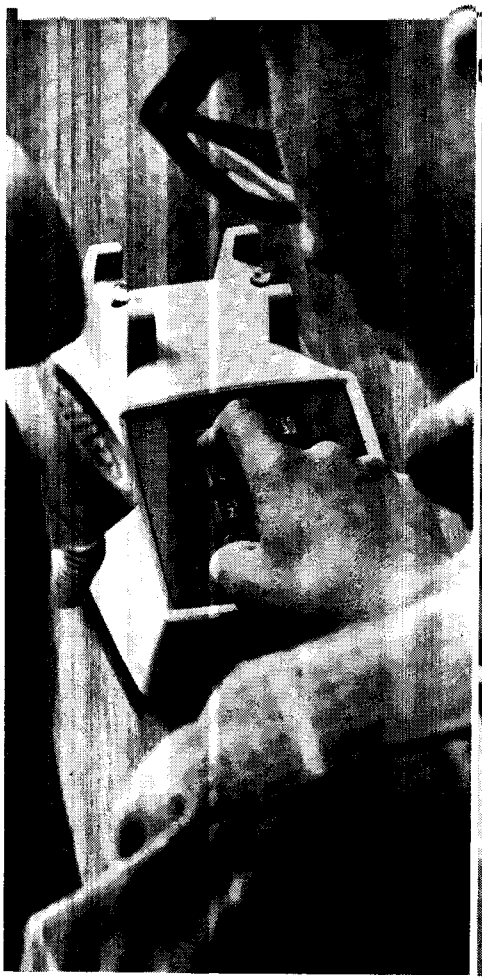

As a teacher, you worry: "Will Mary quit trying, because she can't keep up with the class? And what about Mark—is he bored because the pace is too slow?"

The practical reality of teaching children as a group makes it difficult to give each one the individual attention he needs. Students at both ends of the scale, with totally different rates of learning, suffer the most.

Faced with this perplexing challenge, many educators and administrators have sought ways in which newly developed teaching tools may help to individualize instruction. One such teaching innovation is Computer Assisted Instruction, in which a computer is put to use drilling, testing and reinforcing concepts which heretofore required the efforts of a teacher . . . again and again and again.

New York City is using computer based learning to help children develop arithmetic skills at their own pace. Sixteen public schools are participating in the program. Yet none of these schools has a computer of its own. Instead, they share a computer. Telephone lines link all the schools to the computer located at the Board of Education's computer center in Manhattan.

In evaluating the impact of the program in the New York School System, Mel Mendelsohn, Director of Computer Assisted Instruction, has commented: "Daily drill, immediate correction of every response, each child working at his own level of achievement, together with diagnosis of each pupil's current learning status provided by daily and weekly reports to the teacher, are integral components of a CAI program. These features furnish teachers with more time for instructional planning, and perhaps for the first time provide an instructional tool to reach the acme of educational methods—individualized instruction."

But the size or geographical location of the school district has little to do with the application of computer technology.

For instance, the McComb, Mississippi, school district is small and decidedly rural.

Julian Prince, Superintendent of McComb's Schools, summarized the dilemma his teachers faced.

"Long-term educational neglect of our poor children had left us with a great deal of ground to cover in a very short period of time."

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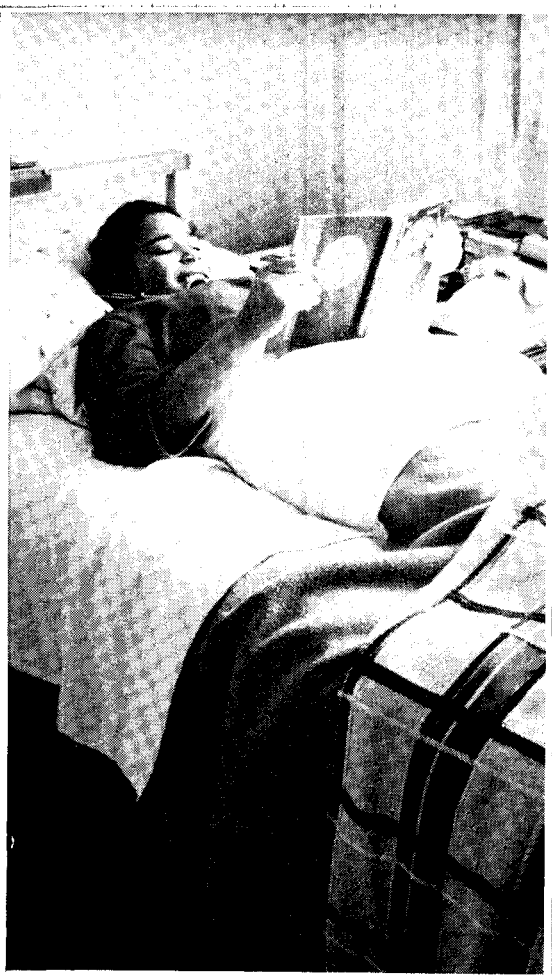

Since 1967, the McComb elementary schools have found that computer assisted instruction provides the special attention their students need. Teletypewriters in each school are connected to a central computer in the McComb Administration Building. Students receive drill and instruction in math and languages and move ahead at their own pace.

The development of advanced programs for bright students has been underway from the start.

"It's helped us uncover some really fine minds," says R. W. Lambuth, Assistant Superintendent. "One youngster became so fascinated that he spent every available moment of his time at the teletypewriter learning logic. He successfully completed the first year's program in just 38 days—the best record of any logic student in the nation."

Need for special attention is not confined to children fortunate enough to attend school . . . there are thousands of children who are unable to go to regular school sessions.

The reasons are many—physical, social, or personal—yet these children need the opportunity to learn and develop just as much as the boy next door.

Recognizing this need, the Los Angeles School System, in conjunction with the Pacific Telephone Company, developed TeleClass service. Using the telephone network, this service gives a homebound student the chance to become an active member of his own class.

The system is designed to allow a teacher to convene up to 20 homebound students by telephone. She can instruct the entire class at once, or separate students into groups depending on their age and/or class level. And, of course, she can work with each child individually. TeleClass brings a student out of physical or psychological isolation and makes him an important member of a special group: his own class.

Educators responsible for homebound instruction in Pontiac, Michigan; Baltimore, Maryland; and New York City are also finding the TeleClass is an effective substitute for in-class teaching programs.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly looking for new ways to help teachers devote more time to the individual needs of their students.

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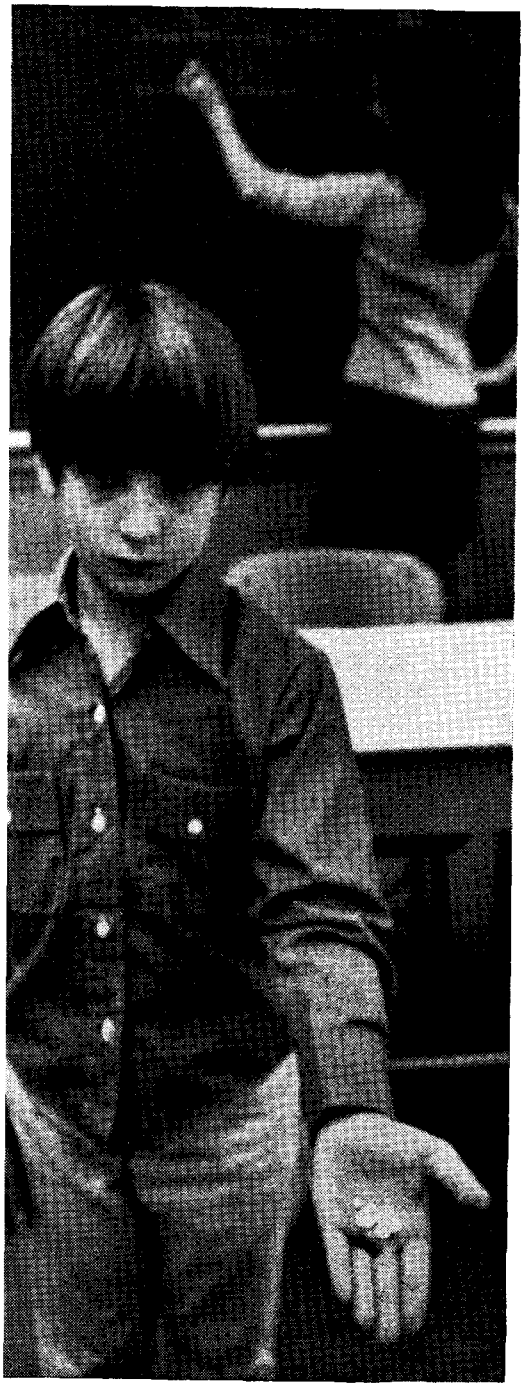
PILLS FOR CLASSROOM PEACE?



—*Hap Stewart*

by EDWARD T. LADD

Last Fourth of July, after a day of celebrating their inalienable rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, Americans were jolted to learn from the Huntley-Brinkley program that doctors in Omaha, Nebraska, are giving hundreds of school children so-called behavior modification drugs, to "make them behave better in school." This report drew the nation's attention to a practice first reported in a Washington *Post* scoop five days before. Already a violent controversy was under way. Does giving hyperactive children drugs to improve their classroom behavior free them for the better pursuit of happiness? Or does it infringe on their liberty?

The Omaha story brought to the public's attention that for well over a decade physicians increasingly have been using drugs to treat children for certain difficulties they have in school. Why and how the practice started helps to explain the issues in the controversy over it.

Originally, psychiatrists and psychologists had become interested in the study of learning difficulties through their work with children who were institutionalized or were visiting clinics because of emotional disturbance or delinquency, most of whom have trouble with learning of one kind or another. Later they broadened out to work with learning difficulties as such. They established that many learning disabilities—which may involve from 5 per cent to 20 per cent of our children—can't be attributed to low intelligence, emotional disturbance, or overt physical handicaps, but seem to reflect something abnormal about the workings of the children's central nervous systems (CNS), the parts of their brains where, so to speak, messages come in and get sorted out. The intensive work of first-rate investigators in several academic disciplines has still failed to reveal just what is wrong with these children's CNS, whether its cause is genetic, a result of injury, or both, and what is best to do about it. If the new terms—specific learning disability, dyslexia, cerebral dysfunction, minimum brain damage, neurological handicaps, and perceptual handicaps—have confused laymen who follow educational developments, the confusion reflects in part this continuing lack of agreement among the experts themselves.

Soon, concern with learning troubles came to be intertwined with concern with "behavior disorders"—a term that is unhappily ambiguous. The intertwining was natural, since learning and behavior themselves are closely related, not only in the obvious ways, but through their common source in the CNS. The way a child's CNS works, it was concluded, can interfere with both his learning and the conduct of the class he is in, by making him compulsively responsive to stimuli from within or without, and hence compulsively hyperactive. Apparently, what happens in such a case is that the instructions the child sends his CNS more or less deliberately are superseded or swamped by other messages coming in from elsewhere in his brain, his body, or his environment, and, as a Canadian researcher has put it, "the child tries to react to everything at once." Fidgety Phil cannot sit still, however much he may want to. This phenomenon has the medical name hyperkinesia, but is often simply called hyperactivity, the latter being another ambiguous term, the use of which has helped to confuse the issue.

As physicians have known for years, hyperkinesia can be controlled by amphetamine and amphetamine-like drugs. These drugs are not tranquilizers; in fact, for a person whose CNS functions normally, they are the opposite: By blocking out messages about fatigue, discomfort, or hunger that would normally interfere with his concentrating on an activity, they pep him up. In the case of the medically hyperactive child, it seems, the blocking-out of messages that make him fidgety enables him to be quieter and to do better work. Incidentally, the effect they have of speeding up some persons and quieting down others, often called paradoxical, provides a pretty good guarantee that they will make children more subdued only if the hyperactivity is involuntary. Such hyperactivity has been helpfully treated with a number of drugs in this category, including three reported as being used in Oma-

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ha: dextroamphetamine, Ritalin, and Deaner.

A more familiar group of drugs that also control hyperactivity and "behavior disorders" but are given less frequently is the tranquilizers. One of these, Raudixin, a strong drug derived from the *Rauwolfia serpentina* root, was mentioned in one Omaha report. Tranquilizers, as is commonly known, can dilute the strength of a child's emotions, and they can thus combat temper tantrums, destructiveness, and boisterousness.

Tofranil and Aventyl, the other two drugs mentioned as being given in Omaha, are mood-changing drugs of a third kind: anti-depressants. Their main use is for treating neurotic depression, which may make children irritable and restless.

It is drugs of these different kinds that in laymen's language are called behavior modification drugs. Both the American Medical Association's Council on Drugs and a panel of the National Academy of Science have evaluated them, and, while caution is still recommended, the medical support for their use is impressive.

The use of drugs to improve school performance by controlling hyperactivity and disabling emotions is now so well established it is not surprising that, even in the face of violent criticism, Omaha physicians and school officials stood their ground. The pediatrician in the middle of the controversy said he felt like a Ping-pong ball, but insisted that he and other physicians were circumspect about what they were doing and were following good medical practice. Apparently, most parents of children being treated were behind it. An article on the science page of *The New York Times* entitled "Drugs That Help Control the Unruly Child" cited distinguished support, as did a major story on the Omaha affair in the AMA's *American Medical News*. The latter journal, interviewing pediatricians and child psychiatrists across the nation, summed up their attitude as being "What's all the fuss about?"

School officials appeared equally unperturbed. To them, it seems, the use of drugs for modifying behavior was strictly a medical matter. Quite apart from the fact that for teachers to administer drugs to children would have been illegal, by Board of Education policy, educators were not to be involved in behavior control through medication "in any manner whatsoever." Officials apparently saw no reason for concern about the school system's efforts to build communication between parents and physicians, the presence of school personnel at meetings addressed by representatives of drug companies, the reported practice

The Children With No Alternative

THE 1960s have seen a virtual explosion of research and experimentation on the learning process and on the learning disabilities under which so many children labor. Great strides have been made both in identifying children's problems and in devising means for overcoming them. In the process, however, educators and medical practitioners have been hard pressed to keep abreast of the new knowledge, and parents have sometimes felt threatened by the unfamiliar means suggested for meeting their own children's learning difficulties.

A case in point is the recent controversy over the use of various chemical or medicinal agents to enhance the learning of some children in the classroom. The subject is a complex one that merits careful and thoughtful attention to make sure that the rights of all children and parents are safeguarded, and that those specific children who need help receive it. For it would be a disaster if a fearful and uninformed public response to sound, though unfamiliar, medical-educational practice were to sweep away the only chance that a great many children have to function normally in the classroom. [These are the children Professor Ladd refers to briefly as "suffering from clinical hyperactivity." Ed.]

The children in question are not the normal, active, ebullient youngsters who are chafing under the restraints of classroom discipline. Rather they are the children who do not function normally because they cannot—the children who cannot because their central nervous systems are not functioning normally. Their actions and reactions may take a variety of forms. Most typically, perhaps, they are so distractible that they cannot follow through on regular blackboard work, nor even complete the simple task of changing from one textbook to another, and consequently become disruptive. They may, however, be unusually quiet and appear dull and totally disinterested—the children who can't get their starter buttons pushed. And, finally, they may be the deceptively normal children who intermittently build up to an awesome explosion.

These children are victims of forces they cannot control. They have been described as "driven children," as youngsters who live with an "internal tornado" that is constantly threatening to break out. Their enormously complicated problem can be simply explained in laymen's terms. The central nervous system requires a variety of trace chemicals, secreted by the body, in order to function in normal fashion. The absence or inadequate supply of some of these chemical elements makes normal functioning of the central nervous system, and consequently of the individual, impossible.

Treatment, therefore, is not primarily a matter of "behavior modification" through drug or medicinal therapy, but rather "replacement chemotherapy" that restores, or makes possible, normal functioning of the central nervous system. (Behavior is, to be sure, modified, but this is a secondary outcome.) The prescription of d-amphetamines and methylphenidates (respectively Dexedrine and Ritalin), then, could be compared to the use of insulin for the diabetic or thyroid for the individual with thyroxin insufficiency.

Identification of these children, however, is crucial and cannot be a casual matter. It must be undertaken by a knowledgeable pediatrician or pediatric neurologist, and the child must be kept under observation.

The first clinical report of positive results achieved through the use of replacement chemotherapy as an aid in learning appeared in the professional literature in 1937. The critical reception accorded it, however, effectively inhibited further immediate research in the area. But much work has been done since, and our knowledge of many areas of learning disabilities is continuing to expand.

Certainly, every precaution must be taken to avoid premature or unprofessional use of new research findings. But it will be most unfortunate if ignorance and fear inhibit the effective use of well-tested techniques for helping disabled children to live and learn as normally as possible.

—CARETH ELLINGSON.

—Mrs. Ellingson is author of "The Shadow Children" and co-author of a forthcoming directory of facilities for children with learning problems.

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of having teachers identify children they think can benefit from drugs, the screening of children for referral to private physicians by the school system's health and psychological services, teachers' holding drugs in safekeeping for children and on occasion probably reminding children to take them, or the convincing evidence that some teachers have approached parents about getting their children put on drugs in a way that made the parents feel they were being badgered.

These practices are not unique to Omaha but are common throughout the United States and, indeed, abroad. Most educators believe that such practices give no grounds for concern. They seem pleased, in fact, to be working alongside physicians as fellow professionals. They share with physicians a devotion to helping children and know they are in a particularly good position to spot those who have special medical needs, refer them for help, and then observe them intensively. What *is* all the fuss about?

The real fuss is about the fact that using drugs to influence classroom behavior entails at least five serious risks, four of which the professionals take far too lightly, even though parents and politicians, in their intuitive and sometimes inarticulate way, have recognized them with some dismay.

Two of the five risks are medical, the most dramatic being that of producing undesirable physiological side effects, known or as yet unknown, possibly including addiction—in the physiological sense. Although some of the drugs mentioned can have bad side effects, the danger of such effects is one the physicians in question are well aware of, have studied, and keep very much in mind. The drugs being used are prescription drugs, they are not physiologically addictive for children, and the pediatricians who prescribe them no doubt feel that if they give them to children only with the informed consent of their parents, and then with care, the safeguards are adequate. Since pediatricians are conscientious, dedicated people, and there is fairly good reason to accept their assurances on this score, and since, anyway, the Food and Drug Administration polices their behavior, this risk need not concern us further.

The other medical risk to be considered is that of faulty diagnoses. While physicians seem to feel that they have avoided this risk, too, it is probable that they have not. When the drug is Ritalin or another of the amphetamine types, as it most often is, an error may correct itself: If the child isn't suffering from clinical hyperactivity, his pills will probably make him livelier. This is not true, however, for the tranquilizers.

The real reason why physicians are confident of their diagnoses seems to lie in the cooperation they have from school people who observe their patients' behavior day in, day out. The physicians working in this area lean on teachers very heavily, frequently giving as a reason for doing so their belief that teachers' judgments about children are objective.

In their great desire to help, however, physicians are inclined to trust teachers' judgments too much. One distinguished physician who has done a great deal of research in this area has used a check list for identifying children with an "emotional disturbance," which defines "deviancy" as doing anything disapproved by the teacher; it lists as abnormal behavior a child's dismantling his ballpoint pen, propping up his desk with his pencil, or stopping on the way back from the pencil sharpener to talk with someone or to look at things on the teacher's desk. When teachers' evaluations of children's behavior are that questionable (the reasons for this will be explained below), diagnoses based on their reports are questionable, too.

The three non-medical risks, though less tangible, are at least as serious. The first of these is the risk of contributing to the drug culture. As one Omaha parent remarked, "I don't want my child to grow up believing that as soon as things aren't going right, they can take a pill to make it better." The risk of disposing children psychologically toward drugs in general is in a sense an educational one. Since no one yet knows how to deal with it, and since at the same time medical people might be a bit overinclined to resort to medication, it would make sense for physicians themselves, parents, and school people who might influence a decision to put an overactive child on drugs, to keep this risk very much in mind.

The other two risks arise when the purpose of the drug is specifically the modifying of classroom behavior. The first has directly to do with education, one aim of which is to help children learn to regulate their behavior for themselves. For them to do this requires that they come to grips with their natural dispositions and learn to use in a certain way what Philip Jackson at the University of Chicago has nicely called their own "executive powers." Any form of intervention that relieves a restless or unruly child of the need, or deprives him of the opportunity, to use his executive powers deprives him to that extent of the chance to develop insight and skill in self-control. True, this is a price we constantly pay and have to pay so that school and life can go on. Still, for each child these opportunities are finite, and beyond a certain point interfering with his governing his own behavior jeopardizes his growth in independence.

The fifth risk is that of infringing on children's legal rights or their civil liberties. Recent court cases have brought to light a number of things school children do that teachers and principals think disruptive, but that the children are legally entitled to do, such as refusing to pledge allegiance to the flag, distributing political pamphlets, and, in many cases, wearing long hair and saying nasty things in school newspapers. There are no doubt other kinds of behavior that children have a right to engage in, and that are just as repugnant to teachers and prin-

(*Continued on page* 81)

—Reprinted from SR, January 4, 1958

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

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JOHN DEWEY IS ALIVE AND WELL IN NEW ENGLAND

—Walter H. Scott (Stockbridge School)

by RICHARD H. and SUSAN T. de LONE

Windsor Mountain School is not new to the business of doing away with "cherished, traditional, and outmoded" educational ideas. A coeducational boarding school for 250 high school students, it has no dress code, no rules about leaving campus to go in town, no censorship of student publications, no restrictions on student political activity, and no differential treatment of students and adults. A student court has sole power to suspend or expel. The student council makes all nonacademic rules, subject only to the joint veto of the headmaster and student body president and vice president. Last year, the student council voted to open the dorms during daytime and early evening hours to visitors of the opposite sex.

The school believes, that is, that students have rights; that they grow to be responsible, self-directing individuals through the exercise of freedom; and that they are intelligent beings, capable of thinking for themselves and of exercising intelligent choice, about drugs as well as other behavior.

In the catalogue of the Windsor Mountain School, a statement on drugs begins this way:

> The use of illegal drugs, mainly pot, LSD, and hashish, is widespread, spreading, and out of control. Drugs are available on almost every college campus, high school and private school. It is no longer a matter of temptation or availability, but it has become strictly a matter of choice and decision. Just as it is impossible to stop a girl from sleeping with a boy if she has made up her mind to do so, it is equally impossible to stop an adolescent from finding drugs if he or she has made up his mind to use them. . . . [While] many of us believe that drug use can and should be attacked and defeated [that will happen only if] we are willing to change our whole approach to education, character development, and adult responsibility [and do away with] many of our most cherished, traditional, and outmoded educational systems and preoccupations.

Windsor Mountain, in Lenox, Massachusetts, is one of a number of small, well-established boarding schools in New England with considerable experience in juggling that slippery, frequently contradictory set of ideas and ideals that John Dewey codified as progressive education a half century ago: how to place the student at the center of the curriculum; how to give him choice without drifting into anarchy; how to achieve individual freedom through creation of the school as community; how to prepare a student for the "real world" without so "adjusting" him that his creative impulse and aptitude for change are stifled; how to educate for an uncertain future without throwing out the past.

Dewey knew there were no final answers. He would have agreed with Heinz Bondy, Windsor Mountain's headmaster, that the "purpose of a school is not to run smoothly" but rather to be constantly changing, struggling, searching for answers. It is history that most progressive schools weren't up to the challenge. The paradoxes and polarities in Dewey's thought were too hard to balance. Some schools degenerated into "Auntie Mame" caricatures or the banalities of the "life adjustment" movement. Others simply retreated to bureaucratic conservatism. The aberrations of the movement were thrown out, but the crucial questions Dewey raised were thrown out too.

The questions are back today, emerging from the growing denunciation by parents, teachers, and, most of all, students of "factory" or "prison-like" public schools across the country; so are the demands for "relevance" or for student rights and power. We recently visited Windsor Mountain and a number of other New England schools with roots in the progressive tradition to see what lessons their experience might have for the variety of "free schools" now flowering (and frequently wilting); what critical dynamics were revealed in their long efforts to embrace tricky abstractions that schools in general are now being asked to face.

Windsor Mountain is the most "free" of the schools we visited, but it shares a number of characteristics with the other schools we visited: The Cambridge School of Weston, Massachusetts, Woodstock Country School and Putney, located in towns of the same name in Vermont, and the Stockbridge School in Stockbridge, Mass. All are fairly small coed boarding schools, ranging in size from Woodstock (100 students) to The Cambridge School (350); pupil-teacher ratios are low, averaging about 7 to 1, and student-

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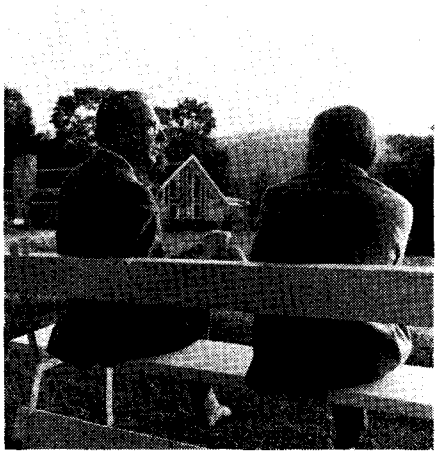
teacher relationships are close and informal.

By conventional standards, these are "good" schools. Traditionally, between 90 and 100 per cent of their graduates go on to college—frequently small colleges with an experimental tradition (Antioch, Bennington, Reed, Goddard). The Cambridge School, however, which was founded in 1886 to prepare the daughters of Cambridge professors for Radcliffe, still serves the children of many Cambridge professors, and many still go on to Harvard or Radcliffe. Putney, too, has sent more than 10 per cent of its graduates in the last five years to Harvard, but each school professes to be at least as concerned with producing creative, independent, sensitive human beings as it is with college preparation.

Each school is also situated on a large, lovely campus—usually someone's former estate—of 150 acres or more, and they are expensive. Tuitions, plus room and board, range from $3,600 to $4,200 a year. None has an endowment and thus, despite considerable effort to mount scholarship programs through diversion of tuition or donations, the students are predominantly white and upper-middle-class.



—Walter H. Scott (Stockbridge School)

Headmaster meets with a student on his outdoor "conference bench."

That is, these are advantaged schools for the advantaged. It is possible to argue, therefore, that their experience is not relevant to less adequately staffed and financed public schools for less advantaged students. But the opposite can be argued as well: These schools, because they are "advantaged," have the luxury of dealing with more fundamental educational questions than public schools, which are constantly preoccupied with debates over class size, student demeanor, bond issues, tax increases, contract negotiations, and similar matters.

Perhaps a more important generalization is that at each school quasi-scientific questions of pedagogic materials and methods are considered almost insignificant factors of good teaching, compared to the creation of a climate in which teachers feel free to experiment, improvise, and develop their own styles. Indeed, at each school teachers feel free to teach pretty much what they want in any way they wish without interference from the administration.

In the faculty lounge of The Cambridge School, for an example, we found three teachers in the middle of a lively (and never-ending) debate about whether there was too little or too much structure in the school. And while we were trying to take notes on it, a French teacher started telling us about her efforts to approach the teaching of language as social anthropology, and a music teacher interrupted to ask whether we wanted to know about the approach she was taking to composition. Instead of starting with theory she was trying to let theory evolve out of problems students met in composition. And a math teacher was explaining that next year she's throwing out Euclid so her slower students can get a real feel for geometry by devising their own axioms and theorems. Pedagogic freedom for teachers may not necessarily produce that kind of faculty vitality, but obviously the vitality cannot exist without it.

There are two crucial constraints on faculty freedom, however, at each school. One is college admissions standards, and the other is students. While none of the five schools view college preparation as its sole or even prime raison d'être, all believe students should be sufficiently prepared to have the choice if they do want to go to college. Therefore, each school has a minimum core of courses, necessary for entry to most colleges, in math, English, history, science, and foreign language.

Students and, to a lesser extent, faculty are beginning to question the rationale for required college preparatory courses, and some of the practices that have grown up in the effort to "have it both ways." At Putney, for instance, several students have suggested that the school's practice of withholding grades from students and their parents, but showing them to colleges, is "hypocritical," because, as one put it, "it tries to do two things at once." (Yet, they did feel it made students less "grade conscious"—the aim of the policy.)

Beyond the basic requirements, however, there is wide diversity in the curriculum. Teacher interests shape much of this diversity, but here the second constraint comes into play—the interests and evaluations of students. At each school, students are able to suggest courses, and, they almost unanimously agree, the schools are responsive to their requests. Students, for instance, asked for a comparative religions course offered at Woodstock last year. Students initiated the idea of a work trimester at The Cambridge School. All the schools have joint student-faculty committees reviewing the instructional program. More important than the formal structures, however, is the informal influence students inevitably exert because of their close relationship to teachers in a context that honors their right to express feelings and opinions. That's not always easy on the teachers.

"Like the students, the teachers have a framework to work in," said Heinz Bondy, headmaster of Windsor Mountain. "The problem is that their successes and failures are much more obvious. They fail if they don't reach the kids.

"It's damn tough to teach in a school like this. You have to stand up and expose yourself so a student will know you're not a hypocrite. And you have to have enough personal security not to use the kids to bolster your own ego."

Just as there is minimal concern with "methods and materials," there is little feeling that a major overhaul in rostering or organizing the curriculum is the key to making instruction relevant. Though there are variations in grouping practices, sometimes within the same school, scheduling of classes is by and large fairly conventional over the duration of a semester or a trimester.

The major exception is Woodstock, which has a year-round school calendar in four quarters, each quarter running for ten weeks with three-week vacations between sessions. Woodstock's former headmaster, William S. Kilbourne, Jr., thirty-three, feels the typical survey course "in attempting to accomplish everything usually accomplishes nothing." So each Woodstock course is a ten-week probing of a particular theme or topic. The result is a tremendous variety of courses—fourteen teachers provide more than 120 offerings during a year. Students select their program from a variety of selections grouped in broad general categories, as students do at many colleges. Some sample offerings: thermodynamics; the existential imagination; number theory; field ornithology (meets at 5 a.m.); poetry as experience, and the Tao.

In a history course, "The Enlightenment and the French Revolution," a seminar for eight students, the level of discussion of economic causes of the Revolution was impressive. For a mid-

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term exam, the teacher said, he had asked each student to study thoroughly the writings of an eighteenth-century philosophe of his choice. When they arrived at the exam, the students were asked to write about a problem their author had *not* discussed—from *his* point of view. That struck us not only as demanding but as an impressive effort to seek relevance by creative use of a traditional academic tool.

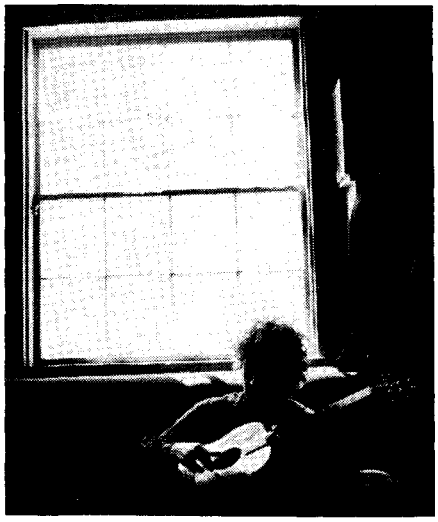
Holly Hickler's "humanities workshop" at The Cambridge School offers a different approach to relevance. Her class is an outgrowth of the school's "Seminar X" program: Any teacher (or teacher and group of students) can organize any kind of course, assuming only that it is financially feasible and the headmaster approves.

The workshop was studying "man and his law," and had been visiting a county court in Cambridge, generally observing its workings and following the case of a Harvard dropout who was arrested for possession of pot. There were nearly twenty students in the class, but the size did not seem to limit discussion as the students went about assembling a list of questions to present a Harvard law professor, the father of another student in the school, whom they had invited to come to the workshop.

As the class proceeded, we found ourselves wondering whether the students were really learning anything. They were reciting a lot of liberal cant about inequities in the court system, scoring the current liberal villains. Holly seemed unperturbed. She said little, occasionally reminding the class that they did have an objective, and, with things pretty much running themselves, the list of questions was compiled.

Several students stayed to talk with us after the class, and we found them also wondering how much they had really learned.

"I would have liked more conflict,"



—Woodstock School

". . . how to give him choice without anarchy . . ."

said one girl. "And more real knowledge too. We all make a lot of generalizations without really knowing what we're talking about."

Another girl agreed. "There's too much theory and not enough practical experience." She said a trimester spent working as a Head Start aide had been her "best course."

"Like, when I came back here and told about taking a hammer away from a little boy who was breaking things up, he [pointing to a boy who had identified himself as one of the school's radicals] jumped all over me. He said I was forcing my values on someone else and just should have done nothing. But he was talking in the abstract. It's much different when you have practical experience."

As a group, they wished they had gone further in some direction—either into something like encounter groups to probe their areas of disagreement, or into more "practical experience" or into more rigorous academic study.

Then it hit us that, of course, they really had learned something. Individually, and informally as a group, they had arrived at some agreements about the nature of learning. And, equally important, they were acting on their conclusion. They, not Holly, had invited the law professor so they could get some of the concrete information they wanted. In other words, they had reached an awareness and they were acting on it—an educational goal more often realized in rhetoric than in actuality.

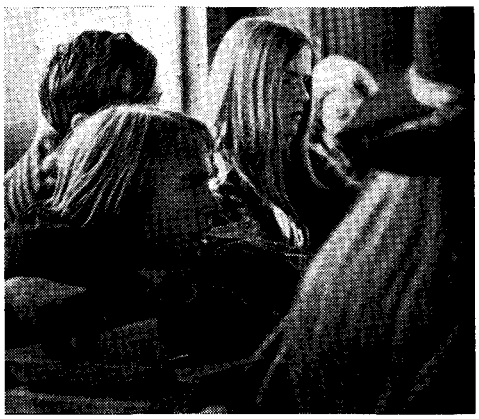
The murky question of "freedom in education" lurks behind issues of structure, relevance, student choice, student-teacher relationships, student government. It's easy enough to conceive a school that approaches absolute freedom, but it's harder to establish or *maintain* a concept of "freedom" in schools like these five—schools that think "freedom" is an important condition of education but that also believe in the value of a liberal arts education, the existence of esthetic standards, cognitive disciplines, and fields of knowledge important to a student's overall growth, and believe that there are societal and adult values (some good, some bad) that a student must at least learn to cope with.

Peter Rees, Putney's new director, feels "the pace of change, social disorganization, the unpredictability of the future—all these produce anxiety, stress, and despair for adolescents who are just becoming aware of similar turmoil in themselves." Rees, a forty-two-year-old psychologist, added: "I don't think we should allow schools to become disorganized as a cure for that. The school should draw tighter. The direction should not be toward a free school where everyone does what he wants. I know of no evidence that kids have to go through disarray to develop a sense of organization in themselves."

But the rhetoric is tricky. When Rees talks about tightening the structure, he doesn't mean bolting the desks to the floor and issuing bathroom passes. Instead, he means strengthening the sense of Putney as a community students can draw on for support in their own struggles. Last year, a student evaluation committee agreed this meant reaffirming some of the traditional values of the school: the work program which at Putney, as at Windsor Mountain and Stockbridge, is designed to give students a sense of physical competency and of real participation in making the community run; the emphasis on outdoor activity, whether it's hiking or canoeing or farming; and, perhaps most important, the basic human support students and faculty members can give each other.

A regular part of the Putney program has become discussion groups where

(*Continued on page* 83)



—Claudia Weill and Eliot Noyes, Jr. (Putney School)

". . . how to place the student at the center of the curriculum . . ."

—Claudia Weill and Eliot Noyes, Jr. (Putney School)

". . . how to achieve individual freedom through the school as community . . ."

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Schools Make News

Halloween Special: Hobgoblins and Witches

THREATS TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM, affecting not only the individual's freedom of speech but also faculty tenure, are cropping up more frequently across the country, and the American Political Science Association recently appointed a special member to its staff to define clearly the rights of professors and to investigate infractions.

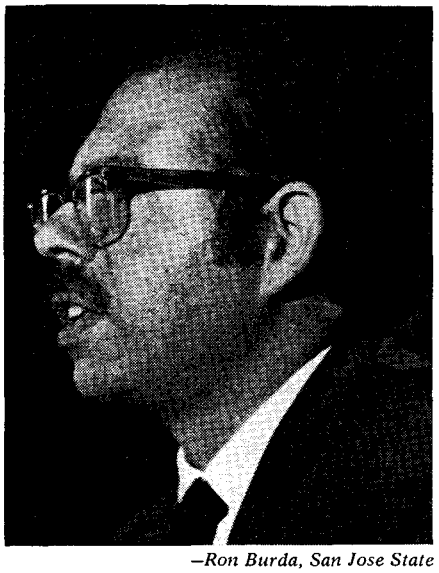
At their annual meeting in Los Angeles last month, the political scientists expressed "shock" and concern that the association was unable to prevent the dismissal of a professor with tenure, David Kettler, from Purdue University. Last spring, Mr. Kettler resigned his tenured post at Ohio State University to take a similar tenured position at Purdue. But during protests at Ohio State following U.S. troop movements into Cambodia, Mr. Kettler was involved with a group that tried to mediate between police and students to prevent violence. The Purdue board of trustees, reportedly acting under pressure from Indiana state politicians, ruled that these activities had contributed to student disorder and refused his appointment. Mr. Kettler accordingly accepted a $31,000 settlement and took a one-year position at Franconia College in New Hampshire.

A second controversy over tenure involved Jack H. Kurzweil, a thirty-two-year-old assistant professor of electrical engineering at San Jose State College, California. Although judged a "superior" teacher for two years by a campus hearing board and the college administration, Dr. Kurzweil has been denied tenure and will be dismissed at the end of the current academic year. His crime is that he would rather be wed to a Red. His wife Bettina Aptheker is an avowed Communist and the daughter of Herbert Aptheker, often regarded as the intellectual spokesman for the U.S. Communist Party. Dr. Kurzweil refuses to explain his own beliefs, saying that they are irrelevant to the issues of his tenure case.

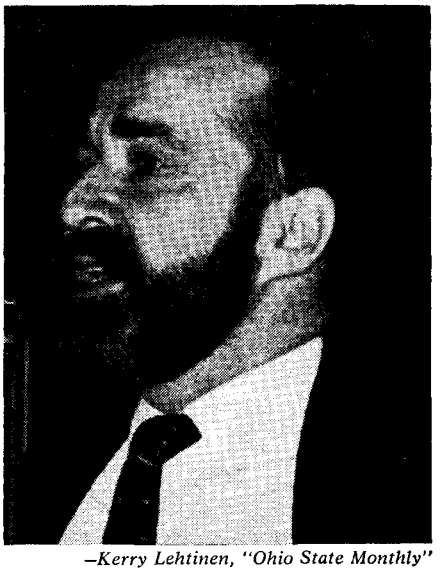
In a twenty-three-page report, Hobert W. Burns, who was replaced this August as acting president at San Jose, said he had received requests—"some very strong, perhaps threatening, and very demanding"—from three state legislators and six conservative members of his faculty that Kurzweil be refused tenure because of his political association. In the opinion of Burns, "Kurzweil is academically competent. He has earned tenure."

The Red chase has gone so far, however, that it has openly altered procedures for tenure and grievances in California's state colleges, shifting final appeal control from a statewide faculty panel, to which Kurzweil had appealed, to the chancellor of the state college system, Glenn S. Dumke, who ruled that "any serious doubts in a tenure decision must be resolved in favor of the institution."

Elsewhere, witch-hunting has also appeared in high schools. Last month, the Washington, D.C., school board complied with a request from the House District Investigations Subcommittee and submitted a list of school employees who had attended Antioch College in Ohio, an institution noted for experimentation and student activism. The subcommittee has been investigating the school system since last spring, checking for examples of crime and radicalism. The board reluctantly released the information, after legal counsel said that the government could obtain the list by subpoena if necessary. William Simons, head of the Washington Teachers' Union, has urged teachers not to say whether they went to Antioch and called the tactics a "return to McCarthyism."



–Ron Burda, San Jose State



–Kerry Lehtinen, "Ohio State Monthly"

Jack H. Kurzweil (l) and David Kettler (r), who have been denied academic tenure, in California and Indiana, respectively, for political reasons.

Suit Seeks to Smash Standards

IN NEW YORK CITY, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund has filed a federal court suit challenging the constitutionality of the city's system of licensing principals. School Board Chancellor Harvey Scribner has agreed that the grievances are valid.

Principals are appointed from an eligibility list compiled from the results of a series of tests prepared by the city's Board of Examiners. These tests, the suit charges, discriminate against blacks and Puerto Ricans, because they do not measure "fitness and merit" and because they don't "indicate a candidate's ability to do the job." The fund argued that the tests have made intimate knowledge of "esoteric culture" and the bureaucratic system essential for a passing grade, and have created "threatening conditions" because of the "unnecessary difficulty of written questions and the predominantly white composition of examining panels." Moreover, the fund charged that some forty black and Puerto Rican acting principals across the city would be replaced by the newly licensed principals if test results were allowed to stand because only 330 blacks and Puerto Ricans—versus 3,000 whites—were eligible to take the November tests.

Dr. Scribner told the Board of Education last month that he did not intend to fight the suit in court. He said that the city should scrap its long-standing examination and licensing procedures for both teachers and supervisors and use state certification (awarded on the basis of college programs and experience) as a minimum requirement for appointment, letting the thirty-one local community boards develop their own specific hiring criteria. The use of state certification, instead of reliance on a "remote and centralized" Board of Examiners, would, he said, eliminate selective principal eligibility lists and give the community boards more freedom in

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choosing qualified candidates from any possible source.

In a related move to broaden the spectrum of people involved in the public schools, five universities have begun an experimental program to train people from other professions as public school administrators. Funded by the U.S. Office of Education, the five institutions—Ohio State University, the City University of New York, Northwestern University, the University of Texas, and the Claremont Colleges of California—will each offer four candidates high salaries for two years while they learn the theoretical and practical problems involved in administering today's school systems. Candidates can either take formal courses or work in school administrations and community projects.

Hair Becomes the Plaintiff

" 'Youth,' one of the biggest markets in our consumer economy, is exhorted to buy records, clothes, cars, skin creams, and birth control pills, but permitted to take no active role in choosing what to read for a history course, allowed neither to express political views in a school newspaper nor to stay out past the local curfew."

So writes Jean Strouse in a new book, *Up Against the Law: The Legal Rights of People Under 21* (New American Library, 269 pp., 95 cents). It is one of a number of recent attempts to define, in an age of student protest, the legal role and rights of students in society and to outline exactly what students can do within the limits of the law.

In a readable question-and-answer format, Miss Strouse points out that there is no body of Constitutional law on the subject of student rights, but that recent opinions of the courts at various levels have said that students are citizens with the right of peaceful protest, long hair, free speech, freedom of the press, and due process of law.

Miss Strouse raises a lot of questions currently under debate: Do students have the right to draft counseling? Can high schools invite controversial guest speakers? Can officials censor school newspapers for political reasons, or on the basis of legal standards of obscenity and libel? Can students be suspended or expelled without the due process of hearings? These issues, she says, will have to be decided by the Supreme Court, but students will not be handed their rights; they must work for them in the courts.

This fall in New York City, the Board of Education put into effect the first big-city student rights code. The "Statement of Rights and Responsibilities of Senior High School Students" details the personal and political freedoms of students, acknowledging their right of peaceful dissent, their right to join political organizations that champion "unpopular" causes, and their right to a voice in school matters that concern them. Students can determine their own dress and can use school newspapers to express wide ranges of student opinion. As outlined by state law, a hearing must be held within five days of suspension and a procedure of appeals set up through the central Board of Education must be followed.

But the New York Civil Liberties Union quickly condemned the code, saying that it contained nothing that students had not already won in court (except for the right to distribute leaflets without prior censorship on some parts of school property) and might prove to be largely unenforceable. In a school system that last year suspended 18,000 high school students out of a total 275,000 enrollment, the NYCLU would like to see provision for hearings before suspension so that students would not be condemned before they are declared guilty.

To correct what it considers to be inadequacies in the Board of Education's pamphlet, the NYCLU last month distributed 200,000 copies of its own newly compiled *Student Rights Handbook*. It incorporates those rights recognized by the Board of Education, and tells students what to do if they are suspended, illegally transferred, or stopped in the hall for an interview by the police. It also answers questions about pregnancy, draft counseling, and parents' right to review school records. (Copies are available from the Student Rights Project, New York Civil Liberties Union, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.)

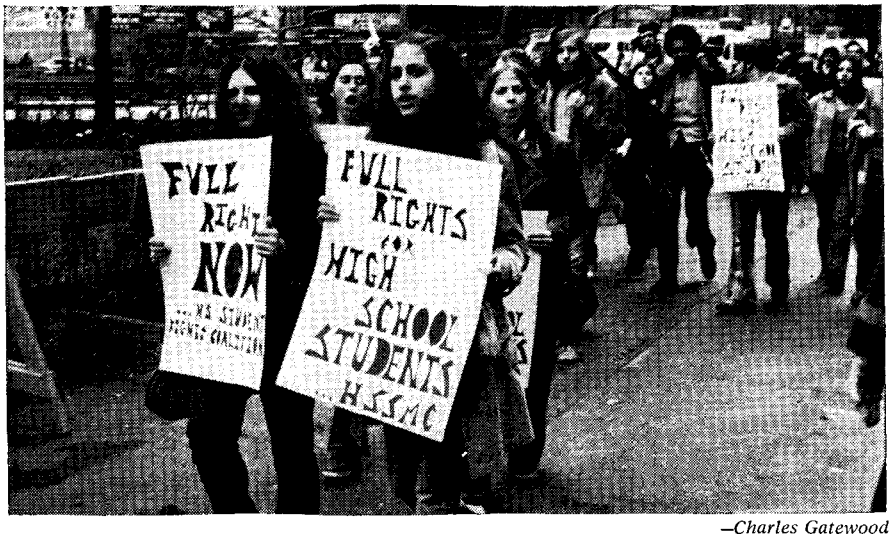
On the Scholastic Warpath

AN INDIAN organization, TRIBE, Inc. (Teaching and Research in Bicultural Education), will soon open and direct an experimental learning center at a former Job Corps site in Acadia National Park, near Bar Harbor, Maine, to help Indian school dropouts continue their education.

The center will open with twenty dropouts and expects a full enrollment of 124 by the fall of 1971. Indians will be recruited from the tribes of New England and eastern Canada. According to the center's director, Michael Crawford, a twenty-six-year-old Penobscot Indian, up to 90 per cent of the Indians who begin American and Canadian high schools never complete the twelfth grade, because they lack confidence in the existing system. At the experimental center, however, he said, "these students will be consultants, and they'll help us determine what is the best school to have."

Degrees à la Carte

AN *SR* editor recently received an engraved invitation to be awarded an honorary "Doctor of Letters" degree from an outfit called North American University, which listed its return address as a post office box in Salome, Arizona. A mimeographed form accompanying the invitation noted it was not necessary to attend a graduation ceremony at ol' NAU, that the certificate would be mailed, but that there was a $50 fee "to cover the cost of handling this degree, and to maintain an official transcript for the degree." We did a little checking up and found that while there is no North American University listed in the Salome telephone book, the NAU degree guarantees that the recipients' laundry will be "whiter than white."



—Charles Gatewood

"Students will not be handed their rights; they must work for them in the courts."

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

Student Power

WHETHER A UNIVERSITY ought to be governed by students, faculty, administrators, or a lay board is one of the hottest topics on campuses today. Most board members are convinced that they have, and ought to have, the final authority, and, particularly in state institutions, they have the law behind them. Administrators, relying on a tradition that goes back at least a century in the United States, believe that while faculty members may recommend policy, an administrator should make the decision or, at the minimum, have a veto. Faculty members, relying on a much longer tradition, insist that the faculty *is* the university, that administrators are mere bureaucrats, and that a lay board should be content with raising money and acting as a buffer between the university and the public. Now that the students are getting into the act, demanding the right not only to govern themselves but to decide what they shall be taught and by whom, the battle has become a four-way affair.

Should Students Share the Power? by Earl J. McGrath (Temple University Press, $2.45, 124 pp.) explores the history of the power structure of higher education, reports the results of a recent poll, and then comes up with a conclusion that will please the students, alarm many faculty members, and arouse the ire of Spiro Agnew and Martha Mitchell. But the fact that McGrath is an elder statesman in education who has been U.S. Commissioner of Education and has held positions as dean, president, and chancellor of several universities will cause administrators to listen to his views.

McGrath reminds his readers that the earliest universities—those that sprang up in Italy during the twelfth century—were private guilds created by students, who elected their own executive officer and through him imposed rigid controls over both the professional activities and the community relationships of teachers. They prescribed the hours when the teacher should hold his classes, the character of his lectures, the content of the examinations, and the amount of his remuneration. A few centuries later, particularly in the English universities, where the students were younger than in Italy, the professors took control: "Oxford and Cambridge were cloistered preparatory schools tutoring junior apprentice clerics. . . . Hence, the leaders of church and state in England considered it entirely proper to turn over power for the internal operation of the colleges to the doctors and masters—the faculty."

Early American colleges followed the English precedent regarding faculty control of student life, but rather than rely on these masters to be their own trustees, as they were at Oxford and Cambridge, adopted the Scottish form of academic governance whereby a group of laymen served as the ultimate governing body of the institution. In recent years, however, the faculty has taken over much of the power that once resided in the governing board.

Only a few American colleges have altered the balance of power in favor of students. McGrath cites Antioch as a prime example and mentions Bennington, Sarah Lawrence, Goddard, Marlboro, Roosevelt University, and, more recently, Otterbein as other examples. He also gives attention to Canadian universities that have given students a larger role in policy-making. After examining the results achieved by these colleges, McGrath concludes: "Where students have been fully involved in academic government, they have typically discharged their responsibilities with effectiveness and dignity."

McGrath then reports the results of a poll instituted by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1969. The responses from 875 colleges and universities indicate that while most of them have not yet moved very far, the trend is clearly in the direction of a larger voice for students. Of the institutions responding, 88.3 per cent have admitted students to membership on at least one policy-making body. Only 20 per cent admit them to board meetings, and only 2.7 per cent of the boards give them a vote; but, in the kinds of policy-making for which the faculty usually is responsible, the student role is substantially greater. About one institution in four now has students on its executive committees, and nearly half (most of them the smaller liberal arts colleges) include students as voting members on curriculum committees. However, only 3.3 per cent of the colleges and universities give students voting membership on the committees that govern faculty selection, promotion, and tenure.

College presidents were also asked to give their own opinions on the sub-

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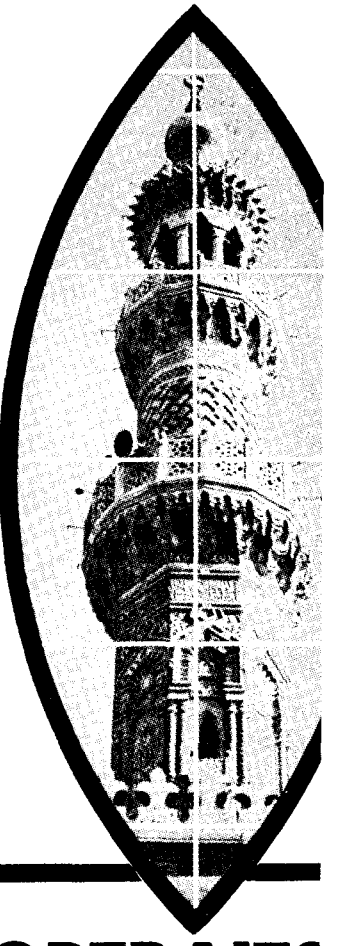

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Lippincott's famous Portraits of the Nations series takes adventurous young minds to more than seventy countries. Introducing them to the people. Showing them contemporary life. Separating historical fact from folklore. Investigating the economic system. Explaining the beliefs, social characteristics, and traditions of the country. Surveying its topographical and economic geography.

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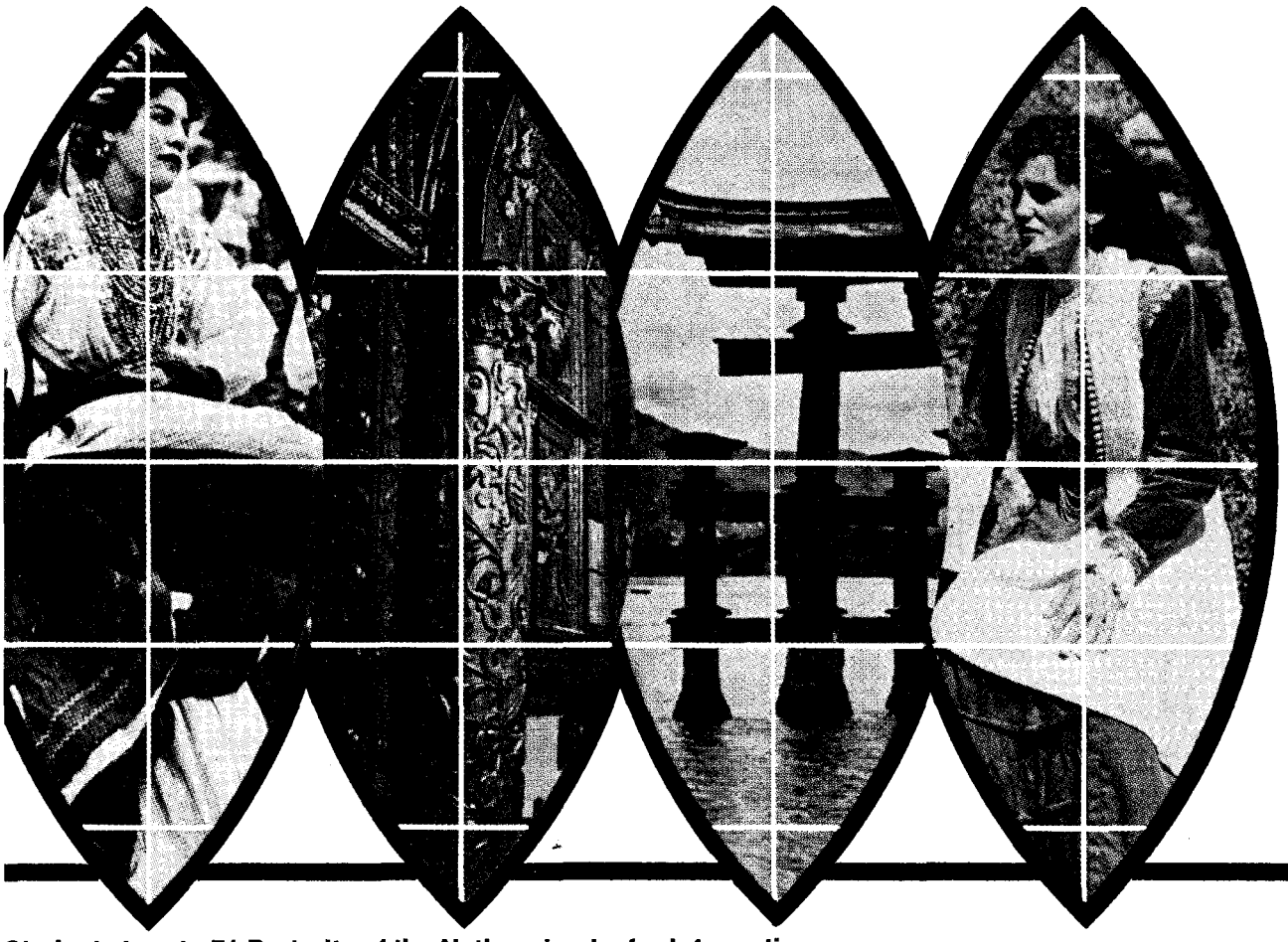

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Price: Lippincott Longlife Binding, $3.39.

Note: *Lippincott's editors are alert to the possible need to update and revise these books, and some titles have gone through as many as three major revisions.*

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ject of student participation in policy-making. Summarizing their responses, McGrath concludes, "The weight of opinion and practice indicates wide acceptance of the idea that students should have some voice in the bodies which determine the purposes and programs of institutions of higher education." But he quickly adds, "Except for those on the radical fringe, almost no members of the academic society contend that because students are the most numerous citizens of the commonwealth of learning, they should universally have the majority representation in its deliberative bodies."

My own experience, in a college that gives students a vote on all policy-making committees, supports both McGrath's general conclusion and his qualification of it. It is true that students can contribute valuable insights to institutional problems, that they can assist in the improvement of the curriculum, that their judgments of teaching quality usually are valid, and that they can participate in policy-making with restraint and dignity. But it is also true that when they gain a vote on policy-making committees, some of the more militant immediately demand that they be given the majority vote, supporting the demand with exactly the argument that McGrath rules invalid—that they "are the most numerous citizens of the commonwealth of learning." This is an understandable reaction, which has been noted throughout history whenever a previously disenfranchised group is given a voice, but it ignores the fundamental difference between educational and political institutions. Students and their teachers are equals socially and politically, but their judgments on academic matters cannot be equated, because students have not yet had the same opportunity as teachers to gain the knowledge, insights, experience, and wisdom that must provide the basis for academic decision-making. If students and their teachers were equals in educational background, there would be no need for institutions of learning and surely no justification for paying the faculty.

Sound decision-making requires a judicious blending of the best judgments of all the groups that make up an academic community. Finding the proper balance remains a task for the years ahead. There is no doubt that students will have a larger voice than they have had in the recent past, and they should, but it is unlikely that they will gain the final authority.

UPROOTED CHILDREN, by Robert Coles. Foreword by Senator Walter F. Mondale *(University of Pittsburgh Press, 142 pp., $3.95);* **STILL HUNGRY IN AMERICA, by Robert Coles and Al Clayton. Introduction by Senator Edward M. Kennedy** *(World, 115 pp., $6.95);* **THE IMAGE IS YOU, by Robert Coles. Edited by Donald Erceg, with photographs by Roxbury children** *(Houghton Mifflin, 102 pp., $5.95);* **WAGES OF NEGLECT, by Robert Coles and Maria Piers. Photographs by Stephen L. Feldman** *(Quadrangle, 191 pp., $5.95);* **TEACHERS AND THE CHILDREN OF POVERTY, by Robert Coles. Photographs by Joe Molnar** *(Potomac Institute, 111 pp., $2)*

Reviewed by Leslie Dunbar

Robert Coles is a man of the Sixties, and like all that decade and its characteristic men and events, he has been absorbed, sometimes almost unbearably so, with America, its vision of itself, and the vision's reality. The decade and its men confronted the nation as no generation in our history has done. The inertness of the Fifties gave way in the Kennedy years to an awareness of faults and an urgent wish to do something about them; in turn, the Johnson and Nixon years have produced—have caused—a widely felt concern as to whether we can or will master those faults. This concern has many degrees that span the political spectrum from the now-leaderless liberals, who once followed Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, to the far reaches of the New Left. To many, *efficient* America seems revealed a worn-out phony; *liberal* America only a sham in this the latest of a series of administrations subservient to the military; *good* America hardly to be mentioned midst all the human decay; and the *heroic* America hymned by Whitman and Sandburg scarcely credible in this time of Vietnam.

Not all, however, who shared the awareness of the early Sixties have gone on to these doubts. Never—and here one can merely offer his own perception—had Robert Kennedy or Martin Luther King lost hope, and one feels about them that they would not have. In all their resolve, their restlessness, their inner mystery, they may well have been the archetypal men of the Sixties; no men in our entire national history more fully pledged their fates to conviction that the American polity could meet its challenges. Two of the books above are dedicated to them, and it is therefore not surprising that Coles also stays with them in their belief in the nation.

Not that Coles is ever far from the questioning, and a questioning carried on by those who have every right. A mountain man tells him—and us:

> In the Bible we have, the family Bible—it goes back to 1823, and we were here before then, I know that—there's a letter from the first ancestor of mine to build a house and settle down. He said he was going to bless America every day for the rest of his life, and he was writing the letter to everyone who came after him, so that they would do the same, bless America every day of their lives, because of all it does for you. And when I was a boy, that's what we had to do. My daddy said he wasn't so sure we should continue, but he said he didn't dare stop, or else we'd have nothing at all, not even what we can grow in the summer and use later—God would take everything. Well, He just about has, that's what I told the minister last year. He said no, it was a stage the country was going through, and things would get better someday. So, that's when I said OK, no more blessing America. We'll stay with church on Sunday, I said to my wife, but no more blessing of America, not until we can have at least one good meal a week, and feel full for it—on Sunday, maybe; that would be a good day for it, Sunday.

But the answer comes a few pages further on:

> the plain, blunt horror of what exists and what ought to be changed (and in America can be changed) makes our clever minds first ashamed, then challenged—yes, challenged to invent all sorts of face-saving camouflages, wordy and abstract formulations that make the awful and the dishonest seem by rights here to stay.

I have quoted these two passages because in them they contain or suggest much that Coles insistently has written since the early Sixties. As psychiatrist, doctor, and researcher, he has traveled among the poor and oppressed of this country—white and black, North and South—and has grown intimate with many lives. He has poured out a stream of articles and books about the poor, and how they live and sustain themselves against the stresses of their situation. Early on, he did a few fairly technical papers for the academic societies, paying as it were his dues and earning his license to speak naturally. His scientific mentors, besides Freud himself, are chiefly Anna Freud and Erik Erikson, and like them his quest is for the strength and needs of the ego more than for the problems that beset the unconscious. He is first of all a child psychiatrist, and the one large part of his thought that the above quotations do not reflect is his constant preoccupation with children. He is nothing if not generous to those whom he draws upon, and another to whom he frequently gives acknowledgment is James Agee. Like Agee, he not only is driven to seek an understanding of the poor, but—and this is not an unim-

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portant detail—likes to work with a photographer. Probably the best of these books—and it is very, very good—is *Still Hungry in America*, where he and Al Clayton, a perfectly suited as well as extraordinarily gifted photographer, tell in collaboration something (not all, one must believe) of what it is to be poor and black in the Mississippi Delta and the city of Atlanta, and poor and of any color in east Kentucky. Together they tell it with a clarity and an absolute truth that words alone could not.

Coles is one of the very few scholars who has managed the surpassingly difficult and complicated task of remaining a scholar while personally participating in the civil rights and anti-poverty movement; Kenneth Clark, Richard Cloward, Vincent Harding, and Howard Zinn are some of the others. Like each of those men, Coles is known and called by his nickname by hundreds of persons tucked away in the interstices of today's social movements. He has doctored them in Mississippi, been their expert witness in court cases, their counselor in periodic crackups, their champion before Congressional committees, and the friend and nurturer of some of the best young talent beginning to work in this country. But if as a person he is committed, as a scholar he is characteristically tentative and cautious. "My conclusions," he points out, "are not sweeping, categorical, or easily translated into one or another 'program.'"

Along with a disinclination to father programs, there is another aspect of this caution. Coles is and has been working on a large study of children under external stress. There are to be three volumes, under the general title *Children in Crisis*; when completed, the study may well become one of the dominant psychological works of this century. The first, about Southern children in times of school desegregation, was published in 1968, and is a magnificent book. The second will treat of migrant farm and mountain children, the third of children in Northern ghettos. Years of field work has been done on each; all of the books here reviewed are chips in their workshop. All of these, just as did the first volume, *Children of Crisis*, report that children have reserves of emotional and intellectual strength that enable many of them to keep their personalities intact and to do well when subjected to harsh trials.

But "extreme poverty, some romantic notions notwithstanding, does not ennoble the soul any more than it steels the body," writes Coles in *Wages of Neglect*. "On the contrary, poverty can stunt a young child's emotions and intellect as well as his body; and poverty can influence adversely the way parents and children get along with each other, on which all child development hinges." Coles repeatedly raises this issue of the effects of poverty on child development. This is not a usual debate within psychoanalysis, a discipline that traditionally has had more interest in the effects of a personality on society than in society's impact on the personality's development. Coles is explicit in recognizing his deviation. "I began to see how closely these children's internal and external worlds are connected—so closely that overemphasizing either world does no justice to the essence of childhood. . . . Who can really separate the social pressures upon a person from *him*, from his mind?"

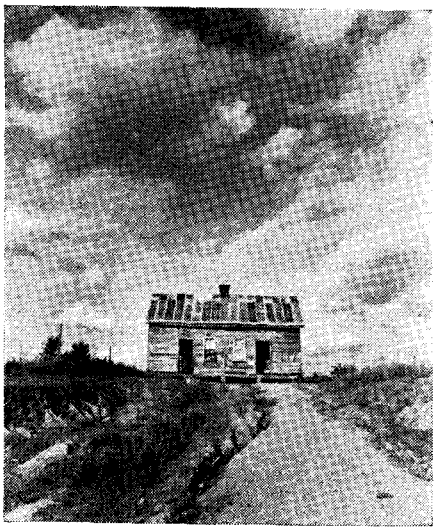
It is from these perspectives that he "must insist that migrant children have a very special psychological fate—and one that is unusually hard for them to endure." *Uprooted Children* is an important book, perhaps the most valuable thing now in print on that part of America's boastful agricultural industry, the migrant workers. Like *Still Hungry in America*, it is a long, unbroken essay, and the best written of these reviewed here. In it, as in all his writings, he is clutching for a way to be heard, wondering and despairing and even anxious that he and others are not sufficiently heard as they tell what America is like, tell in this case of some Americans and "how literally extraordinary and, in fact, how extraordinarily cruel their lives are."

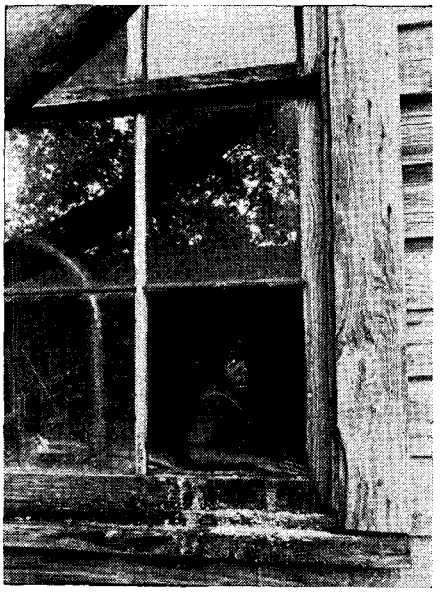
Migrant children grow up "grimly and decisively fast," animated and "tenacious of life" in early childhood, but by seven or eight "far too composed, restrained, stiff, and sullen"; they experience "an ebb of life, even a drain of life." To sum up, "I would probably say care is lost: the child stops caring, hardens himself or herself to the coming battle. . . . How utterly, perhaps unspeakably, devastating a migrant life can be for children."

> There are moments, and I believe this is one of them, when even doctors or social scientists or observers or whoever justly have to throw up their hands in heaviness of heart and dismay and disgust and say, in desperation: God save them, those children; and for allowing such a state of affairs to continue, God save us, too.

As I have said, *Still Hungry in America* and *Uprooted Children* seem to me to be the most important of these books (the latter will be a section of the second volume of *Children in Crisis*). The other three have slimmer but nevertheless real merits.

The Image Is You is a minor gem. Some children from the Roxbury sec-





—Photos by Al Clayton from "Still Hungry in America"

Like Agee, Coles "likes to work with a photographer. Together [they tell the story] with a clarity and an absolute truth that words alone could not."

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tion of Boston were loaned Polaroid cameras, and they took snapshots of themselves and their neighborhood. Forty of these are here reproduced, and at least to this viewer they are beautiful, like Impressionist paintings in the way they invite memories of faces and scenes that one decides must be universal. Along with them are excerpts from some of Coles's interviews in Roxbury. He works with a tape recorder, and the transcripts become his "data." These excerpts are powerful in the way they lay bare black Boston, and after one reads them one wonders what more possibly needs to be said to describe that life.

Wages of Neglect, of which Maria Piers is co-author, is a book that doesn't satisfy, even though parts of it seem to be raising some new and interesting questions. The book attempts more than, given its size, it can manage. Its subject is the children of poverty and how they may be taught or helped when they need help.

Teachers and Children of Poverty is a different story. It is the only one of this group that was specially researched; a board of distinguished advisers and readers guided its preparation. Coles visited thirteen cities, scattered over the country, and in each studied classrooms that make some claim of success in teaching what are called disadvantaged children. The intent was to learn what works.

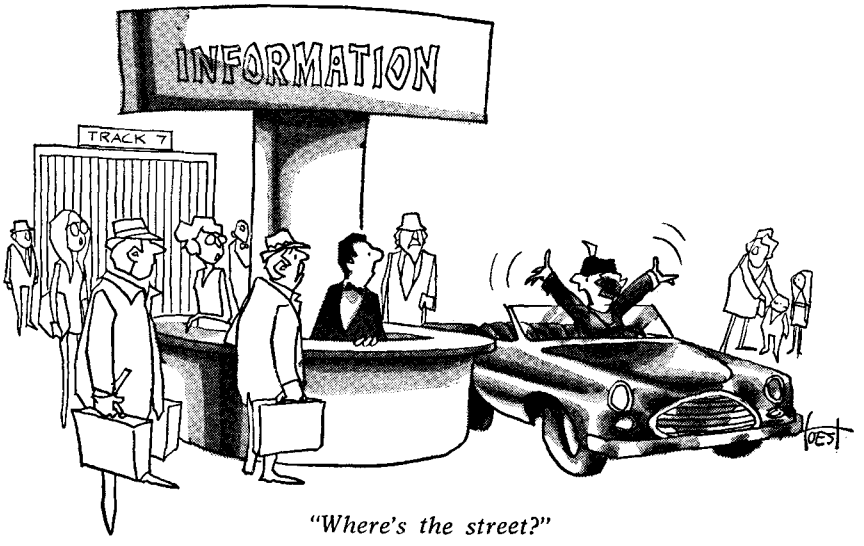
His finding is almost wholly on the side of good teaching. If I read him correctly, he is saying that whenever you find good teaching you find children learning, no matter what kinds of homes they come from or buildings they hold class in. Good teaching can itself be learned; it is not a mystery and it is not a gift. Its main ingredients are an imparting to the child of some self-confidence, a making of demands on him, and in general a building of a climate of hope. He tells teachers that their very profession is to respond to the plea to be noticed, to be paid attention to, that over and over comes from the child. But he also concludes "that a whole nation must change its standards, its purposes, and even its values before many of our teachers will in turn change their ways of thinking and acting."

Such conclusions are all very fine, and fine too are the children's drawings reproduced in this big book. I have not yet noted that in addition to a tape recorder Coles travels, and works, with paper and crayons. As a psychiatrist, he has been specially interested in how children express themselves by drawing, and some of the drawings in this book and his interpretations of them are deeply interesting. (There are a few drawings in *Uprooted Children*, too.)

So this is a good book. But because it jumps from city to city, it is not a book that yields up the chance to know someone's life and place (if we turn out to be capable of such knowledge), and offering that kind of opportunity has always been the primary value of Coles's work.

There is much more in these books, and in them too is Coles's own intensity. He has never called himself a "social" psychiatrist, but always a clinician, a man who, if he knows nothing else, does know where life is. He has, with rare persistence for a decade now, described how ferociously we treat our weak. He has done it without ever uprooting himself from the conviction that America will, someday, hear and respond to its children. It is remarkable how often he talks about, flails at, appeals to "America." Perhaps it is out of a fear that this vision-possessed country will become, instead of a caring place, a hideous and cruel one indeed.

Leslie Dunbar is executive director of the Field Foundation, New York City.



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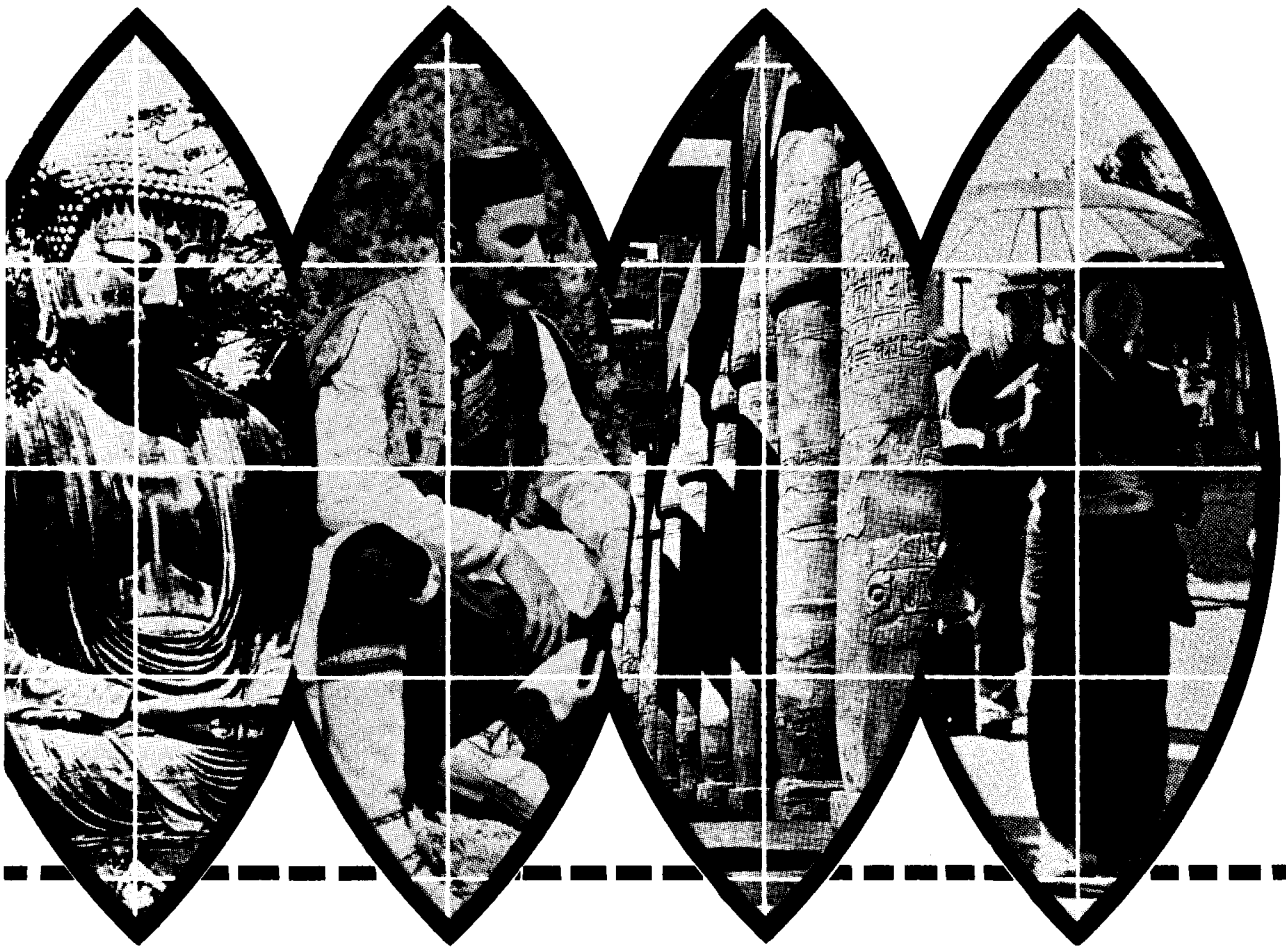

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IN THE EARLY WORLD

by Elwyn S. Richardson

Pantheon Books, 217 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by June Jordan

In the Early World documents a twelve-year teaching career. The book jacket says that the teacher, Elwyn Richardson, originally went to a rural district of northern New Zealand, looking for mollusks; instead, he found himself creating a school for children. In this volume, he presents his memories and interpretations of the classroom that lead him to several debatable conclusions about teaching and about the nature of creative expression. However, what his students produced is not debatable; it is splendid work. Happily, their work serves as a grand, unforgettable illustration of his classroom log. As a visual offering of children's work, this is surely the most handsome tribute to younger people anyone can find. It is an unstinting reproduction of excitement in poems, lino cuttings, fabric patterns, and the like. Willow and cabbage trees, pukeko, thrushes and herons, bees, blowflies, wasps, and valley sounds surprise the reading eyes, from page to page, from handicraft to verse, from child to child.

Yet, this is a ponderous anthology; one cannot easily ignore the teacher's text that swarms around these bright accomplishments and that meanders into afterthought analysis and into articulation of the obvious. To his credit, however, Richardson learned to encourage children by asking them real questions, and he learned to emphasize the worthy features of a whole product; he learned how to say, "Your cup is half full," without bothering to add that the cup was also half empty. For these things alone, we must admire him.

This is the second New Zealand teacher's book I have seen. The earlier, "early world" report was *Teacher* by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. She gave us an account that still kindles with the loving science of instruction. Published seven years ago, *Teacher* supplied enough information so that one could assess the pertinence and courage of her striving. Regarded as heretical and subversive by the school authorities, she was also a drinking intimate of the parents. Her school flourished in a severely impoverished, barely populated village area where the children knew hard hands, loud voices, bitterness, and other reactions to poverty. All of her students were first-graders, and she approached them with an earnest discrimination: White "settler" descendants and Maoris were, one by one, solicited for active membership in the learning community.

By contrast, we encounter Elwyn Richardson almost out of context. For example, where is he teaching? As best as I could determine, his school is near some place that claimed a total population of 214 a few years ago. Second, except for the photographs, one would not realize that his students formed an integrated group of "settlers" and Maoris. Nor does one know what grades his school included. Another unknown is the number of students at any given time and the number of classrooms. A poem by a seven-year-old appears next to a poem by a child of fourteen. Does this mean that children of all ages worked in the same room? Such questions frustrate any serious effort to understand what happened.

We do know that the children learned how to work with clay. Subsequently, they investigated more and more crafting skills. However, we don't know how much of the school day went this way. Clay and pottery are perfectly wonderful techniques for the happy, physical engagement of energetic kids. But where is the relevance to conventional intellectual training? The conventions require ease among abstractions and competence in the various disciplines that increasingly rule our lives. If an elementary school prepares one for participation in these traditions, then I must ask: What about the pots? Pots and more pots.

Sylvia Ashton-Warner manifestly found it possible to respect and keep the children happy while they, nevertheless, learned what they could, according to conventional standards. She began by teaching them words and numbers. Richardson lets us see what the kids did with their hands and makes us worry about what took place inside their heads.

—From the book

"Crab," by Jennifer

Numbers: Richardson found that children like it when they can use or see numbers, as when they boil a coat and measure the shrinkage. But beyond the boiling of coats and the counting of sugar teaspoons, what did they learn about number? "I am sure that this attitude of enjoyment assisted many to succeed where they would have otherwise failed. *I am sure that the children went through the school with a clearer idea of the meaning of number, although few went on to pass in mathematics at higher examination levels.*" [Italics added.] What? This is the problem: What did Richardson intend? As a teacher, did he decide that his barefoot, isolated students should simply prepare for the "creative" enjoyment of continuing poverty and isolation from the mainstream of white "settler" New Zealand? Did he decide it was not important, or appropriate, for his students to advance from pottery and other manual delights on to white settler levels of intellectual training?

It's hard to say anything about the intellectual accomplishments of the school; episode and anecdote poorly substitute for program and principle. Social studies: When the children encircled a local myth about "settler"/Maori confrontation, they wrote fragments upon fragments that resemble talking cameras. One finds no emotional commitment. It is impossible to tell whether or not one is reading the response of an Maori.

> And he saw the bones of dead men
> Lying at the foot of the pa,
> Some were stuck into the ground
> Like branches.
> by Christopher [White? Maori?]

> Through the strangling and dusty ferns,
> The warlike tribe of Maoris crept
> while white lines of musty fog
> drooped down from the stillness of the trees' leaves.
> by Jennifer and Valeric [Ages? Maori?]

The neutrality of this type of writing is analogous to an integrated Mississippi or Brooklyn classroom in which the kids say completely indistinguishable things when reporting on the Reconstruction Era. If one cannot surmise who is whose descendant, slave or slaveholder, white settler or aboriginal native, I think something's wrong with the teaching.

Richardson also insisted upon "values" in creative work. He asserts that, unless you inculcate values, unless you turn the children's work over to the group for good-better-best judgment, the "creative development" of the child

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—From the book

"Goldfinches," by Kathleen

will be arrested. These ideas conflict with everything I know to be true. I have never found comparison and judgment helpful in creative work—except within the same individual's work history. ("You're stronger." "You're not as clear as last week," etc.) Since Richardson insisted on transpersonal competition, I would like to know the results. What happened to those kids whose poems never got pinned to the display board, the kids whose pots were never elected to the display shelf? There were many such children.

Here is an example of Richardson's judgment:

The Gorse and Me
Oh the gorse as it stings
When it pricks into many things.
When I disturb them
How they determine the soft places,
Leaving all the traces.
by Neville [Age? Last name?]

Richardson: "I saw that if this was the manner of children's poetry it was clear that there would be few children who would become poets." What's wrong with Neville's little verse is that, according to Richardson, a gorse bush cannot literally do any such thing as "determine the soft places." In this sense, Neville is not "accurate." Yet, despite his teacher's dedication to literal accuracy, there are other poems that show another kind of truth: the kind that occurs to the really open, young mind before conventional rules of perception diminish reality:

There are bananas that I can see;
There are drinks on the shelves,
ice-cream in the freezer as hard as bullets,
when I see something, my mouth gets hungry.
Beer and biscuits and bottles on the shelves
Waiting for someone to take them home.
Wood for shelves. Rotten iron on the roof.
Sweets that smell, waiting for people.
Chewing gum chewing, chewing gum, glop, chop,
Their teeth crack against the chewing gum.
by Glennis
[How old was he?
What is his last name?]

The children's woodcuts and lino cuttings also reveal a truth that is not literal. In these handicrafts, the children prove that a pine tree looks different to every single pair of eyes—until the classroom challenges the value of individual vision.

It would seem that the children came to a wonderful camp where they mostly enjoyed themselves. I don't know many kids who would refuse to spend a summer with Elwyn Richardson. But he was running a school. Was it a good school? I hope he will write a sequel to *In the Early World* and let us know.

June Jordan is the author of Who Look at Me. *She has co-directed the Voice of the Children, Inc., a creative writing workshop for children, and is currently teaching at Sarah Lawrence College.*

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Classroom Peace?

Continued from page 68

cipals, but on which the courts haven't yet ruled. Actually, according to legal theory, the only objectionable behavior the school has a right to control is that which it *must* control in order to accomplish its job and protect persons and the institution. Going still further, civil libertarians and some educators hold that over and above behavior protected by law, there are many other things a child should be free to do, however objectionable they may be. For legal reasons, then, and perhaps educational and moral ones, too, the kinds of behavior the school tries to bring under control should be limited. Whether the school's effort along this line is aimed directly at the student or channeled through his parent or doctor, there is always the risk of its pushing beyond that limit.

Neither school people nor physicians concerned with "children with special problems" show much concern about any of these non-medical risks. Why? Since they have to do with learning and the conduct of schools, it seems fair to attribute the physicians' obliviousness of them to the educators' not having pointed them out. Who could be expected to know as much as educators do about ways of helping children develop mental health, about the classroom conditions under which children can best learn self-control, and about the proper extent of their rights and liberties? Who should be more able to gauge the extent to which a child's behavior in school is productive, legitimate, disruptive, or dangerous?

Unfortunately, while educators are aware of the issues in a general way, most are themselves as oblivious of the practical risks as physicians. This is why they are satisfied that control of classroom hyperactivity through drugs is strictly a medical matter. The root of the trouble is that they have no rationally thought-out criteria for disciplinary practice in general, so that their decisions about it can only be intuitive and subjective. Thus, behavior that some teachers regard as healthy, constructive, and within children's rights causes others great concern.

As long as this remains so, physicians, parents, and teachers themselves should not look upon teachers' negative assessments of children's behavior as informed professional judgments but take them with a grain of salt. Several grains, indeed, because of a number of factors tending to distort those assessments in the direction of repressiveness. These factors have been studied so little that most people are hardly aware of them. Four are

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particularly important to understand.

First, a special ideology about discipline holds sway in most American schools. One aspect of it is the idea that children will not only behave best but learn best how to regulate their behavior later on if they are kept under tight control; control produces self-control. This is a view inherited from Puritan days, cultivated by school boards, and enshrined for decades in American school law, a view that contrary findings of psychology have weakened only in part. Another aspect, paradoxically, is a very optimistic idea derived indirectly from Rousseau, Dewey, and the mental hygienists, and promoted by schools of education: Children's behavior is naturally good, a good teacher shouldn't have to be concerned with regulating it, and any behavior the teacher finds objectionable is an abnormal phenomenon, a "discipline problem," a form of pathology having some specific cause. Hence the belief—the third aspect of the ideology—that any misbehavior can be stopped if one can just pinpoint its cause and find the right cure. Taken together, these notions lead teachers and principals to believe that objectionable behavior must never be countenanced, and that if it occurs something is seriously wrong; so, since it always does occur, "classroom control" may come to be an obsession. (European educators are often surprised to find American school children very orderly, yet American teachers greatly concerned nonetheless about disorder.) More often than not, obviously, a teacher looks for the presumed cause of a conflict between the child and the school, not in a disturbing school setting or an inappropriate demand made on the child, but inside the child himself.

Second, public school systems in America are monopolistic, classical, government bureaucracies, in which the students, for most purposes, compose the bottom echelon. Although some children are glad to attend school, and it wouldn't be right to call their membership in this bureaucracy unwilling, they can hardly ever forget that it is compulsory. When it comes to children's behavior, these facts are important in two ways. For one thing, the form of organization cannot but greatly restrict children's freedom: The superintendent is responsible for *everything* that goes on in the system, the principal for *everything* that goes on in the school, and the teacher for *everything* that goes on in his classroom, and responsibility must, of course, be accompanied by control. Then, too, when teachers or other professional school personnel are caught in conflicts between their professional standards and the preferences of their administrators, they tend to follow the latter. So, because principals, for several reasons, usually insist on a high degree of order, teachers are forced to do the same. Administrators' pressure on teachers to sit on children is described by a team of Yale psychologists as "most intolerant."

Ironically, however, our public schools provide teachers quite inadequate means for performing the task. Organizations characteristically regulate behavior through rewards and punishments, and most provide supervisors with persuasive repertoires of both. The one great power the school gives the teacher, his say over children's academic futures, is too remote to have much effect on most children's behavior. Otherwise the typical school affords the teacher practically no rewards to dispense and arms him with at most five kinds of punishment—extra work, physical hitting and beating, detention, referral to the principal or the parent, and barring from extracurricular activities—each of which may be so disadvantageous to the teacher or the child that its usefulness is limited. The contrast is stark between the disciplinary situations in ordinary public schools and in schools where researchers or private entrepreneurs are allowed to reward children with money, trading stamps, transistor radios, field trips, or free time.

Lacking resources supplied by the school, teachers are forced to try to regulate children's behavior almost exclusively with more personal ones, their skill in manipulating, their smiles and frowns, encouragement and praise, expressions of disapproval, reproaches, humiliation, and the like. Up to a point, a personal approach to children is normal and proper. But when it is almost the only one a teacher can use, and the pressure to keep the class under tight control is great, any obstreperous child is likely to become a personal threat. In this situation the idea that there is something wrong with the child that someone might fix up by doctoring his internal mechanisms, whether through psychotherapy or chemotherapy, may become irresistible. And, because misbehavior is defined as abnormal anyway, changing the child so that he will behave is easily justified as being in the child's own interest.

Fourth, teachers have unrecognized power over parents, stemming from the strong position they are in to favor or harass children day by day, as well as to influence their futures. This power teachers themselves overlook, probably because the parents who catch their special attention are those who are intransigent. Parents who are uneducated or poor or lack political clout are particularly vulnerable to pressure. So when teachers make suggestions, many parents take them as recommendations, while recommendations, in turn, are often taken as witting or unwitting threats.

It is because these aspects of the typical public school teacher's ideology and role are likely to color his judgment that his judgment is no adequate protection against the risks. At least until teachers' situations and their thinking change, then, other protections must be established. If the dedicated Omaha people who were battered by controversy last summer have been the vehicles for educating us on this score, they have served us well.

What might be realistic safeguards?

"Could you spare a dollar, sir, while I'm waiting to inherit the earth?"

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Following are a few suggestions:

• It would be useful for school officials, pediatricians, and parents of children with behavior difficulties to explore *all* the risks in behavior modification through drugs openly, thoroughly, and continuously.

• School systems would do well to draw up policies to guide teachers' and administrators' activities in educational associations that concern themselves with influencing classroom behavior and that include parents and physicians. These policies should take account of the conflict of interest that may arise between a teacher's personal desire to help an individual child and his obligation as a functionary of the state's school system to enforce that system's policies.

• When a teacher or someone else in a school system finds a child's behavior intolerable and suspects a medical cause, the school system might well follow a different procedure from that for ordinary medical cases and allow only school personnel whose relationship with the child is a strictly professional, confidential one, and who are not in a position to reward or penalize him directly or indirectly, to approach a parent about possible medical treatment. (This sort of safeguard might well apply to psychotherapeutic treatment, too.)

• It would be a good policy to allow school personnel to do nothing in regard to the referring of a child with behavior problems to a physician or clinic or the treating of such a child, except as requested in writing by the parent.

• When physicians receive reports that children behave badly in school, they should remain skeptical until they have obtained independent evidence.

It is important that each state make its proper contribution to the health and education of the young. Drugs have a part to play in both. But it is important, too, that the state be restrained in the limits it sets on deviancy. Drugs, perhaps more than any other instrument for controlling children's behavior, may endanger both of these ideals. Eternal vigilance has no substitute.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: points, pintos, piston.

John Dewey

Continued from page 71

students meet with faculty members to talk about drugs, sex, personal, schoolwide, or general problems. The setting is like that of an informal T-group.

But it's still not that easy, for there are distinctions about the nature of freedom. "I think there are two kinds of freedom," a Putney teacher said, echoing Eric Fromm's distinction between negative and positive freedom. "There's freedom *from* and freedom *to*. A lot of students around here object because they don't have freedom from certain rules, like going to class or smoking. But I think they have a lot of freedom to. I mean, if they meet certain basic minimums, they can get into almost anything they want."

A Putney junior echoed these words later. "A lot of complaints are justified in terms of specific things," she said. "But if you find something you really like, there's plenty of opportunity to go and do it." And perhaps that's what the Cambridge School senior meant, upside down, when he said, "If you ask me anything specific about this school, I'd have to say it stinks. But if you ask me is it a good school, I'd have to say yes."

Freedom *from*, which obviously places some restrictions on freedom to, was a different matter, and here the greatest variations existed from school to school regarding rules about leaving campus, attending meals, dorm policies, smoking, and so on. Student government is the natural locus of concern for such rules and regulations, and each of these schools had traditions of "town meetings" or similar gatherings as part of the student government apparatus. Only the student government at Windsor Mountain, however, had more than advisory power, and only at Windsor Mountain were the students happy with student government. At The Cambridge School this past year students led a successful move to abolish a long tradition of town meetings which, they felt, dealt only with trivia. Instead, a number of student-faculty-administration committees to review rules, curriculum, and the like have also sprung up at Stockbridge and Woodstock, supplementing town meetings, which students labeled "a farce."

At Windsor Mountain, however, students do have real power over non-academic affairs. This has not produced anarchy. The students, in fact,

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were quick to point out to us that some rules are needed for any community to function and that other rules are necessary because the school exists in and depends on a larger society. Thus, they did vote this year to have "open" dorms during some hours, but they believe coed living will have to wait "because it would hurt the school." They are ready, in their view, but the world isn't.

Why don't the students, with power over social regulations, also demand power over academic programs? Bondy believes there's a kind of trade-off: As long as the academics are flexible, students accept regulations because the school does not meddle in their social lives, but the students gave quite different reasons. "I relate to teachers like friends and equals, not like teachers," said Eric Lee, a tall, blond senior. "The teachers are really into things like motorcycles, nature, photography—like, really human things. At least a lot of them are." Because of that relationship, Eric and others seemed to feel, they could concede teachers a valid, distinct role in the community and they could respect a teacher's belief that grades, tests, or particular materials were part of the way to teach, even though they did not feel all teachers were stimulating or related well.

"Like one teacher I'm really close to," Bruce Marry, the student body president, said to underline Eric's point. "I screwed around in his class and he flunked me. That was his right and we're still friends." (Bruce, who is nineteen, is one of about forty black students at Windsor Mountain. He comes from the New Haven ghetto and had been shunted into a vocational track by counselors in that city's school system. "When I came here," he said, "I really couldn't read or write." He showed me a paper he had just written on Faulkner's "The Bear." English is his worst subject—he gets Cs in it and As in the rest.)

"The trouble with most progressive schools," Heinz Bondy said, "is that people can't accept that the theory is fine but students aren't noble savages. That's what's wrong with many so-called 'liberal' schools. They start to go a certain way [toward freedom], and then they get scared and try to run through fear."

But based on the experiences of these five schools, making the theory work, providing "freedom within a framework," is not simply a question of "realizing that students aren't noble savages." It's really a question of *who does the realizing*. For that reason, the headmaster is a crucial figure. His style and personality inevitably define and lend either clarity or confusion to the polarities and paradoxes these schools try to balance. This realization was brought home to us by coincidence: Four of the five schools we visited had recently experienced a change in headmaster, and that change had produced varying degrees of trauma. In each case, as it happened, the new man was following a headmaster of considerable tenure in the school, and all those headmasters seemed of a breed. Teachers and students alike described them as highly respected and genuinely benevolent "benevolent dictators" who possessed unusual abilities in relating directly, honestly, and well to students. That is to say, they provided a vital presence at each school, which seemed to many the reason, above and beyond matters of philosophy, why the school and its institutions "worked."

"The town meeting worked because Mr. Cheek [the former headmaster] believed in it. It's really as simple as that," said a veteran teacher at The Cambridge School.

William Ganter, forty-three, talked of his own difficulties in taking over Stockbridge after a teaching career in a traditional private school. He was reacting strongly to the rigidities of the school he'd left, he said, and he found the process of clarifying his own position sufficiently to provide that sense of presence a difficult one. For instance, he said, "when four volumes of an encyclopedia were missing from the library, I just stood up at a meeting and asked vaguely that they be returned. Later, Hans [Hans Maider, the school's founder and first headmaster] told me, 'You have the right values. You believe in consensus, and that's a good thing. But consensus is not compromise, and compromise is a sin if no adult ever tells a student the truth. They have to know that if those volumes aren't put back, the ax is going to fall.'"

Only at Windsor Mountain, where Heinz Bondy, who is forty-six, succeeded his father as headmaster nineteen years ago, did we find generally consistent agreement among students, faculty, and administration on what the school stood for, what its strengths and weaknesses were, where it was going and why. Such concurrence seems a handy indicator of a school's success, at least within its own terms. Was that consistency greatest at Windsor Mountain because the school had gone the furthest and become the clearest about student freedom and responsibility? Or was it because, as one young teacher put it (with a trace of bitterness), "Whatever this school is, is what Heinz Bondy has made it. And when he wants it to change, it changes"?

Consistency, clarity, and logic of rules is for many students (and adults) at least as significant an issue as the absence or presence of rules. When this triad is present, present in a personality as well as a statement, students can accept and live with the rules. Rules not consistently enforced are likely to be greeted with scorn.

"I don't think I could have told you this if you had not been re-elected. Something odd happened in the voting booth. I lost all control and I found myself voting for the other guy."

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"You know," said a student at The Cambridge School, "they bring you in and say 'Oh, so you broke a rule. Gee.'" And students at Woodstock couldn't see the sense in forbidding students to smoke in front of the school because it would "look bad," although they weren't unhappy about limiting smoking on the grounds otherwise to an area of land easily cleaned up.

Drugs, because they pose a larger and more difficult problem for most adults, are an area in which most of the schools have trouble enunciating a clear, logical, and consistent policy. At one school, for instance, the rule, as a veteran teacher put it to us, is: "Drugs are forbidden, but we don't police the students. They just know that if they're caught, they're thrown out. In a funny kind of way, you see, we trust them."

Most students we talked to, however, see that as evasion of the issue, not trust. At those schools which either soft-pedal the existence of drugs (which, by student testimony, abound at all the schools, particularly marijuana) or seem to vacillate about what to do about it, students tend to make statements such as "the only things that hold this school together are drugs and the woods," although they might also deplore drugs and otherwise praise the school. Their feelings seem to mirror the school's confusion.

It is difficult to make an overall evaluation of any school's quality. Conventional measures—achievement tests, percentage of graduates going to college—are particularly irrelevant at these schools, since the class background of most students all but ensures they will do well on such tests and get to college, no matter where they go to school.

In the end, one is thrown back on subjective judgments. At Putney we spent nearly an hour talking to Paul Zaloom, a senior who spent the last term of his high school career as an "exchange" student from a more traditional New England prep school, which we shall call by the generic name St. Grottlesex. He struck us as an unusually perceptive and articulate student, and we had the feeling that his reactions to Putney would have been about the same at any of the other schools we'd visited. And his comments reinforced many of our own impressions about the schools as a group.

"The big difference between Putney and St. Grot," he began, "is that Putney is smaller. The teachers are more approachable on a level that makes sense. Like at St. Grottlesex, the headmaster is all steeped in religion. Here, Peter [Rees] just raps on issues—his and yours—and I can talk to Peter as Peter.

"First names. I know, they don't make that much of a difference. But they do, do you know what I mean?"

We asked him if he felt Putney succeeded in creating a sense of community.

"Putney kids claim they're not that much of one," he said, "but they really are. Much more than at St. Grot. They're together here in a good sense. We're together at St. Grot, but only because everyone's living in the same place. There's not a feeling of community there.

"At Putney there's a lot of . . . exuberance. People are really into living and life. Man, in one lousy assembly here there's more laughing than you hear in a year at St. Grot."

He found Putney "a little disappointing" in terms of politics, however. "There's no decent student government and nobody cares. At St. Grot, there's much more political effort, maybe because we have so much greater a mountain to climb."

We asked Paul about drugs. (At Putney, while drugs are not permitted, expulsion, except for dealers, is not automatic. Peter Rees recognizes the futility of trying to police drug use, and teachers who do know about it are not required to report the student. Rather, the emphasis is on attempting to provide capable adult counseling and discussion.)

"Percentage-wise," Paul said, "I'd say there are more people who use drugs here—pot mostly—but they're cooler about it. I mean, at St. Grot it's such a repressive atmosphere [students are automatically expelled if caught taking drugs] that it becomes the main thing for people who are on them. They get completely consumed by it. It became a reckless thing, man. But here there are other things to do. There's no reason to shoot up. At St. Grot there is."

Paul compared the academic quality of Putney very favorably with his school. And he was "amazed" to find Putney seniors "really working" on papers in the spring term. "In the spring term of senior year, man!"

But perhaps his highest compliment —and it seemed an accurate observation about the schools we had visited, at their best—was that "the atmosphere here inspires creativity."

"Kids walking around here have more of an eye for seeing things. If they see a birch, they swing on it.

"I'll give you an example. The other day I was walking with some kids in the woods and we came to some stones. I was just going to walk by. But they picked up those stones and carried them back and now they're making sculptures.

"At St. Grot, man, a stone is just something that's stuck in the ground."

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

in its contribution to the outcome was the musical direction of Gabor Ötvös, a young conductor of Hungarian background who showed a sure sense of Janáček's melos (to use the Wagnerian term) as well as a sophisticated awareness of vocal-instrumental balance. Among those who profited thereby were Harry Theyard as an excellent embodiment of Albert Gregor (he is in the odd position of having a passion for his great-great-grandmother), Chester Ludgin as a practiced impersonator of Jaroslav Prus (another contender for the favors of the antiquated Emilia), and Nico Castel, in a brilliantly performed bit as an old, old flame of the ageless heroine, still finding her irresistible after half a century.

As for director Frank Corsaro, ability to defer the mention of his participation to this point is the best evidence that he has, on the whole, done well. To be sure, he has invented a character not in the script to stalk about as an embodiment of Death—another blight on the imagination!—and the final scene has been opened up to suggest a Bette Davis walk-to-the-better-land fade-out, but he has, generally, persuaded his performers to act like people rather than opera singers, which is much to say of any director. In the instance of Miss Niska, who succeeds brilliantly in trying to act like an opera singer, the more to be said is—don't miss her.

The first conductor to benefit, however unintentionally, from the death of George Szell and the gap his passing left in the New York Philharmonic's schedule is Aldo Ceccato, a young Italian who came and went in the space of a week's concerts. This is a very brief time for any conductor to make an impression, and those left by Ceccato related mostly to generalities. He is musically attuned, rather than sensation-minded, he commands good means for communicating with an orchestra, and he makes an agreeable impression on an audience. Otherwise, his direction of Rossini's *Tancredi* Overture had some overtones of coarseness; his presentation of Dallapiccola's Variations for Orchestra was both adroit and clarifying; his way with the First Symphony of Shostakovich altogether assured. The Third Concerto of Bartók, for which Tamás Vásáry was the pianist, failed to seize and maintain a suitable blend of imagery and style. The rousing delivery of the finale, especially by the pianist, redeemed the effort, at least with the audience.

Editorial

Continued from page 26

ganizations, and on students have received little attention from the President, the Congress, or the local agencies of law enforcement.

Although the FBI's own investigation of the shootings at Kent State last spring suggested that the National Guardsmen fired their rifles without provocation, a local grand jury in Kent indicted twenty-five students—among them the president of the student body, who had consistently urged non-violence—and criticized the university's tolerance of dissent, but failed to cite any members of the National Guard.

All of these developments suggest that, so far, neither the Congress nor the administration has seriously grappled with the really vexing problems of the processes of criminal justice. They have largely disregarded the legitimate needs of large cities for improved police methods and training, swifter administration of justice, and wholesale reform of correctional institutions (most of which are barbaric). They have tended to ignore acts of local violence against minorities and students. They have knuckled under to the gun lobby on the issue of gun control legislation. And they have consistently disregarded the recommendations of what now seems an endless series of national commissions on the reform of ghetto conditions and the enforcement of the civil rights laws.

What all these things suggest—and suggest may be too weak a word—is that too many national politicians have welcomed the confusion between dissent and crime, and that through the crime issue they have launched a coordinated and consistent assault, not on thieves, rapists, and murderers, but on minorities, political critics, and the weakest individuals in the society. The target is social and cultural deviance, not criminality. Moreover, the rhetoric of the past months and the "tough stand" on crime it helped to produce have tended to create new categories of criminals that can be applied selectively (through the enforcement of drug laws, for example) to hound political dissent. At the same time, disregard of the more fundamental causes of disorder and injustice is likely to exacerbate "crime" and produce pressure for still more repressive laws. The failure of the nation to support the most hysterical politicians of law and order in 1970 provides what may be the last and best opportunity for a reasonable discussion of the issues. If not, it could be the fire next time.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa ☐ American Indian
☐ Europe ☐ Middle East
☐ Latin America ☐ Appalachia
☐ Vietnam ☐ Korea ☐ Southern U.S.
☐ India ☐ Where the need is greatest

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $45.00 quarterly ☐ $180.00 annually
☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. SR 11/21/0

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1911

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Italian composer (c. 1675-1741; "The Seasons")	24 46 50 56 62 76 83
B. Aquatic fish-eating mammal	99 104 117 125 136
C. Shapes in a preliminary way (2 wds.)	147 166 3 36 71 91 119 40 54
D. Something inferior but pretentious	94 97 127 175 206 10
E. Immediately	183 2 31 66 77 106 133 150 169
F. Opposed to (3 wds.)	195 202 7 11 32 108 153 158 162 172
G. Les ———: romance by Chateaubriand	218 9 16 81 105 113 196
H. Followed by WORD I: Wellborn's greedy uncle in Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" (2 wds.)	134 139 167 52 59 84 98 152
I. Last name, WORD H	18 64 69 86 100 115 121 126 154
J. Nervous, irritable	170 13 63 70 143 157 197
K. Serfdom	203 211 27 33 90 103 122
L. Issued	130 174 177 180 209 217 8
M. Smart aleck (comp.)	200 34 38 28 110 118 146 160 44
N. County town of Argyllshire, W Scotland	151 164 178 182 184 215 37 43 205
O. Temper	208 15 75 85 102 114
P. Malicious	188 214 155 171 179 42 93 128
Q. What Ralph Rackstraw is, "to his credit" (2 wds., "Pinafore")	161 88 132 149 68 198 212 220 5 55 78 116
R. Archangel sent to heal Tobit and to bind Asmodeus (Tobit 3:17)	194 23 145 210 26 51 129
S. Bring about	135 186 111 148 156 219 19 29 95 25
T. Took pleasure in	57 72 141 199 189 21 80 109
U. Platform, as for a throne	138 192 4 58 74 101 87
V. Tare, for instance	79 187 20 193 14
W. Ornamental band on an ecclesiastical vestment	49 73 41 124 191 60 1
X. One of the Merry Men (2 wds.)	48 207 96 107 168 204 92 144 181 140
Y. Poem by Sir Walter Raleigh (2 wds.)	6 22 35 45 89 173
Z. Attitude or situation remote from practical affairs (2 wds.)	163 137 142 216 17 123 190 39 53 213
Z^1 American journalist and author (1830-1901; "Nine Years a Sailor")	47 12 176 61 82 67 112 165
Z^2 Branch of mathematics dealing with the shape, curvature, and dimensions of the earth	131 201 185 120 65 159 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 W	2 E	3 C	4 U	5 Q		6 Y	7 F	8 L	9 G	10 D		11 F	12 Z^1		13 J	14 V
15 O	16 G		17 Z	18 I	19 S	20 V	21 T		22 Y	23 R	24 A	25 S		26 R	27 K	28 M	29 S
30 Z^2	31 E		32 F	33 K	34 M	35 Y		36 C	37 N	38 M	39 Z		40 C	41 W		42 P	43 N
44 M	45 Y		46 A	47 Z^1		48 X	49 W	50 A	51 R		52 H	53 Z	54 C		55 Q	56 A	57 T
58 U	59 H	60 W	61 Z^1		62 A	63 J	64 I	65 Z^2		66 E	67 Z^1	68 Q	69 I	70 J	71 C	72 T	73 W
	74 U	75 O	76 A		77 E	78 Q	79 V	80 T		81 G	82 Z^1	83 A	84 H	85 O	86 I	87 U	88 Q
	89 Y	90 K	91 C		92 X	93 P	94 D	95 S		96 X	97 D	98 H		99 B	100 I	101 U	102 O
103 K		104 B	105 G	106 E	107 X	108 F		109 T	110 M	111 S	112 Z^1	113 G	114 O	115 I	116 Q	117 B	
118 M	119 C	120 Z^2	121 I	122 K		123 Z	124 W	125 B		126 I	127 D	128 P	129 R	130 L	131 Z^2	132 Q	133 E
	134 H	135 S	136 B	137 Z	138 U		139 H	140 X		141 T	142 Z	143 J	144 X		145 R	146 M	147 C
148 S	149 Q	150 E	151 N	152 H		153 F	154 I	155 P	156 S	157 J		158 F	159 Z^2		160 M	161 Q	162 F
163 Z	164 N		165 Z^1	166 C	167 H		168 X	169 E	170 J		171 P	172 F	173 Y	174 L		175 D	176 Z^1
177 L	178 N	179 P		180 L	181 X	182 N		183 E	184 N	185 Z^2	186 S	187 V	188 P	189 T	190 Z	191 W	192 U
	193 V	194 R	195 F	196 G	197 J		198 Q	199 T	200 M	201 Z^2		202 F	203 K	204 X	205 N		206 D
207 X	208 O		209 L	210 R	211 K	212 Q	213 Z		214 P	215 N	216 Z	217 L	218 G	219 S	220 Q		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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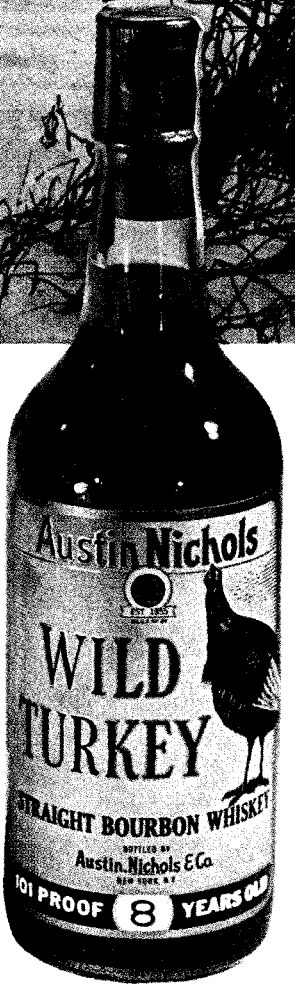
Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

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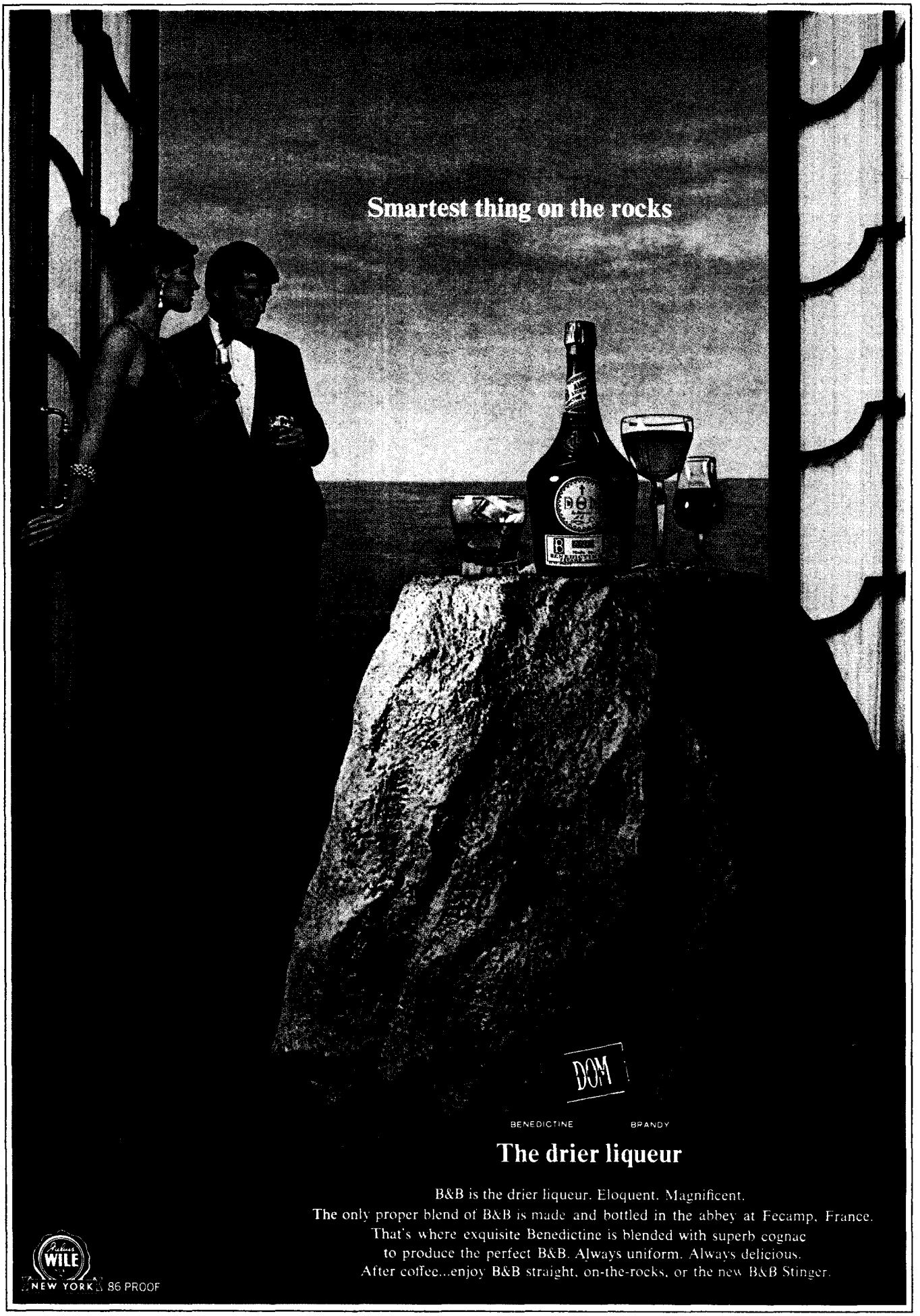
Smartest thing on the rocks
DOM
BENEDICTINE
BRANDY
The drier liqueur
B&B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent.
The only proper blend of B&B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France.
That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac
to produce the perfect B&B. Always uniform. Always delicious.
After coffee...enjoy B&B straight, on-the-rocks, or the new B&B Stinger.
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